...nd Letters of
ROBERT·EDWARD·LEE

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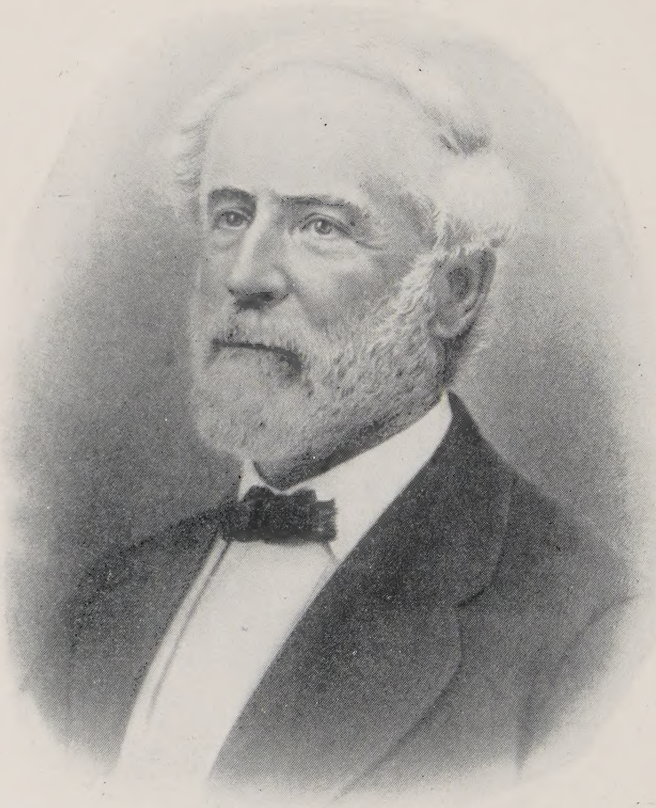
LIFE AND LETTERS OF
ROBERT E. LEE
SOLDIER AND MAN



R E Lee

[As President of Washington College]

FRONTISPIECE

LIFE AND LETTERS OF

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

SOLDIER AND MAN

BY

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.

Editor of fourteen volumes of "The Southern Historical Papers" and author of various books relating to Southern History

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WITH PORTRAITS OF GEN. LEE

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON

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TO

MY BELOVED WIFE

JUDITH PAGE JONES

The little woman who, in the early spring of 1861, buckled on my armor and sent me to the front to join the standard of Lee; who followed me through those years of carnage with warmest sympathies and most fervent prayers; who counts it a proud privilege to have been the friend of Lee, and cherishes in her heart of hearts his memory; and whose steady encouragement, wise suggestion, and loving help have done more than anything else to promote any success I have had in literary, and historical work, this book is affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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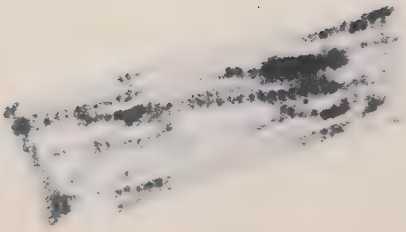

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PREFACE

It is not my purpose in this book to treat of the great war between the States, its causes, its conduct, or its results. Nor can I treat fully, in the space I shall use, of Lee the soldier, or Lee the man. But as it was my proud privilege to know General Lee in war and in peace, and to enjoy some peculiar facilities for studying his life and character, I think I may, without improper egotism, claim some qualifications for writing of him as he really was.

In the Army I came in somewhat frequent contact with him, but when he was President of Washington College from October, 1865, to October, 1870, I was one of his chaplains, and came into almost daily association with him, making it my business, as it was my great pleasure, to study those noble traits which made him grander in peace than in war. I was one of that band of loving hands who bore him to the tomb, when two continents mourned his death, and I had the honor of being selected by Mrs. Lee and the faculty of the College to edit the "Lee Memorial Volume" which it was proposed to publish soon after his death. When the publication of that book was abandoned I was encouraged and authorized to publish, with their full approval, my "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of R. E. Lee." At that time I was given free access to General Lee's private letters and papers, and from that day I have carefully studied and preserved everything concerning him that has been published, or which I have been able to procure.

I come, then, to my present task with full knowledge of my subject and with warm and loving heart, desiring to present Lee to the world as I knew, and honored, and loved him myself.

I should be unworthy of the great man of whom I write if I should allow to creep into this book any of "the bitter memories of a stormy past," any partisan expression, anything which could reasonably offend the most sensitive of any section of our common country.

In the preparation of this volume I have consulted and, as occasion offered, used Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's "Life of Robert E. Lee," Gen. A. L. Long's Memoirs, Col. Walter H. Taylor's "Four Years with Lee," and Capt. Robert E. Lee's "Recollections of my Father," and many magazine and newspaper articles which I have preserved; and I have freely used my own "Personal Reminiscences." But it will be found that my treatment of the subject is fresh, and that a large proportion of the incidents and letters have never been published.

I send forth this book with the earnest prayer and confident hope that it may be acceptable to all lovers of true Christian manhood, and that it may prove useful, especially to the youth of our busy, bustling, progressive country, just entering upon the new century.

J. W. J.

Richmond, Va., June 5, 1906.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ROBERT E. LEE

SOLDIER AND MAN

CHAPTER I

LINEAGE AND BOYHOOD

Lineage—"Light Horse Harry"—Genl. Lee's own account of his lineage—Birth at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, the land of great men—Anne, the mother of Lee—Boyhood—His early teachers, Mr. Leary and Mr. Hallowell—"Both son and daughter" to his widowed mother—The boy's quiet rebuke to an old man.

We naturally desire to know about the ancestry of great men; for while it is far more important that men are something themselves than that their ancestors were great or good, yet it is true that "blood will tell," and that the lives of men are greatly influenced by the characteristics of those from whom they are descended.

Robert Edward Lee came of a long line of illustrious ancestors whose names were conspicuous both in England and America. Indeed, it may be justly claimed that he was the product of the highest type of our Anglo-Saxon manhood.

While we may insist that he was in himself a very king of men, and needs no royal lineage to add luster to his fame, yet it is gratifying to his admirers to know that his ancestry can be traced back to that noble Chief—Robert the Bruce.

The Lee family, which has given so many great men to America, is of ancient and honorable descent. As early as the year 1333 we are informed by an old manuscript that Johes de Lee, a soldier, received lands from one Hugo de Hinton. The

son of this Johes de Lee was Robertus de la Lee and he married Margarita, daughter and heiress of Thomas Astley, of Nordley, about the year 1400. Later still, we find the name Thomas Lee, of Cotton, in King's Nordley, in the Parish of Alvely, who was the son of Johannes Lee. Later still, in the reign of Charles I, of England, the Lee family were located in the county of Shropshire, and were of the Cavalier stock. One of these, Richard Lee, a gentleman of good position and many accomplishments, determined to emigrate to the New World, concerning which such marvelous tales were being told. Bishop Meade of Virginia says of him, "He was a man of good stature, comely visage, enterprising genius, a sound head, a vigorous spirit, and generous nature. When he got to Virginia, which at that time was not much cultivated, he was so pleased with the country that he made large settlements there with the servants he carried over."

Richard Lee came to the Colony as secretary and member of the King's Privy Council. He made several voyages back to England, and finally settled in that part of Virginia lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers, known as the Northern Neck. He was for a long time the Secretary of the Colony, under Sir William Berkeley, and exercised a marked influence upon the course which it pursued in the great revolution which made Cromwell master of England. Lee was a thorough royalist, and, together with the Governor, held the Colony firm in its allegiance to "Charlie over the water." He was prominent in negotiating the treaty between Virginia and the Commonwealth of England, which was so honorable to the Colony, and which recognized it as a free and independent State, and on the death of Cromwell he induced Governor Berkeley to have Charles II proclaimed "King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, and Virginia" two years before the Restoration. In consequence of this step, the ancient motto of Virginia was *En dat Virginia quintam,* changed after the union of England and Scotland to *En dat Virginia quartam.*

Richard Lee died and was buried in Virginia. He left two sons, John and Richard. John was educated at Oxford, and was so accomplished that he was offered a fine opening in the church, with the prospect of advancement, but the offer was declined, as it was his father's wish that he should settle in Virginia. He died before his father. Richard Lee, the son, was a man of great learning. He passed his life in study, writing his notes habitually in Greek, Hebrew, or Latin. Some of these are now preserved in Virginia. He was a member of the Council, and held other posts of honor and emolument. He married a Miss Corbin, of England, and died about the year 1690, leaving five sons, Richard, Philip, Francis, Thomas, Henry, and one daughter who married William Fitzhugh, of Eagle's Nest, King George County, Virginia.

Of the sons, Richard, the eldest, went to England as a Virginia merchant, and became a partner of his maternal uncle, Thomas Corbin. He married in England and had three children, one son and two daughters, who came back to Virginia. Philip Lee, the second son, settled in Maryland and left a numerous progeny. Francis, the third son, died a bachelor. Thomas, the fourth son, married Miss Hannah Ludwell, a lady of fine family. The fifth son, Henry Lee, will be noticed farther on.

Thomas Lee, the fourth son of Richard Lee, was in many respects a remarkable man. By his marriage he allied himself with the Ludwells and Grymeses, two wealthy and influential families. He was a man of great learning, the greater part of which he taught himself, and eventually, though a younger son, became possessed of a large fortune. He soon acquired a leading position in the Colony, and was made President of the Council, which post he held many years, until his death. He became impressed at an early day with the idea that the western part of the Colony would be settled at some future time by a thriving community, and employed an engineer of note to explore the lands in that section, especially those bordering the Ohio River.

While President of the Council he declared to a friend that the Colonies would, of necessity, eventually be independent of Great Britain, and predicted that "the seat of Government would be located near the Little Falls of the Potomac River," where he soon after acquired large tracts of land, which were, within the present century, the property of his descendants.

He resided at Stratford, but his mansion was destroyed by fire. He at once set about rebuilding it, and so greatly was he esteemed in the Colony and in England, that the Government and merchants alike, and, it is said, even Queen Caroline, contributed to defray the cost of the structure. Of this edifice Mr. Lossing says, "There is no structure in our country to compare with it. The walls of the first story are two and a half feet thick, and the second story two feet, composed of brick imported from England. It originally contained about one hundred rooms. Besides the main building, there are four offices, one at each corner, containing fifteen rooms. The stables are capable of accommodating one hundred horses. Its cost was about $80,000."

Thomas Lee died in 1750, and left six sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Philip Ludwell Lee, married a Miss Steptoe, and by her he had two daughters, of whom Matilda, the elder, married her second cousin, Col. Henry Lee (the father of Gen. R. E. Lee).

The second son of Thomas Lee was Thomas Ludwell Lee. The third son was Richard Henry Lee, the great champion of American independence. He was born on the 21st of January, 1732, and died June 19, 1794.

Richard Henry Lee it was who, by direction of the Virginia Convention on the 7th of June, 1776, offered in the Continental Congress the famous resolution, "That the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

The fourth son of Thomas Lee was Francis Lightfoot Lee, born October 14, 1734, died in April, 1797. He was, like his brother, Richard Henry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The fifth son was William Lee, who settled in London. The sixth son was Arthur Lee, who, says Bishop Meade, "As a scholar, a writer, a philosopher, a politician, and a diplomatist was surpassed by none, and equalled by few, of his contemporaries. The services rendered by him to his country, as her minister at foreign courts, were most valuable."

We must now return to Henry Lee, the fifth son of Richard Lee, the ancestor of the subject of this memoir. He married a Miss Bland and had several children. His third son, Henry, married a Miss Grymes, and by her had five sons and three daughters, viz: Henry, the famous soldier of the Revolution; Charles, Richard Bland, Theodoric, and Edmund, and Mary, Lucy and Anne.

Henry Lee, the eldest son, was born January 29, 1756. He was educated at first by a private tutor at home, and then sent to Princeton College, then under charge of Dr. Witherspoon, where he graduated in 1774. In 1776 Patrick Henry nominated him to the command of a cavalry company raised in Virginia for service in the Continental Army, under the general command of Colonel Bland.

In 1777 Lee's corps was placed under Washington's immediate control, and under the energetic leadership of its young captain acquired a high reputation for discipline and efficiency. Lee was made a major and his legion performed many daring exploits.

In July, 1779, he captured a British fort at Paulus Hook (Jersey City), for which he received from Congress the thanks of that body and a gold medal. In November, 1780, he was made lieutenant-colonel, and early in 1781 joined General Greene in the Carolinas, where he increased his already brilliant renown. About the beginning of 1782, after the battle of Eutaw Springs, Colonel Lee returned to Virginia, and married

his first wife, Matilda, daughter of Philip Ludwell Lee, Esq., of Stratford, where he resided with his father-in-law and inherited this historic old place. In 1786 he was elected to a seat in Congress. In 1791 he was chosen Governor of Virginia. In 1794 he was appointed by Washington, his warm friend and admirer, to command the troops sent to quell the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania.

In 1799 he was again a member of Congress, and was chosen by that body to pronounce a funeral oration on the death of Washington, in the House of Representatives. He prepared the oration, but being imperatively called away, it was delivered by his friend Judge Marshall. It was in this oration on the "Father of his Country" that General Lee used the famous and often-quoted eulogy, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

Having been greatly distinguished as a soldier, General Lee became famous as an orator, and his "Memoirs of the War of '76" gave him wide reputation as a writer, and is still considered a standard, so far at least as operations in the Southern Department are described.

Two editions of this book having been exhausted, Gen. Robert E. Lee in 1869 brought out a third, which contains a charming biography of "Light Horse Harry" written by his still more illustrious son, who neglected his proposed history of his own campaigns that he might pay this loving tribute to his distinguished father.

Gen. Henry Lee stood in the Virginia Convention with James Madison, John Marshall, Edmund Randolph, and others in favor of the ratification of the Constitution of the United States adopted by the Convention of 1787. He was one of the ablest debaters in meeting the opposition led by such men as Patrick Henry—"the forest-born Demosthenes," George Mason, Benjamin Harrison, and William Grayson.

But while heartily favoring the Federal Union, he was an ardent States' Rights man, and favored the famous Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798-99, and said in that debate,

"Virginia is my country; her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." In a letter to Mr. Madison in January, 1792, General Lee said, "No consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into disregard of, or faithlessness to, this commonwealth." It was in this school that his son Robert Edward was reared.

Gen. Henry Lee had moved to Alexandria for the purpose of educating his children, and was living there when the war of 1812 broke out, and he was offered and had accepted a commission as major-general in the United States Army. On a visit to Baltimore, however, while defending a friend whose house was being attacked by an angry mob, he received injuries which prevented him from serving in the Army, and ultimately resulted in his death.

Ill health caused by these injuries impelled him to go to the West Indies, where he remained for nearly five years, when abandoning all hope of recovery he started for home. He grew so much worse, however, as the schooner on which he sailed neared the south Georgia coast that he begged to be landed on Cumberland Island, where at "Dungeness," the estate of his old Revolutionary commander, Gen. Nathaniel Greene, he found a safe asylum and careful nursing from the daughter of General Greene, Mrs. James Shaw.

But all was in vain. He lingered in great suffering for two months after he landed, and on March 25, 1818, the gallant and gifted soldier answered his "last roll call," and was buried at the home of his old commander and loved friend, General Greene.

Just before the breaking out of the great war between the States, the legislature of Virginia passed resolutions looking to the removal of his remains to Richmond and the erection of a monument to his memory, but the war and the sad days which followed prevented the carrying out of this purpose, and "Light Horse Harry" still sleeps at beautiful "Dungeness."

General Lee's second wife was Anne Hill Carter, daughter of Charles Hill Carter of Shirley, one of those famous old places on the James River.

The four children by his first wife all died early. His children by his second marriage were Algeron Sydney, Charles Carter, Sydney Smith, Robert Edward, Anne, and Mildred.

The eldest boy died in infancy.

The second, Charles Carter Lee, was educated at Cambridge, studied law, and was widely known and sought after for his literary tastes, ability as a speaker and writer, and high social qualities. His songs and stories, wit and humor made him the life of every circle in which he moved, and the idol of his immediate friends and relatives.

The third son, Sydney Smith Lee, entered the United States Navy, served his country in that branch of the service for 34 years with great ability and high distinction, "went with his State" when Virginia seceded from the Union, and served with zeal, gallantry, and skill in the Confederate Navy so far as opportunity offered. His oldest son was Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the distinguished Confederate cavalryman who rode with "Jeb" Stuart and Wade Hampton, and so ably commanded the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia at the close of the war; who was one of the best and most popular Governors Virginia ever had; who won wide reputation for his ability, conservatism, and firmness as Consul General at Havana prior to the war between the United States and Spain; who was major-general of Volunteers in that war, and commanded a Department of Cuba since; who was made brigadier-general in the Regular Army of the United States, and was then placed on the retired list. His death, which occurred last year, caused wide-spread sorrow North and South. He was popular with all sections and all classes, and added new luster to the honored name he bore.

Gen. Henry Lee's oldest daughter married Mr. William Marshall of Baltimore, who remained a Union man during the war, and it was to this sister that Gen. R. E. Lee wrote his

famous letter on resigning from the United States Army. The other daughter, Mildred, married Mr. Edward Vernon Childe of Massachusetts, and afterwards lived in Paris, where she died. Edward Lee Childe, their oldest son, wrote in French a very popular life of Robert E. Lee, which was translated into English, and had considerable sale in England and in this country.

Robert Edward Lee, the fourth son of Gen. Henry Lee, was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807.

Is there another State in America which has given birth to as many illustrious sons as "the old Dominion"? Is there another county that has produced greater men than Westmoreland? Pope's Creek, where George Washington was born, is in the same county, only a short distance from Stratford, and within an hour's ride are the birthplaces of President Madison, President James Monroe, Charles Lee, Washington's Attorney-General; and Arthur Lee, the accomplished diplomat who negotiated the treaty between France and the Colonies in 1777. And is there a house in America where there were born so many illustrious men as Stratford, where in the same room were born Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the Declaration of Independence, and "the Cicero of the American Revolution"; Francis Lightfoot Lee, one of the signers of the Declaration, Sydney Smith Lee, one of the brightest ornaments of the American Navy; and Robert Edward Lee, the great soldier and model man of America?

Anne Carter, the mother of Robert E. Lee, was of equally illustrious ancestry as his father, since she was of one of the noblest families in Virginia and in England. Her grandmother was a daughter of Alexander Spottswood, who fought with Marlborough at Blenheim, was Governor of Virginia in 1770, led across the mountains to the beautiful Valley of Virginia that gallant band of gentlemen whom he dubbed as "Knights of the golden horseshoe," and whose own descent has been traced in a direct line back to King Robert the Bruce of Scotland.

WITHDRAWN

And thus it is seen that our hero was of the noblest lineage through both his paternal and maternal descent.

But it will be shown that he was, himself,

> "The knightliest of the knightly race
> Who, since the days of old,
> Have kept the fires of chivalry
> Aglow in hearts of gold."

General Lee does not seem to have troubled himself much about his ancestry. In February, 1865, he wrote to his wife from his camp near Petersburg:

. . . . . I am very much obliged to Mr. —— for the trouble he has taken in reference to the Lee genealogy. I have no desire to have it published, and do not think it would afford sufficient interest beyond the immediate family to compensate for the expense. I think that the money had better be applied to relieving the poor.

It will be of interest, however, to add a letter which he wrote in 1865 to a gentleman who insisted on having from him a statement of the Lee genealogy. It is as follows:

LEXINGTON, VA., November 20, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR:

I received by the last mail your letter of the 13th inst., inquiring into my family history.

I am a poor genealogist and my family records have been destroyed or are beyond my reach. But as you "insist" on my furnishing the information asked for, and desire it for your "own private use," I will endeavor to give you a general account.

I am the youngest son of Henry Lee of the Revolutionary War, who commanded Lee's Legion under General Greene in the Southern Department of the U. S., and was born at Stratford on the Potomac, Westmoreland County, Va., the 19th of January, 1807.

My mother was Anne Hill Carter, daughter of Mr. Charles Carter, of Shirley on James River. My father was twice married, first to Miss Lee and then to Miss Carter. "Major Henry Lee" of the war of 1812, of whom you inquire, was the only son of the first marriage, and consequently my half brother. "Charles Carter Lee," of whom you also ask, and Sydney Smith Lee are my full brothers. I had two sisters, Mrs. Anne R. Marshall and Mrs. C. Mildred Childe, neither of whom are living. The first left one son,

Col. Louis H. Marshall of the U. S. Army, and the second a son and daughter who reside in Europe. "Gen. Fitzhugh Lee" is the eldest son of my second brother, Sydney Smith Lee, who has five other sons. My eldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, has also six children, the oldest of whom, George, is about 18 years old. I have three sons, Custis, Wm. H. Fitzhugh, and Robert, and three daughters, Mary, Agnes, and Mildred. My father died in 1818; my mother in 1829. My grandfather was Henry Lee of Stafford County; my great-grandfather, Henry Lee, son of Richard Lee, who first came from England to America and from whom the Southern Lees are descended. Richard Henry, Arthur, and Francis Lightfoot Lee, of the Revolution, were cousins of my father. "John Fitzgerald Lee," whom you mention, is the grandson of Richard Henry Lee.

I believe I have answered all your questions and must now express the pleasure I feel in learning that your ancestors were fellow-soldiers with mine in the great war of the Revolution. This hereditary bond of amity has caused me, at the risk of being tedious, to make to you the foregoing family narrative. I am also led by the same and other feelings to grieve with you at the death of your brave nephews who fell in the recent war. May their loss be sanctified to you and to their country.

Very respectfully,
Yr. obdt. svt., R. E. Lee.

We do not know a great deal of the details of the boyhood of Robert Lee, but enough to show that in his case "the boy was the father of the man"; that he possessed as a boy traits of character which developed into the noble man that he became.

He was indeed exceedingly fortunate in having as his mother a Virginia matron of the old school who, instead of spending her time mounting the platform and "pleading for home," stayed with her household, and by womanly arts, graces, and virtues *made a home* for her children. As has been seen, her husband was absent in quest of health for some years before his death, and thus she, in very delicate health as she was, had thrown upon her all of the cares, responsibilities, and duties of the household. Refined, cultivated, pious, and very tactful, she nobly met her obligations, and reared her children for humanity, for God, and for truth.

Alongside of "Mary, the Mother of Washington," among American women, should stand *Anne, the Mother of Lee.*

It has been already noted that the family had removed from their country home to the city of Alexandria, south of the Potomac from Washington, in order that the children might have the best educational advantages, and in this quaint, intelligent, and conservative old Virginia town the youth of Robert Lee was spent. His first teacher was an Irish gentleman, Mr. W. B. Leary, who always spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of his studious, well-behaved, gentle, manly pupil, and he in turn was greatly attached to his old teacher. While living in Lexington, Virginia, as President of Washington College, General Lee invited Mr. Leary to visit him at his home, and I chanced to witness the cordial, affectionate meeting between the old teacher and his now famous pupil.

General Lee showed Mr. Leary every respect and attention while he was a guest under his roof, taking pains to introduce him to members of the faculty of the College and others, and not long after he left wrote him the following letter:

LEXINGTON, VA., 15 December, 1866.

MR. WM. B. LEARY.

MY DEAR SIR: Your visit has recalled to me years long since passed when I was under your tuition, and received daily your instruction. In parting from you, I beg to express the gratitude I have felt all my life for the affectionate fidelity which characterized your teaching and conduct towards me.

I pray that the evening of your days may be blessed with peace and tranquillity, and that a merciful God may guide and protect you to the end.

Should any of my friends, wherever your lot may be cast, desire to know your qualifications as a teacher, I hope you will refer them to me; for of them I can speak knowingly and from experience.

Wishing you health, happiness, and prosperity, I am,

Affectionately, your friend,

R. E. LEE.

Under Mr. Leary's instruction he acquired that knowledge of the classics and fondness for them which surprised some of his friends who knew only of his military education.

Miss Emily V. Mason in her "Popular Life of General Lee" gives the following account of his early life:

When he was but four years of age his father removed to Alexandria the better to educate his children; and there are many persons yet living in that old town who remember him at that early age. From these sources we are assured that his childhood was as remarkable as his manhood for the modesty and thoughtfulness of his character, and for the performance of every duty which devolved upon him. The family lived on Cameron Street, near the old Christ Church—then on Orinoco Street—and afterwards in the house known as the Parsonage.

At this period General Henry Lee was absent in the West Indies in pursuit of health, and in one of his admirable letters written to his son Carter, then a student at Cambridge, he says: "Robert, who was always good, will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother."

When eleven years of age his father died.

From one of the family who knew him best, we are told that from his excellent mother he learned at this early age to "practice self-denial and self-control, as well as the strictest economy in all financial concerns," virtues which he retained throughout his life.

This good mother was a great invalid; one of his sisters was delicate, and many years absent in Philadelphia under the care of physicians. The oldest son, Carter, was at Cambridge, Sydney Smith in the Navy, and the other sister too young to be of much aid in household matters. So Robert was the housekeeper, carried the keys, attended to the marketing, managed all of the outdoor business, and took care of his mother's horses.

At the hour when the other school-boys went to play, he hurried home to order his mother's drive, and would then be seen carrying her in his arms to the carriage, and arranging her cushions with the gentleness of an experienced nurse. One of his relatives, who was often the companion of these drives, still lives. She tells us of the exertions he would make on these occasions to entertain and amuse his mother; assuring her with the gravity of an old man that unless she was cheerful the drive would not benefit her. When she complained of cold, or draughts, he would pull from his pocket a great jack-knife and newspaper and make her laugh with his efforts to improvise curtains, and shut out the intrusive wind which whistled through the crevices of the old family coach.

When he left her to go to West Point, his mother was heard to say, "How can I live without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me."

Years after, when he came home from West Point, he found one of the chief actors of his childhood's drama—his mother's old coachman, "Nat"—ill, and threatened with consumption. He immediately took him to the milder climate of Georgia, nursed him with the tenderness of a son, and secured him the best medical advice. But the springtime saw the faithful old servant laid in the grave by the hands of his kind young master.

General Lee used to say that he was very fond of hunting when a boy—that he would sometimes follow the hounds on foot all day. This will account for his well-developed form, and for that wonderful strength which was never known to fail him in all the fatigues and privations of his after life.

Only last summer, when General Lee was in Alexandria, one of the old neighbors found him gazing wistfully over the palings of the garden in which he used to play. "I am looking," said he, "to see if the old snowball trees are still here. I should have been sorry to miss them."

One of his friends gives a remarkable incident to show the influence which, even at this early day, his simple dignity and high sense of right exercised upon all who came in contact with him, the old as well as the young. Being invited during a vacation to visit a friend of his family who lived in the gay, rollicking style then but too common in old Virginia, he found in his host one of the grand old gentlemen of that day, with every fascination of mind and manner, who, though not of dissipated habits, led a life which the sterner sense of the boy could not approve.

The old man shrunk before the unspoken rebuke of the youthful hero. Coming to his bedside the night before his departure, he lamented the idle and useless life into which he had fallen, excusing himself upon the score of loneliness, and the sorrow which weighed upon him in the loss of those most dear. In the most impressive manner he besought his young guest to be warned by his example; prayed him to cherish the good habits he had already acquired, and promised to listen to his entreaties that he would change his own life, and thereby secure more entirely his respect and affection.

General Lee's recollections of his childhood home were always as vivid as they were tender and pleasant. To the young lady

who made the sketch of his birthplace he wrote the following characteristic letter:

LEXINGTON, VA., 28 May, 1866.

MISS MATTIE WARD,
Care Rev. Wm. N. Ward,
Warsaw P. O., Va.

MY DEAR MISS WARD: I have just received from Richmond the two photographic copies of your painting of Stratford. Your picture vividly recalls scenes of my earliest recollections and happiest days. Though unseen for years, every feature of the house is familiar to me.

I return my sincere thanks for the pleasure you have given me, and beg you to accept my earnest wishes for your future happiness.

With great respect, I am,
Yr. obdt. svt.,
R. E. LEE.

When it was decided that he would go to West Point young Lee entered the school of Mr. Benjamin Hallowell in Alexandria, for many years one of the best and most prominent in that section, and Mr. Hallowell, though he adhered to the Federal cause during the war, always spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of admiration of his old pupil. He thus wrote of him:

Robert E. Lee entered my school in Alexandria, Virginia, in the winter of 1824-25, to study mathematics preparatory to his going to West Point. He was a most exemplary student in every respect. He was never behind-time at his studies; never failed in a single recitation; was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution; was gentlemanly, unobtrusive, and respectful in all his deportment to teachers and his fellow-students. His specialty was finishing up. He imparted a finish and a neatness, as he proceeded, to everything he undertook. One of the branches of mathematics he studied with me was conic sections, in which some of the diagrams were very complicated. He drew the diagrams on a slate; and although he well knew that the one he was drawing would have to be removed to make room for another, he drew each one with as much accuracy and finish, lettering and all, as if it were to be engraved and printed. The same traits he exhibited at my school he carried with him to West Point, where, I have been told, he never received a mark of demerit, and graduated at the head of his class.

CHAPTER II

THE WEST POINT CADET AND THE YOUNG ARMY OFFICER

The West Point Cadet—Graduated second in his class without ever having received a demerit—The young engineer officer—His courtship and marriage to Mary Custis—Arlington and the Washington relics—His children—Stationed at St. Louis—Letters to his family—Letter to Jos. E. Johnston—At Fort Hamilton, and the services he rendered in constructing the defenses of New York Harbor—Letters to his sons.

It seemed very natural that the son of "Lighthorse Harry" should desire to enter the United States Army, and besides this ambition to follow in the footsteps of his distinguished father, he was no doubt influenced by the desire to relieve his mother of the further expense of his education and support. Accordingly he made application for an appointment as cadet at the Military Academy at West Point, and going over to Washington with his aunt, Mrs. Lewis, was introduced to President Jackson, and made so favorable an impression on "Old Hickory" that he used his personal influence to secure him the appointment, and in 1825 he was entered on the rolls of that famous school.

In his very admirable memoir of his uncle, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee says of his career at West Point:

He had now four years of hard study, vigorous drill, and was absorbing strategy and tactics to be useful in after years. His excellent habits and close attention to all duties did not desert him; he received no demerits; was a cadet officer in his class, and during his last year held the post of honor in the aspirations of cadet life—the adjutant of the corps. He graduated second in a class of forty-six, and was commissioned second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. It is interesting to note that his eldest son, George Washington Custis Lee, also entered the Military Academy twenty-one

years after his father, was also the cadet adjutant, graduated first in his class, and was assigned to the Engineer Corps. During his whole course at West Point, Robert was a model cadet, his clothes looked nice and new, his cross-belts, collar, and summer trousers were as white as the driven snow mounting guard upon the mountain top, and his brass breast and waist plates were mirrors to reflect the image of the inspector. He conscientiously performed his tours of guard duty, whether the non-commissioned officer of the guard was approaching his post or sleeping in his quarters. He never "ran the sentinel post," did not go off the limits to the "Benny Havens" of his day, or put "dummies" in his bed to deceive the officer in charge as he made his inspection after taps, and at the parades stood steady in line. It was a pleasure for the inspecting officer to look down the barrel of his gun; it was bright and clean, and its stock was rubbed so as to almost resemble polished mahogany.

He is spoken of by his cotemporaries as being singularly handsome, genial, and universally popular with all who knew him.

Immediately on his graduation, July 4, 1829, he was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Engineer Corps of the United States Army—an honor bestowed only on the highest graduates. He was assigned to duty at Fortress Monroe, and for four years was busily engaged in strengthening the defenses of Hampton Roads.

On June 31, 1831, at Arlington, near Alexandria, he was married to Miss Mary A. R. Custis, the daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington, and the adopted son of "the Father of his country."

While a boy Robert Lee was frequently at Arlington as the playmate of little Mary Custis, and when, at the age of twenty, as a young cadet on furlough, he came home dressed in his beautiful uniform, and one of the handsomest, most graceful, and most fascinating youths that ever wooed fair lady, it was not surprising that she encouraged his addresses, and that he went back to his studies at the Academy engaged to the charming heiress of Arlington. Mrs. Mary Custis Lee was worthy to share the fortunes, grace the home, and rear the children of

Robert Edward Lee. Of strong intellect, fine education, and rare accomplishments, charming person, and fascinating manners, she was at the same time very domestic in her tastes, and such a housekeeper as was to be found only among the matrons of her day when our women were "keepers-at-home," instead of butterflies of fashion, platform speakers, or leaders in public matters.

It was not my privilege to know her in those days of her early married life, but as I saw her frequently at her home in Lexington, Virginia, during the last years of her life, and noted how—though confined to her invalid chair—she looked after all of the affairs of her household, and cared for the comfort and pleasure of her husband and her children, I was fully prepared to believe what others have so abundantly shown, that she was from the beginning a model wife and mother.

It is said that at first Mr. Custis was opposed to the match—not that he could object to Lieutenant Lee, but because he was unwilling that his only child and heiress should marry *any one;* but he finally gave his consent, and they had at Arlington an old-fashioned Virginia wedding, the marriage ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. Keith of the Episcopal Theological Seminary near Alexandria. After serving for two years at Old Point, Lieutenant Lee was made assistant to the Chief Engineer in Washington, and was enabled to live at Arlington, riding to and from his office on a fine Virginia horse.

Miss Emily Mason gives the following description of Arlington as it then was:

This fine mansion stands on the heights opposite Washington City, overlooking the Potomac, and was for many years an object of attraction to all visitors to Washington on account of its historical associations, and the Washington relics collected and preserved by the patriotic father of Mrs. Lee. Here were to be seen the original portraits of General and Mrs. Washington, painted at the time of their marriage, which have been so constantly reproduced; the portrait of Mrs. Washington's first husband, Col. Parke Custis, of many of his progenitors, and several pictures of the great Revolutionary battles, painted by Mr. Custis, whose delight it was to

perpetuate upon canvas the features of the great man who had been to him a father, and to commemorate the important scenes in which he had been an actor.

Here, also, was the *last* original portrait of General Washington by Sharpless, a distinguished English artist who painted in crayons. Many of the pictures and much of the old furniture of Mount Vernon were here; the china presented to Mrs. Washington by certain English merchants, upon which was her monogram; that given to General Washington by the Society of the Cincinnati; the tea table at which Mrs. Washington always presided; a book case made by General Washington's own directions; and the bed upon which he died.

Arlington House was surrounded by groves of stately trees, except in front, where the hill descended to a lovely valley spreading away to the river. The view from the height showed Washington, Georgetown, and a long stretch of the Potomac in the foreground, with wooded hills and valleys making a background of dark foliage.

This beautiful home was the abode of an "old Virginia hospitality" as cordial as it was lavish and refined; and as the years went on, Arlington was made all the more attractive by the sunshine which children bring into the home.

It may as well be stated here that there were born at Arlington to this couple, who so beautifully blended the families of Washington and Lee, George Washington Custis Lee, Mary Custis Lee, William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, Agnes Lee, Robert Edward Lee, Mildred Lee, and Anne Carter Lee.

The oldest son, Custis, graduated first in his class at West Point, was an accomplished officer in the Engineer Corps, resigned his commission on the secession of Virginia, was aid to President Davis, brigadier and then major-general in the Confederate Army, and after the close of the war was Professor of Engineering in the Virginia Military Institute, and succeeded his father as President of Washington and Lee University.

W. H. F. Lee ("Rooney" was the affectionate name by which his father called him) graduated at Harvard, was appointed lieutenant in the army on the special application of General Scott, had resigned and was living at his home—the

White House on the Pamunkey—when the war between the States broke out, and he raised a cavalry company of which he was made captain. He was steadily promoted "for gallantry and skill," until he became major-general in the Cavalry Corps.

After the war he retired to his plantation at the White House, and became one of the most prominent citizens of the State—serving in the Virginia Senate, and the Federal Congress until death cut him off from yet higher honors that awaited him.

Robert E. Lee was a student at the University of Virginia when the war began and promptly enlisted in the famous Rockbridge Artillery, in which he served gallantly and efficiently until December, 1862, when he was given a place on the staff of his brother, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, and rose to the rank of captain. Since the war he has been a successful planter and a useful citizen.

Miss Anne Carter Lee died during the war, and Miss Agnes not long after the death of her father. Miss Mary is still living; Miss Mildred died last year.

In 1835 Captain Lee was sent to St. Louis in charge of a corps of engineers, where he performed a most important service in preventing the Mississippi River from changing its course so as to leave the city high and dry, and devised a system of river improvements which is followed to this day with the best results.

I cannot better picture the life and character of Lee at this period than by giving some of his private letters, for which I am indebted to members of his family. But first I give the following characteristic letter, which I copy from Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Memoir:

St. Louis, August 20, 1838.

My dear Cassius and Cousin:

I believe I once spoke to you on the subject of getting for me the crest, coat of arms, etc., of the Lee family, and which, sure enough, you never did. My object in making the request is for the purpose of having a seal cut with the impression of said coat, which I think

is due from a man of my large family to his posterity, and which I have thought, perhaps foolishly enough, might as well be right as wrong. If, therefore, you can assist me in this laudable enterprise, I shall be much obliged, and by enveloping it securely, directed to me at this place, and sending it either by mail or some safe hand to the Engineer Office, Washington City, without any word or further direction, it will come safely to hand. I once saw in the hands of Cousin Edmund, for the only time in my life, our family tree, and as I begin in my old age to feel a little curiosity relative to my forefathers, their origin, whereabouts, etc., any information you can give me will increase the obligation.

So sit down one of these hot evenings and write it off for me, or at any rate the substance, and tell my cousin Philippa not to let you forget it. I wish you would at the same time undeceive her on a certain point, for, as I understand, she is laboring under a grievous error.

Tell her that it is farthest from my wish to detract from any of the little Lees, but as to her little boy being equal to Mr. Rooney,* it is a thing not even to be supposed, much less believed, although we live in a credulous country, where people stick at nothing from a coon story to a sea serpent. You must remember us particularly to her, to Uncle Edmund, Cousins Sally, Hannah and the Lloyds.

I believe I can tell you nothing here that would interest you, except that we are all well, although my dame has been a little complaining for a day or two. The elections are all over, the "Vanities" have carried the day in the State, although the Whigs in this district carried their entire ticket, and you will have the pleasure of hearing the great expunger again thunder from his place in the Senate against banks, bribery, and corruption. While on the river I cannot help being on the lookout for that stream of gold that was to ascend the Mississippi, tied up in silk-net purses! It would be a pretty sight, but the tide has not yet made up here. Let me know whether you can enlighten me on the point in question.

And believe me, Yours very truly,

R. E. Lee.

C. F. Lee, Esq.
Alexandria, Virginia.

Under date of October 16, 1837, he thus writes from St. Louis to his wife:

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*A pet name for his son William H. F. Lee.

The improved condition of the children, which you mention, was a source of great comfort to me; and as I suppose by this time you have all returned to Arlington, you will be able to put them under a proper restraint, which you were probably obliged to relax while visiting among strangers, and which that indulgence will probably render more essential. Our dear little boy seems to have among his friends the reputation of being hard to manage,—a distinction not at all desirable, as it indicates self-will and obstinacy. Perhaps these are qualities which he really possesses, and he may have a better right to them than I am willing to acknowledge; but it is our duty, if possible, to counteract them and assist him to bring them under his control. I have endeavored in my intercourse with him, to require nothing but what was in my opinion necessary or proper, and to explain to him temperately its propriety, at a time when he could listen to my arguments, and not at the moment of his being vexed and his little faculties warped by passion. I have also tried to show him that I was firm in my demands, and constant in their enforcement, and that he must comply with them; and I let him see that I look to their execution in order to relieve him, as much as possible, from the temptation to break them. Since my efforts have been so unsuccessful, I fear I have altogether failed in accomplishing my purpose, but I hope to be able to profit by my experience. You must assist me in my attempts and we must endeavor to combine the mildness and forbearance of the mother with the sternness and, perhaps, unreasonableness of the father. This is a subject on which I think much, though M—— may blame me for not reading more. I am ready to acknowledge the good advice contained in the text books, and believe that I see the merit of their reasoning generally; but what I want to learn is to apply what I already know. I pray God to watch over and direct our efforts in guarding our dear little son that we may bring him up in the way he should go.

Oh! what pleasure I lose in being separated from my children. Nothing can compensate me for that; still I must remain here, ready to perform what little service I can, and hope for the best.

While on his way to St. Louis two years later, he wrote Mrs. Lee the following letter:

Louisville, June 5, 1839.

My dearest Mary:

I arrived here last night, and before going out will inform you of my well doing thus far.

After leaving Staunton I got on very well, but did not reach Guyandotte till Sunday afternoon, where before alighting from

the stage I espied a boat descending the river, in which I took passage to Cincinnati. You do not know how much I have missed you and the children, my dear Mary. To be alone in a crowd is very solitary. In the woods I feel sympathy with the trees and birds, in whose company I take delight, but experience no pleasure in a strange crowd.

I hope you are all well and will continue so; and therefore must again urge you to be very prudent and careful of those dear children. If I could only get a squeeze at that little fellow turning up his sweet mouth to "keeze Baba!" You must not let him run wild in my absence, and will have to exercise firm authority over all of them. This will not require severity, or even strictness, but constant attention, and an unwavering course. Mildness and forbearance, tempered by firmness and judgment, will strengthen their affection for you, while it will maintain your control over them.

General Long, in his Memoirs, gives a letter from Captain Lee to Lt. Joseph E. Johnston, of the Topographical Engineers, —afterwards the distinguished Confederate general,—which is so characteristic in its description of the service that I reproduce it in full. "Colonel" was the pet name which his intimate friends gave to Lieutenant Johnston. The letter follows:

St. Louis, 26th July, 1839.

My dear Colonel:

Upon my return here some few days since from the Rapids I found your letter of the 1st. It did me good to hear of the boys, especially as it was all good. Kan's fishing project I fear is more natural than feasible, and its merits in so benighted a place as Washington will never be appreciated. I now contemplate you, therefore, as one of the stars in General Scott's staff. While up the river I fell in with Dick, and escorted him from Galena to Burlington, his headquarters.

General Brooke happened at Galena while we were there, and besides the pleasure of meeting him again, we had much sport in fighting the battles of West Point over again. But it was done temperately and in a temperance manner, for the General has forsworn strong potations, and our refreshments consisted of only soda water and ice-cream, delicacies that had been untasted by the General for the last *nine* years, and four times a day did we pay our respects to the fountain and freezer.

Dick had been up to Dubuque to let out one of his roads, and, finding some spare days on his hands, "accoutered as he was," he

plunged into a pleasure-party for the Falls of St. Anthony that came along in fine spirits with music playing and colors flying. Would you like to hear of his apparel? A little short-sleeved, short-waisted, short-skirted, brown linen coat, well acquainted with the washboard, and intended for a smaller man than our friend; a faded blue calico shirt; domestic cloth pants; a pair of commodious brogans; and a hat torn, broken, and discolored. Now, hear him laugh as he presents himself for a dance, arms akimbo, and you have him before you. I believe, though, it was a concerted thing with him, for whom should he meet but his Indian friend "Hole-in-the-Day" and his faithful Red She, who showed him his old blanket that she religiously wrapped herself in; but upon examining his fingers her good copper rings were not there! He complains bitterly of his present waste of life, looks thin and dispirited, and is acquainted with the cry of every child in Iowa. He is well practiced in pork-eating, and promiscuous sleeping, and is a friend to Quakers, or rather their pretty daughters.

News recently arrived that the Sioux had fallen upon a party of Chippewas and taken one hundred and thirty scalps. The Hole-in-the-Day, Dick's friend, had gone in advance with the larger party, and they did not come up with him. It is expected that this chief, who is represented as an uncommon man, will take ample revenge, and this may give rise to fresh trouble. You will see the full account in the papers.

Bliss is well at the Rapids, with the whole fleet, and I hope jerking out the stones fast.

R. E. Lee.

There was always a warm friendship existing between Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, and General Long gives the following extract from a letter from General Johnston written after General Lee's death:

No one among men but his own brothers had better opportunity to know General Lee than I. We entered the Military Academy together as classmates, and formed then a friendship never impaired. It was formed very soon after we met, from the fact that my father served under his in the celebrated Lee's Legion. We had the same intimate associates, who thought, as I did, that no other youth or man so united the qualities that win warm friendship and command high respect. For he was full of sympathy and kindness, genial and fond of gay conversation, and even of fun, that made him the most agreeable of companions, while his correctness of

demeanor and language and attention to all duties, personal and official, and a dignity as much a part of himself as the elegance of his person, gave him a superiority that every one acknowledged in his heart. He was the only one of all the men I have known who could laugh at the faults and follies of his friends in such a manner as to make them ashamed without touching their affection for him, and to confirm their respect and sense of his superiority.

I saw strong evidence of the sympathy of his nature the morning after the first engagements of our troops in the Valley of Mexico. I had lost a cherished young relative in that action, known to General Lee only as my relative. Meeting me, he suddenly saw in my face the effect of that loss, burst into tears, and expressed his deep sympathy as tenderly in words as his lovely wife would have done.

J. E. Johnston.

After his very important service at St. Louis, and on the river, he was ordered to Fort Hamilton, in New York Harbor, and did such skilful engineering in strengthening the defenses of the harbor that the city is today indebted for its ability to defy any foreign foe to the able plans of the modest officer of engineers, Capt. Robert Edward Lee.

While stationed at Fort Hamilton he wrote the following letters to his boys, which I am glad to be able to give in full as the letters of a model father:

Fort Hamilton, N. Y., 30th November, 1845.

I received last night, my dear son, your letter of the 25th inst. and was much gratified to perceive the evident improvement in your writing and spelling and to learn that you were getting on well in your studies.

You must endeavor to learn, in order to compensate me for the pain I suffer in being separated from you, and let nothing discourage or deter you from endeavoring to acquire virtue and knowledge.

I am pleased with your progress so far, and the last report sent me by Mr. Smith gave you a very good standing in all your studies. I was surprised to see that you were lower in algebra than in any other. How was that?—for I thought you had some talent for mathematics. Louis Marshall writes his father that he finds he (Louis) has *no sense,* for he has to study his eyes out to get along, and finds great difficulty in his mathematics.

I hope you will not make the same discovery. You may probably not have heard of the accident that has happened to our dear Rooney. Last Monday afternoon (24th) while I was in N. Y. and your mother had gone out to tell the neighbors good-by, preparatory to leaving for Arlington, he feeling lonesome, went down to the public barn where they were putting in some hay for the horses, and got up in the loft, and before Jim was aware of it, commenced to cut some hay with the straw cutter and took off the ends of the fore and middle fingers of the left hand. The first just at the root of the nail and the second at the first joint. Jim took him immediately into the fort to the hospital, but unfortunately Dr. Eaton was also in N. Y. So that more than an hour and a quarter elapsed before they could be dressed. All that time he sat in the hospital with his fingers bleeding profusely, without complaining, and frequently scolded Jim for making *a fuss about it.*

Jim got on one of the horses and went for Dr. Carpenter, but he was not at home. As soon, however, as Dr. Eaton arrived, which was about sunset, he sewed the ends on and bound them up. The officers who were present said they were astonished to see so young a boy behave so well, that they had seen many men under less trying circumstances behave worse. They had brought him home before I arrived, and I found him sitting before the fire waiting for me, to take his supper. I sent up early next morning to N. Y. for Dr. Monroe to see what further could be done.

He came down again this afternoon, but has not yet taken off the ligatures put on by Dr. Eaton, for fear of displacing the ends of the fingers, which would destroy all hope of their uniting. We do not know yet, therefore, whether the ends will unite with the fingers or not.

I pray God that they may, and that his hand may be entirely restored. I hope, my dear son, this may be a warning to you to meddle or interfere with nothing with which you have no concern, and particularly to refrain from going where you have been prohibited, or have not the permission of your parents or teachers.

Fearing that some accident might happen to Rooney from his recklessness, I had prohibited his leaving the yard without permission, and never to go to the stable without my assent, and Jim had told him never to go near the cutting-box; notwithstanding all this he did both, and you see the fruits of his disobedience. He may probably lose his fingers and be maimed for life. You cannot conceive what I suffer at the thought.

Do take warning from the calamity that has befallen your brother. I am now watching by his bedside lest he should disturb his hand in his sleep. I still hope his hand may be restored. Since the accident he has done all in his power to repair his fault. He has been patient and submissive, giving us no trouble and never complaining.

He has been more distressed at your mother's sufferings and mine than his own, and says he can do very well without his fingers, and that we must not mind their loss. Although he is at times obstinate and disobedient, which are grave faults, he has some very good qualities, which give us much pleasure.

I hope this will be a lesson to him, and that in time he will correct his evil ways. I read him your letter. He says he wants to see you very much, that he will not forget his skates, and hopes to have a great deal of fun with you when he comes to Arlington. Rob says I must tell "Boo Yob's coming to ee him." Your mother and A. send much love. Write to me whenever you can. Stephen hears Aleck his lessons now every day, and I am told he improves very fast. Your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

Fort Hamilton, N. Y., March 31, 1846.

I cannot go to bed, my dear son, without writing you a few lines to thank you for your letter, which gave me great pleasure. I am glad to hear you are well, and hope you are learning to read and write, and that the next letter you will be able to write yourself. I want to see you very much, and to tell you all that has happened since you went away. I do not think that I ever told you of a fine boy I heard of in my travels this winter. He lived in the mountains of New Hampshire. He was just 13 years old, the age of Custis. His father was a farmer and he used to assist him to work on the farm as much as he could. The snow there this winter was deeper than it has been for years, and one day he accompanied his father to the woods to get some wood. They went with their wood-sled, and after cutting a load and loading the sled, this little boy, whose name was Harry, drove it home while his father cut another load. He had a fine team of horses and returned very quickly, when he found his father lying prostrate on the frozen snow under the large limb of a tree he had felled during his absence, which had caught him in its fall and thrown him to the ground. He was cold and stiff, and little Harry, finding that he was not strong enough to relieve him from his position, seized his axe and cut off the limb, and then rolled it off him. He then tried to raise him, but his father was dead and his feeble efforts were all in vain. Although

he was out in the far woods by himself, and had never before seen a dead person, he was nothing daunted, but backed his sled close up to his father, and with great labor got his body on it, and placing his head in his lap, drove home to his mother as fast as he could. The efforts of his mother to reanimate him were equally vain with his own, and the sorrowing neighbors came and dug him a grave under the cold snow and laid him quietly to rest. His mother was greatly distressed at the loss of her husband, but she thanked God who had given her so good and brave a son.

You and Custis must take great care of your kind mother and dear sisters when your father is dead. To do that you must learn to be good. Be true, kind, and generous, and pray earnestly to God to enable you to "keep his commandments, and walk in the same all the days of your life." Alec and Frank are well, and the former has begun to ride his pony "Jim" again. Captain Bennett has bought his little boy a donkey, and as I came home I met him riding with two large Newfoundland dogs following one on each side. The dogs were almost as large as the donkey. My horse "Jerry" did not know what to make of them. I go to New York now, on horseback, every day; one day I ride "Jerry" and the next "Tom" and I think they begin to go better under the saddle than formerly. I hope to come on soon to see that little baby you have got to show me. You must give her a kiss for me and one to all the children, and to your mother and grandmother.

Good-by, my dear son.

Your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

On his way to Mexico Captain Lee wrote as follows to his two older boys:

Ship Massachusetts, off Lobos, February 27, 1847.

My dear Boys:

I received your letters with the greatest pleasure, and, as I always like to talk to you both together, I will not separate you in my letters, but write one to you both. I was much gratified to hear of your progress at school, and hope that you will continue to advance and that I shall have the happiness of finding you much improved in all your studies on my return. I shall not feel my long separation from you if I find that my absence has been of no injury to you, and that you have both grown in goodness and knowledge, as well as stature. But oh, how much I will suffer on my return, if the reverse has occurred! You enter into all my thoughts, in all my prayers; and on you, in part, will depend whether I shall be happy or miserable, as you know how much I love you. You must do all in your power to save me pain.

You will learn, by my letter to your grandmother, that I have been to Tampico. I saw many things to remind me of you, though that was not necessary to make me wish that you were with me. The river was so calm and beautiful, and the boys were playing about in boats, and swimming their ponies. Then there were troops of donkeys carrying water through the streets. They had a kind of saddle, something like a cart saddle, though larger, that carried two ten gallon kegs on each side, which was a load for a donkey. They had no bridles on, but would come along in strings to the river, and as soon as their kegs were filled, start off again. They were fatter and sleeker than any donkeys I had ever seen before, and seemed to be better cared for. I saw a great many ponies, too. They were larger than those in the upper country, but did not seem so enduring. I got one to ride around the fortifications. He had a Mexican bit and saddle on, and paced delightfully, but every time my sword struck him on the flanks, would jump and try to run off. Several of them had been broken to harness by the Americans, and I saw some teams in wagons, driven four in hand, well matched and trotting well. We had a grand parade on General Scott's arrival. The troops were all drawn up on the bank of the river, and fired a salute as he passed them. He landed at the market, where lines of sentinels were placed to keep off the crowd. In front of the landing the artillery was drawn up, which received him in the center of the column and escorted him through the streets to his lodgings. They had provided a handsome gray horse, richly caparisoned, for him to ride, but he preferred to walk with his staff around him, and a dragoon led the horse behind us. The windows along the streets we passed were crowded with people, and the boys and girls were in great glee—the Governor's Island band playing all the time.

There were six thousand soldiers in Tampico. Mr. Barry was the adjutant of the escort. I think you would have enjoyed with me the oranges and sweet potatoes. Major Smith became so fond of the chocolate that I could hardly get him away from the house. We only remained there one day. I have a nice stateroom on board this ship. Joe Johnston and myself occupy it, but my poor Joe is so sick all the time, I can do nothing with him. I left "Jem" to come on with the horses, as I was afraid they would not be properly cared for. Vessels were expressly fitted up for the horses, and parties of dragoons detailed to take care of them. I had hoped they would reach here by this time, as I wanted to see how they were fixed. I took every precaution for their comfort, provided them with bran, oats, etc., and had slings made to pass under them and

be attached to the coverings above, so that, if in the heavy sea they should slip or be thrown off their feet, they could not fall. I had to sell my good old horse "Jim," as I could not find room for him, or, rather, I did not want to crowd the others. I know I shall want him when I land. "Creole" was the admiration of every one at Brazos, and they hardly believed she had carried me so far, and looked so well. Jem says there is nothing like her in all the country, and I believe he likes her better than "Tom" or "Jerry." The sorrel mare did not appear to be so well after I got to the Brazos. I had to put one of the men on her whose horse had given out, and the saddle hurt her back. She had gotten well, however, before I left, and I told Jem to ride her every day. I hope they may both reach the shore again in safety, but I fear they will have a hard time. They will first have to be put aboard a steamboat and carried to the ship that lies about two miles out at sea, then hoisted in, and how we shall get them ashore again I do not know. Probably throw them overboard and let them swim there. I do not think we shall remain here more than one day longer. General Worth's and General Twigg's divisions have arrived, which include the regulars, and I suppose the volunteers will be coming on every day. We shall probably go on the first (1st) down the coast, select a place for debarkation, and make all the arrangements preparatory to the arrival of the troops. I shall have plenty to do there, and am anxious for the time to come, and hope all may be successful. Tell Rob he must think of me very often, be a good boy, and always love papa. Take care of "Speck" and the colts. Mr. Sedgwick and all the officers send their love to you.

The ship rolls so that I can scarcely write. You must write to me very often. I am always very glad to hear from you. Be sure that I think of you, and that you have the prayers of

Your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

The General related a pleasing incident of one of his boys with whom he was walking out in the snow one day at Arlington. The little fellow lagged behind, and looking over his shoulder the father saw him imitating his every movement, with head and shoulders erect and stepping exactly in his own foot-prints. "When I saw this," said the General, "I said to myself, 'It behooves me to walk very straight, when this fellow is already following in my tracks.'" And accordingly there was never a more circumspect father than was this great man.

CHAPTER III

THE MEXICAN WAR

His rapid promotion—General Scott's compliments in his official reports—General Hunt's incident concerning Lee's conduct at the Pedrigal—Gen. C. M. Wilcox on his career in Mexico—Lee's letters to his wife and others—Letter to his brother in which he disclaims the honors heaped on himself, and warmly defends his commander, General Scott—Letter to his brother on his return to Arlington.

The breaking out of the Mexican war gave to Captain Lee and other young officers of the Regular Army an opportunity of showing that they were not mere theoretical soldiers, but were prepared to meet the test of real war, and to pass with credit through the fiery ordeal of battle.

The causes of the Mexican war, and the detailed account of how the principal American armies, under Generals Taylor and Scott, won victory after victory until the Stars and Stripes were planted on the walls of the Montezumas, and Scott realized his purpose of "conquering peace," cannot be detailed here. Nor can there be given in full the part borne by Captain Lee of the Engineers, who performed such gallant and able service, and won so completely the approbation of his superiors, the applause of his comrades, and the admiration of the country.

For a brief season Captain Lee was attached to General Wool's division, and I once heard the General relate the following incident, amusing in some of its details, but illustrating the zeal, energy, and perseverance which this young officer displayed in the discharge of any duty committed to him.

Not long before the battle of Buena Vista, General Wool was in doubt as to the movements of the enemy and found it very difficult to get reliable information. One evening he

received the most positive assurances that Santa Anna with an immense army had crossed the mountains and was encamped only twenty miles off. Capt. R. E. Lee happened to be present and at once volunteered to ascertain the truth of the report. His offer was gladly accepted and he was directed to secure a guide, take a company of cavalry, which would meet him at the outer picket line, and proceed at once on the scout. Securing, after a good deal of difficulty, a young Mexican who knew the country, Captain Lee quietly showed him his pistols and told him to expect their contents if he played false. By some means he missed the picket post and consequently his cavalry escort, and found himself, before he was aware of it, some miles beyond the American lines with no company but his guide. To go back might make it too late to accomplish the scout during the night, and he determined to dash on. When within five miles of the point at which the enemy were reported he discovered by the moonlight that the road was filled with tracks of mules and wagons, and though he could see no artillery tracks, he concluded that they had been obliterated by the others, and that these were certainly the traces of a large force that had been sent forward to forage, or to reconnoiter and had now returned to the main army. Most officers (even the most daring) would have returned upon these evidences of the truth of the first information that had been received. But Captain Lee determined to go on until he came to the enemy's picket posts. To his surprise he did not encounter any pickets, and had concluded that he had somehow missed them as he had his own and had gotten unawares within the Mexican lines, when this opinion was confirmed by coming in sight of large campfires on a hillside not far in front of him. His guide, who had been for some time very much alarmed, now begged piteously that he would go back, saying that there was a stream of water just at that point and he knew that it was Santa Anna's whole army, and that to go on would be certain capture and death. But Captain Lee determined that he would have a still nearer view, and allowing the guide to await him at this point he

galloped forward. As he came nearer he saw what seemed to be a great number of white tents gleaming in the moonlight, and encountering no pickets he rode through the little town and down to the banks of the stream, on the opposite side of which he heard loud talking and the usual noise incident to a large camp. Here he discovered that his "white tents" were an immense *flock of sheep,* and that the supposed army was simply a large train of wagons, and a herd of cattle, mules, etc., being driven to market.

Conversing with the teamsters and drovers he ascertained that Santa Anna had not crossed the mountains, and galloped back to relieve his guide and still more his friends at headquarters, who were having the most serious apprehensions concerning his safety. "But," said General Lee, "the most delighted man to see me was the old Mexican, the father of my guide, with whom I had been last seen by any of our people and whom General Wool had arrested and proposed to hang if I was not forthcoming."

Notwithstanding he had ridden forty miles that night, he only rested three hours before taking a body of cavalry, with which he penetrated far beyond the point to which he had before gone, and ascertained definitely the position, force, etc., of the enemy.

Soon after this he joined General Scott and entered upon that brilliant career which illustrated every step of the progress of the American army in its march to the City of Mexico.

At the siege of Vera Cruz Captain Lee was ordered to throw up such works as were necessary to protect a battery which was to be manned by the sailors of a certain man-of-war, and to use these gallant tars in constructing the work. The time being short the young engineer pushed on the work very rapidly, and the sons of Neptune began to complain very loudly that "they did not enlist to dig dirt;" and they did not "like to be put under a 'land-lubber,' anyhow."

At last the captain of the frigate—a thorough specimen of a United States naval officer in the palmy days of the service—came to Captain Lee and remonstrated, and then protested against the "outrage" of putting his men to digging dirt. "The boys don't want any dirt to hide behind," said the brave old tar, with deep earnestness and not a few expletives, "they only want to get at the enemy, and after you have finished your banks we will not stay behind them—we will get up on top where we can have a fair fight."

Captain Lee quietly showed his orders, assured the old salt that he meant to carry them out, and pushed on the work amid curses both loud and deep.

Just about the time the work was completed the Mexicans opened upon that point a heavy fire, and these gallant sons of the sea were glad enough to take refuge behind their despised "bank of dirt," feeling very much like the ragged Confederate who said one day, as the bullets flew thick against a pit which he had dug the night before, "I don't begrudge now nary cupful of dirt I put on this bank."

Not long afterwards the gallant captain, who by the way was something of a character, met Captain Lee, and feeling that some apology was due him said, "Well, I reckon you were right. I suppose the dirt *did* save some of my boys from being killed or wounded. But I knew that we would have no use for dirt banks on shipboard—that there what we want is clear decks and an open sea. And the fact is, Captain, I don't like this land fighting anyway. *It ain't clean.*"

The General related these incidents with evident relish (he was fond of talking of events that occurred prior to the great war) and gave many details of interest which I am unable to recall.

Captain Lee now entered upon a career that was as brilliant as it was useful to the cause. He was brevetted major at Cerro Gordo, April 18, 1847; lieutenant-colonel at Contreras and Churubusco, and colonel at Chapultepec.

That he deserved these promotions there is the most abundant evidence. General Scott made the most favorable mention of him in every report he made the War Department. In his report of the battle of Cerro Gordo he says:

I am compelled to make special mention of Capt. R. E. Lee, Engineer. This officer greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz; was indefatigable during these operations in reconnaissances, as daring as laborious, and of the utmost importance. Nor was he less conspicuous in planning batteries, and in conducting columns from stations under the heavy fire of the enemy.

A very distinguished soldier of the Mexican War, as quoted by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in his Memoir, says:

Before the battle of Contreras, General Scott's troops had become separated on the field of Pedrigal, and it was necessary to communicate instruction to those on the other side of this barrier of rocks and lava. General Scott says in his report that he had sent seven officers since about sundown to communicate instructions; they had all returned without getting through, but the gallant and indefatigable Captain Lee, of the Engineers, who has been constantly with the operating forces, is just in from Shields, Smith, Cadwalader, etc.

Subsequently, Scott, while giving testimony before a court of inquiry, said, "Captain Lee, of the Engineers, came to me from Contreras with a message from Brigadier-General Smith. I think about the same time (midnight) he, having passed over the difficult ground by daylight, found it just possible to return on foot and alone to St. Augustine in the dark, the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual to my knowledge, pending the campaign."

His deeds of personal daring, his scientific counsels, his *coup d'oeil* of the battlefield, his close personal reconnaissances under the scorching rays of a tropical sun, amid the lightning's flash or thunder's roar, did much to mould the key which unlocked the gates of the Golden City.

Gen. Henry J. Hunt of the Artillery, who so greatly distinguished himself in the Army of the Potomac during the war between the States, was an active participant in these operations in Mexico, and has written an interesting and valuable account of them in which he speaks in the most emphatic and complimentary terms of the services of Captain Lee.

General Hunt has, also, given the following incident, quoted by General Long, of what occurred at a meeting of the Massachusetts Branch of the Cincinnati Society, held in Boston, July 4, 1871:

Upon that occasion Gen. Silas Casey was admitted to the Society. As usual, a speech of welcome was made. With admirable taste he ignored in his acknowledgment the civil war, but gave them interesting points on the Mexican war (he commanded the stormers of Twiggs's division at Chapultepec), and in his speech he referred to me. So, as usual on such occasions, they had me up. I was "dead broke" on matter for a speech, but it occurred to me that, as the Pedregal was fresh in my mind, I would give them a little more Mexican history, and I recited, glibly enough, the story. Of course, I did not mention the name of the hero. I saw that they all thought it was General Casey. I kept dark until the close, amidst repeated demands of "Name him! Name him!" When I got through and the name was again vociferously demanded, I replied, "It is a name of which the old Army was and is justly proud—that of Robert E. Lee, then a Captain of Engineers, and since world-wide in fame as the distinguished leader of the Confederate armies."

For a moment there was unbroken silence, then such a storm of applause as is seldom heard. I remarked that I had been desirous to test the Society, which presented all shades of political opinions, and was glad to see they could recognize heroism and greatness even in a former enemy.

C. M. Wilcox, who was an accomplished officer in the old Army, and a gallant major-general in A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia, writes as follows:

General Persifer Smith, in his report of Contreras and Churubusco, says: "In adverting to the conduct of the staff I wish to record particularly my admiration of the conduct of Captain Lee of the Engineers. His reconnaissances, though pushed far beyond the bounds of prudence, were conducted with so much skill that their fruits were of the utmost value, the soundness of his judgment and his personal daring being equally conspicuous." General Shields, who with General Pierce attacked in the rear of Churubusco, in his report says: "As my command arrived I established the right upon a point recommended by Captain Lee of the Engineers, in whose skill and judgment I had the utmost confidence."

A testimonial to the same effect is given by General Twiggs in his report of the battle of Cerro Gordo, in which his division carried the heights and stormed the fortifications of the enemy. He remarks: "Although whatever I may say may add little to the good reputation of Captain Lee of the Engineer Corps, yet I must indulge in the pleasure of speaking of the invaluable services which he rendered me from the time I left the main road until he conducted Riley's brigade to its position in rear of the enemy's strong work on the Jalapa road. I consulted him with confidence and adopted his suggestions with assurance. His gallantry and good conduct on both days, 17th and 18th of April, deserve the highest praise."

Colonel Riley, in his report of the same engagement, says: "Although not appropriately within the range of this report, yet, coming under my immediate observation, I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the intrepid coolness and gallantry exhibited by Captain Lee of the Engineers when conducting the advance of my brigade under the heavy flank fire of the enemy."

General Twiggs, in his report of the battle of Contreras, further says: "To Captain Lee of the Engineers I have again the pleasure of tendering my thanks for the exceedingly valuable services rendered throughout the whole of these operations."

General Wilcox first made the acquaintance of Robert E. Lee at the siege of Vera Cruz, and says of him at that time:

I was much impressed with his fine appearance, either on horse or foot. Then he was in full manly vigor and the handsomest man in the army.

General Wilcox concludes:

I have given a brief outline of the operations in Mexico, in order that the references made to Captain Lee in the official reports of his superiors might be properly appreciated. It will be seen that the compliments won by him were deserved—that he was active, untiring, skilful, courageous, and of good judgment. He is referred to as making roads over difficult routes, locating and constructing batteries, bringing over the Pedregal in the night important information that enabled the commanding general to give orders exactly applicable to the field of Contreras, and which were so brilliantly executed at an early hour the next morning, and in which the diversion under Colonel Ransom, directed by Captain Lee, had such good results, having been converted into a real attack. The quotations then show on what important missions he was sent

during the conflict at Churubusco; that then he was sent to look at the base and hospital at Mixcoac, to see that it was made as secure as possible, for at it were the sick and wounded, reserve ordnance, etc.; and, finally, that he was wounded at Chapultepec slightly, and pretty well worn out from excessive work by night and day. It could hardly have been otherwise than that a captain with such encomiums from his superiors would be greatly distinguished should occasion ever be presented. All who knew him were prepared to accept him at once as a general when he was assigned to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and his success, great as it was, was only what had been anticipated.

General Lee's private letters written during the Mexican war were of deepest interest, and well illustrated traits of his character. I give the following from Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Memoir:

In a letter to Mrs. Lee, dated Rio Grande, October 11, 1846, Captain Lee says: "We have met with no resistance yet. The Mexicans who were guarding the passage retired on our approach. There has been a great whetting of knives, grinding of swords, and sharpening of bayonets ever since we reached the river."

It seems on the eve of active operations Captain Lee's thoughts were ever returning to his family and home. In a letter to his two eldest sons (one thirteen and the other nine years of age), written from camp near Saltillo, December 24, 1846, he says: "I hope good Santa Claus will fill my Rob's stocking to-night; that Mildred's, Agnes's, and Anna's may break down with good things. I do not know what he may have for you and Mary [his daughter], but if he only leaves for you one-half of what I wish, you will want for nothing. I have frequently thought if I had one of you on each side of me riding on ponies, such as I could get you, I would be comparatively happy."

The little fellows had been writing to their father asking about his horses and the ponies in Mexico, etc. In reply he tells them, "The Mexicans raise a large quantity of ponies, donkeys, and mules, and most of their corn, etc., is carried on the backs of these animals. These little donkeys will carry two hundred pounds on their backs, and the mules will carry three hundred on long journeys over the mountains. The ponies are used for riding, and cost from ten to fifty dollars, according to their size and quality. I have three horses. 'Creole' is my pet; she is a golden dun, active as a deer, and carries me over all the ditches and gullies that I have

met with; nor has she ever yet hesitated at anything I have put her at; she is full-blooded and considered the prettiest thing in the army; though young, she has so far stood the campaigns as well as any horses of the division."

In one of his private letters he thus describes the battle of Cerro Gordo:

PEROTE, April 25, 1847.

The advance of the American troops, under Generals Patterson and Twiggs, were encamped at the Plano del Rio, and three miles to their front Santa Anna and his army were intrenched in the pass at Cerro Gordo, which was remarkably strong. The right of the Mexican line rested on the river at a perpendicular rock, unscalable by man or beast, and their left on impassable ravines; the main road was defended by field works containing thirty-five cannon; in their rear was the mountain of Cerro Gordo, surrounded by intrenchments in which were cannon and crowned by a tower overlooking all—it was around this army that it was intended to lead our troops. I reconnoitered the ground in the direction of the ravines on their left, and passed around the enemy's rear. On the 16th a party was set to work in cutting out the road, on the 17th I led General Twiggs's division in the rear of a hill in front of Cerro Gordo, and in the afternoon, when it became necessary to drive them from the hill where we intended to construct a battery at night, the first intimation of our presence or intentions were known. During all that night we were at work in constructing the battery, getting up the guns, ammunition, etc., and they in strengthening their defenses on Cerro Gordo. Soon after sunrise our batteries opened, and I started with a column to turn their left and to get on the Jalapa road. Notwithstanding their efforts to prevent us in this, we were perfectly successful, and the working party, following our footsteps, cut out the road for the artillery. In the meantime our storming party had reached the crest of Cerro Gordo, and, seeing their whole left turned and the position of our soldiers on the Jalapa road, they broke and fled. Those in the pass laid down their arms. General Pillow's attack on their right failed. All their cannon, arms, ammunition, and most of their men fell into our hands. The papers cannot tell you what a horrible sight a field of battle is, nor will I, owing to my accompanying General Twiggs's division in the pursuit, and being since constantly in the advance. I believe all our friends are safe. I think I wrote you that my friend Joe Johnston* was wounded the day before I arrived at the

*Afterwards the distinguished commander.

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Plano del Rio while reconnoitering. He was wounded in the arm and about the groin; both balls are out, and he was doing well and was quite comfortable when I left; the latter wound was alone troublesome. Captain Mason, of the rifles, was badly wounded in the leg, and General Shields was wounded in the chest; I have heard contradictory reports that he was doing well and that he was dead. I hope the former.

Jalapa is the most beautiful country I have seen in Mexico, and will compare with any I have seen elsewhere. I wish it was in the United States, and that I was located with you and the children around me in one of its rich, bright valleys. I can conceive nothing more beautiful in the way of landscape or mountain scenery. We ascended upwards of four thousand feet that morning, and whenever we looked back the rich valley was glittering in the morning sun and the light morning clouds flitting around us. On reaching the top, the valley appeared at intervals between the clouds which were below us, and high over all towered Orizaba, with its silver cap of snow.

The castle or fort of Perote is one of the best finished that I have ever seen—very strong, with high, thick walls, bastioned fronts, and deep, wide ditch. It is defective in construction and is very spacious, covers twenty-five acres, and although there is within its walls nearly three thousand troops, it is not yet full. Within the fort is a beautiful chapel, in one corner of which is the tomb of Guadalupe Victoria. There are various skulls, images, etc., in the sanctuaries. This morning I attended the Episcopal service within the fort. It was held on the parade. The minister was a Mr. McCarty, the chaplain of the Second Brigade, First Division. Many officers and soldiers were grouped around. I endeavored to give thanks to our Heavenly Father for all his mercies to me, for his preservation of me through all the dangers I have passed, and all the blessings which he has bestowed upon me, for I know I fall far short of my obligations.

We move out tomorrow toward Pueblo. The First Brigade—Duncan's battery, light infantry and cavalry—form the advance. I accompany the advance. General Worth will remain a day or two with the remainder of his division until the Second Division, under General Twiggs, shall arrive. General Scott is still at Jalapa, Major Smith with him. I have with me Lieutenants Mason, Tower, and the Engineer Company. In advance, all is uncertain and the accounts contradictory. We must trust to an overruling Providence, by whom we will be governed for the best, and to our own resources.

And in another letter to his eldest son, dated same day and place, he writes:

I thought of you, my dear Custis, on the 18th in the battle, and wondered, when the musket balls and grape were whistling over my head in a perfect shower, where I could put you, if with me, to be safe. I was truly thankful that you were at school, I hope learning to be good and wise. You have no idea what a horrible sight a battlefield is.

In a letter to Capt. Sydney Smith Lee, dated City of Mexico, May 21, 1848, he writes:

My Dear Rose [he calls him by a pet name]: I have a little good news to tell you this evening and as little time to tell it in. The mail from Quereton last night brought letters from reliable persons, one of whom I saw, stating that on the evening of the 15th inst. a vote was taken in the Chamber of Deputies on the general passage of the Treaty of Peace and carried in the affirmative by forty-eight votes to thirty-six. That it would come up on the 19th on its final passage, and, after being passed, be sent to the Senate, where it would undoubtedly pass by an unusual majority, and probably by the 24th. So certain was its passage through the Senate considered, that the President, Pena y Pena, had determined, as soon as it had finally passed the Deputies, to write our Commissioners to Quereton to be ready to make the interchange, etc. This morning at 10 A. M. a special express arrived from Quereton with the intelligence of the final passage by the Chamber of Deputies of the treaty with all the modifications of our Senate, by a vote of fifty-one to thirty-five. It therefore only wants the confirmation of the Senate, of which those who ought to know say there is no doubt. We all feel quite exhilarated at the prospect of getting home, when I shall again see you and my dear Sis Nannie. Where will you be this summer? I have heard that the Commissioners start for Quereton tomorrow. I know not whether it is true. General Smith will probably leave here for Vera Cruz on the 24th or 25th to make arrangements for the embarkation of troops. As soon as it is certain that we march out, and I make the necessary arrangements for the engineer transportation, etc., I shall endeavor to be off. I shall, therefore, leave everything till I see you. Several of your naval boys are here who will be obliged to "cut out." Love to Sis Nannie and the boys. Rhett, Buchanan, and all friends are well. Very truly and affectionately,

R. E. Lee.

In another letter he says:

Mr. Gardener and Mr. Trist depart tomorrow. I had hoped that after the President has adopted Mr. Trist's treaty, and the Senate confirmed it, they would have paid him the poor compliment of allowing him to finish it, as some compensation for all the abuse they had heaped upon him; but I presume it is perfectly fair, having made use of his labors, and taken from him all that he had earned, that he should be kicked off as General Scott has been, whose skill and science, having crushed the enemy and conquered a peace, can now be dismissed, and turned out as an old horse to die.

In reference to the terms of peace with Mexico, he writes:

These are certainly not hard terms for Mexico, considering how the fortune of war has been against her. For myself, I would not exact now more than I would have taken before the commencement of hostilities, as I should wish nothing but what was just, and that I would have sooner or later. I can readily see that the terms said to be offered on the part of Mexico may not prove satisfactory to a large part of our country, who would think it right to exact everything that power and might could require. Some would sacrifice everything under the hope that the proposition of Messrs. Clay, Calhoun, etc., would be acted upon, and save what they term the National honor. Believing that peace would be for the advantage of both countries, I hope that some terms, just to one and not dishonorable to the other, may be agreed on, and that speedily.

The following extracts have their special interest:

I rode out a few days since for the first time to the church of Our Lady of Remedios. It is situated upon a hill at the termination of the mountains west of the city, and is said to be the spot to which Cortez retreated after being driven from the city on the memorable *Noche Triste*. I saw the cedar tree at Popotla, some miles nearer the city, in which it is said he passed a portion of that night. The "Trees of the Noche Triste," so-called from their blooming about the period of that event, are now in full bloom. The flower is a round ellipsoid, and of the most magnificent scarlet color I ever saw. I have two of them in my cup before me now. I wish I could send them to you. The holy image was standing on a large silver maguey-plant, with a rich crown on her head and an immense silver petticoat on. There were no votaries at her shrine, which was truly magnificent, but near the entrance of the church on either side were the offerings of those whom she had relieved. They

consist of representations in wax of the parts of the human body that she had cured of the diseases with which they had been affected. And I may say there were all parts. I saw many heads severed from the trunks. Whether they represented those she had restored I could not learn. It would be a difficult feat.

It seems that all in Alexandria are progressing as usual, and that nothing will stop their marrying and being given in marriage. Tell Miss —— she had better dismiss that young divine and marry a soldier. There is some chance of the latter being shot, but it requires a particular dispensation of Providence to rid her of the former. Since the reception of your letter we have had the official notification of the ratification of the treaty by our Senate, brought on by Major Graham, and have learned of the arrival at Vera Cruz of the Commissioner, Mr. Sevier, who has been preceded by the Attorney-General, Mr. Clifford. I fear this hot dispatch of envoys will cause the Mexicans to believe that we are over-anxious to accept their terms, and that they will be as coy, in proportion, as we appear eager, to ratify on their part. They are very shrewd, and it will be difficult to get them to act before trying the strength of the new commissioner and making an effort for a mitigation of terms. The opportunity afforded them for pow-wowing they will be sure not to lose, but the time thus consumed, so precious to us, we cannot regain. In my humble opinion it would have been better to have sent out the naked instrument to General Butler, with instructions to submit it to the Mexican Government, and if within the prescribed time they thought proper to ratify it to pay them down the three millions and march the army home; but if not to tear up the paper and make his arrangements to take the country up to the line from Tehuantepec to Osaqualco or whatever other southern boundary they should think proper for the United States. I think we might reasonably expect that they would lose no time in ratifying the present treaty. I might make a rough diplomatist, but a tolerably quick one.

I have been permitted to make the following extract from an unpublished autograph letter, written by Capt. R. E. Lee to his brother, Sydney Smith Lee of the Navy. It is dated "City of Mexico, 4th of March, 1848." It was not only written without any expectation of its ever being published, but the writer even took the precaution to say to the loved brother, whom he playfully addressed as "My Darling Rose," that "this is intended only for your eyes." And yet it will be seen that this rising

young officer, writing with all the freedom of brotherly confidence, not only does not seek to exalt himself by detracting from the merits of his chief, but modestly pushes aside the personal fame he had so justly won, that he might pay tribute of admiring friendship to his loved general. After writing in a charming manner about various family and social matters, Captain Lee says:

Your commendations upon the conduct of the Army in this war have filled me with pleasure; they justly deserve it. There is no danger too great for them to seek, and no labor too severe for them to undertake. The fall of a comrade did not retard a single step, but all pressed forward to their work. Better soldiers never died on any field. Nor has the Navy been behind them in their duties. They have risked every exposure and every disease, have served on land with as much alacrity as on ship-board, have captured every port they could reach, and now hold the whole coast closely blockaded. They have only lacked the opportunities offered to the Army. I think our country may well be proud of the conduct of both arms of the service. As to myself, your brotherly feelings have made you estimate too highly my small services, and though praise from one I love so dearly is sweet, truth compels me to disclaim it. I did nothing more than what others in my place would have done much better. The great cause of our success was in our leader. It was his stout heart that cast us on the shore of Vera Cruz; his bold self-reliance that forced us through the pass at Cerro Gordo; his indomitable courage that, amid all the doubts and difficulties that surrounded us at Puebla, pressed us forward to this capital, and finally brought us within its gates, while others, who croaked all the way from Brazos, and advised delay at Puebla, finding themselves at last, contrary to their expectations, comfortably quartered within the city, find fault with the way they came there. With all their knowledge, I will defy them to have done better. I agree with you as to the dissensions in camp; they have clouded a bright campaign. It is a contest in which neither party has anything to gain and the Army much to lose, and ought to have been avoided. The whole matter will soon be before the court, and if it be seen that there has been harshness and intemperance of language on one side, it will be evident that there has been insubordination on the other.

It is difficult for a general to maintain discipline in an army, composed as this is, in a foreign country, where temptations to dis-

orders are so great, and the chance of detection so slight. He requires every support and confidence from his government at home. If he abuses his trust or authority, it is then time to hold him to account. But to decide the matter upon an ex-parte statement of favorites; to suspend a successful general in command of an army in the heart of an enemy's country; to try the judge in place of the accused, is to upset all discipline; to jeopardize the safety of the army and the honor of the country, and to violate justice. I trust, however, that all will work well in the end.

I had strong hopes of peace on the basis of the project of the treaty submitted by the Mexican Government, of which you have learned through the papers. Had Congress promptly granted the means for prosecuting the war asked by the President, I believe the treaty, if acceptable to our country, would have been ratified by the Mexican Congress. But the discussions in Congress and speeches of some of our leading men are calculated to so confuse the public mind here that it may encourage them to delay and procrastinate in the hope that the plan of withdrawing the army, no indemnity, etc., may be adopted. These other difficulties that I have spoken of, especially the recall of General Scott, may prove unfavorable. It is rather late in the day to discuss the origin of the war; that ought to have been understood before we engaged in it. It may have been produced by the act of either party or the force of circumstances. Let the pedants in diplomacy determine. It is certain that we are the victors in a regular war, continued, if not brought on, by their obstinacy and ignorance, and they are whipped in a manner of which women might be ashamed. We have the right, by the laws of war, of dictating the terms of peace and requiring indemnity for our losses and expenses. Rather than forego that right, except through a spirit of magnanimity to a crushed foe, I would fight them ten years, but I would be generous in exercising it.

In reference to the prospects of his own promotion, he writes:

City of Mexico, April 8, 1848.

I hope my friends will give themselves no annoyance on my account, or any concern about the distribution of favors. I know how those things are awarded at Washington, and how the President will be besieged by clamorous claimants. I do not wish to be numbered among them. Such as he can conscientiously bestow, I shall gratefully receive, and have no doubt that those will exceed my deserts. It is a singular coincidence that in 1836 Santa Anna, as he passed through Fredericktown, Maryland, should have found

General Scott before the court of inquiry clapped upon him by General Jackson. Our present President thought perhaps he ought to afford the gratification to the same individual to see Scott before another court in presence of the troops he commanded. I hope, however, all will terminate in good. The discontent in the Army at this state of things is great.

As soon as he could, after peace with Mexico had been declared, he returned home, and soon after his arrival he wrote his brother, Capt. Sydney Smith Lee of the Navy, the following characteristic letter from Arlington:

Here I am once again, my dear Smith, perfectly surrounded by Mary and her precious children, who seem to devote themselves to staring at the furrows in my face and the white hairs in my head. It is not surprising that I am hardly recognizable to some of the young eyes around me and perfectly unknown to the youngest, but some of the older ones gaze with astonishment and wonder at me, and seem at a loss to reconcile what they see and what was pictured to their imaginations. I find them, too, much grown, and all well, and I have much cause for thankfulness and gratitude to that good God who has once more united us. I was greeted on my arrival by your kind letter, which was the next thing to seeing you in person. I wish I could say when I shall be able to visit you, but I as yet know nothing of the intention of the Department concerning me, and cannot now tell what my movements will be. Mary has recently returned from a visit to poor Anne,* and gives a pitiable account of her distress. You may have heard of her having hurt her left hand; she is now consequently without the use of either, and cannot even feed herself. She has suffered so much that it is not wonderful that her spirits should be depressed. She sent many injunctions that I must come to her before even unpacking my trunk, and I think of running over there for a day after the Fourth of July, if practicable. You say I must let you know when I am ready to receive visits. Now! Have you any desire to see the celebration, etc., of the Fourth of July? Bring Sis Nannie and the little ones; I long to see you all; I only arrived yesterday, after a long journey up the Mississippi, which route I was induced to take for the accommodation of my horse, as I wished to spare her as much annoyance and fatigue as possible, she having already undergone so much suffering in my service. I landed her at

*His sister, Mrs. Marshall.

Wheeling and left her to come over with Jim. I have seen but few of our friends as yet, but hear they are all well. Cousin Anna is at Ravensworth. I met Mrs. John Mason yesterday as I passed through W. All her people are well. I hear that that pretty Rhett, hearing of my arrival, ran off yesterday evening to take refuge with you. Never mind, there is another person coming from Mexico from whom she cannot hide herself. Tell her with my regrets that I brought *muchas cosas* from her young rifleman, who is as bright and handsome as ever. No, Sis Nannie, your sister was not here when I arrived. Are you satisfied? She had gone to Alexandria to learn the news and do a little shopping, but I have laid violent hands on her now. An opportunity has just offered to the post-office, and I have scribbled off this to assure you of my love and remembrance. With much love to Sis Nannie and the children, and kind regards to Mrs. R. and Misses V. and C., I remain,

Affectionately your brother,

R. E. Lee.

CHAPTER IV

FROM THE MEXICAN WAR TO THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

Capt. Robt. E. Lee's Recollections of his Father—At Baltimore—Description of his person—Family letters—Superintendent at West Point—Lieutenant-Colonel of the famous Second Cavalry—Service on the frontier—Family letters—Death of Mr. Custis and his return to Arlington to settle up his estate—Letters to his two sons in the Army—His connection with the "John Brown Raid"—Return to Texas—Letters to his sons—His comment on the promotion of Jos. E. Johnston over him—His expressions concerning the state of the country—An ardent Union man, yet deprecating "a Union maintained by swords and bayonets."

Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., has published in *Frank Leslie's Monthly* a series of papers entitled "Recollections of my Father," which are so fresh and vivid, so charmingly written, and so valuable as giving an inside picture of Lee's private life, that I shall avail myself of his kind permission, and quote very copiously from them.

Of this period of his father's life, Captain Lee says:

The first vivid recollections I have of my father is his arrival at Arlington, after his return from the Mexican war. I can remember some events of which he seemed a part when we lived at Fort Hamilton, New York, about 1846; but they are more like dreams—very vague and disconnected—naturally so, as I was at that time about three years old.

But the day of his return to Arlington, after an absence of more than two years, I have always remembered. I had a frock or blouse of some light "wash" material, probably cotton—a blue ground dotted over with white diamond figures. Of this I was very proud, and I wanted to wear it on this important occasion. Eliza, my mammy, objecting, we had a contest and I won. Clothed in this, my very best, and with my hair freshly curled in long light ringlets, I went down into the large hall where the whole household was assembled, eagerly greeting my father. He had just that moment

arrived on horseback from Washington, in some way having missed the carriage which had been sent for him. There was visiting us at this time Mrs. Lippitt, a friend of my mother, who had with her her little boy Armistead, about my age and size, and also with long curls. Whether he wore as handsome a suit as mine, I cannot remember; but he and I were left together in the background, feeling rather frightened and awed. After a moment's greeting to those around him my father pushed through the crowd, exclaiming: "Where is my little boy?" He took up in his arms and kissed—not me, his own child, in best frock, and clean frock, and well-arranged curls, but my little playmate, Armistead!

As to the rest, my memory has always been a perfect blank. I remember nothing more of any circumstance connected with that time, save that my feelings were terribly hurt. I have no doubt that he was at once informed of his mistake, and made ample amends.

My next recollection of him is in Baltimore, while we were on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Marshall, the wife of Judge Marshall, and on finding myself down on the wharves, where my father had taken me to see the landing of a mustang pony he had brought me from Mexico, and which had been shipped from Vera Cruz to Baltimore in a sailing vessel. I was all eyes for the pony, and a very miserable, sad-looking object he was. From his long voyage, cramped quarters, and necessary lack of grooming, he was rather a disappointment to me. But I soon got over all that, and as I grew older, and was able to ride and appreciate him, he became the joy and pride of my life. I was taught to ride him by Jim Connelly, the faithful Irish servant of my father, who accompanied him through the Mexican campaign. Jim used to tell me, in his quizzical way, that he and Santa Anna (the pony's name) were the first men on the walls of Chapultepec. The pony was pure white, five years old, and about fourteen hands high. For his inches, he was about as good a horse as I ever met with. While we lived in Baltimore he and Grace Darling, my father's favorite mare, were members of our family.

Grace Darling was a chestnut mare of fine size and great power. He bought her in Texas from the Arkansas cavalry on his way to Mexico, her owner having died on the march out. She was with him during all of the war, and was shot seven times. As a little fellow I used to brag about the number of bullets being in her, and would place my finger on the scar made by each one. My father was much attached to and proud of her, always petting and talking to her in an affectionate way when he rode or visited her in her stable.

Santa Anna was found lying cold and dead in the park at Arlington one morning in the spring of 1861, just after the Federal troops moved across into Virginia. Grace Darling was taken in the spring of '62, from the White House, my brother's place on the Pamunkey River, where she had been sent for safe-keeping, by some Federal quartermaster, when General McClellan occupied that place as his base of supplies at the time of his advance on Richmond.

In a letter of my father, written to my mother, August 2, 1862, he sadly alludes to her loss: "I have heard of Grace. She was seen bestrode by some Yankee, with her colt by her side. I could be better resigned to many things than that. I must try and be resigned to that too."

When we lived in Baltimore, I was greatly struck one day by hearing one of two ladies who were visiting us, say: "Everybody and everything loves him—his family, his friends, his servants, his horse, and his dog."

From that early time I began to be impressed with my father's character as compared with other men. Everybody in our household respected, revered, and loved him; that seemed a matter of course, but it then began to dawn on me that every one else with whom I was thrown held him in high regard. Colonel Lee was then about forty-five years of age, active and strong, and as handsome as man ever was.

The dog referred to was a black and tan terrier named Spec—really a member of our family, respected and beloved by ourselves and well known by all who knew us. My father picked up his mother, floating in the narrows, while crossing from Fort Hamilton to the fortifications opposite on Staten Island. She had doubtless fallen overboard from some passing vessel. He rescued her and took her home, where she was welcomed and made much of by his children. She was a handsome little thing and showed high breeding. My father named her Dart. Spec was born at Fort Hamilton, and was the joy of us children, and our pet and companion. He accompanied us everywhere, even to church.

In a letter to my mother written from Fort Hamilton, January 28, 1846, my father thus speaks of Spec: "I am very solitary, and my only company is my dog and cats. But Spec has become so jealous now that he will hardly let me look at the cats. He seems to be afraid that I am going off from him, and never lets me stir without him; lies down in the office from 8 to 4 without moving, turns himself before the fire as the side from it becomes cold. I catch him sometimes sitting up looking at me so intently that I am

for the moment startled." And in a letter from Mexico, written a year later,—on December 25, 1846,—he writes: "Can't you cure poor Spec? Cheer him up; take him to walk with you; tell the children to cheer him up." Again, just after the capture of Vera Cruz, writing to his eldest son, he sends this message to Spec: "Tell him I wish he was with me here. He would have been of great service in telling me when I was coming upon the Mexicans when I was reconnoitering around Vera Cruz. Their dogs frequently told me by barking, when I was approaching them too nearly."

When my father returned to Arlington, from Mexico, Spec was the first to recognize him, and the extravagance of his demonstrations of delight left no doubt that he knew at once his kind master and loving friend. Some time during our residence in Baltimore Spec disappeared, and we never knew what was his fate. I never remember my father's being sick. I presume he was indisposed at times; but if so, no impression to that effect remains.

He was always bright and gay with us little folk, romping, playing and joking with us. With the elder children he was just as congenial and I have seen him join my brothers and their friends when they would try their prowess at a high jump over the bars, and beat them too. The younger children he petted a great deal. Our greatest treat was to get into his bed in the mornings and listen to him talk to us in his bright, entertaining way. This custom was kept up until I was at least ten years old. Although he was so companionable, joyous, and unreserved with us, he was very firm on all proper occasions, never indulged us in anything that was not good for us, and exacted the most implicit obedience. I always knew that it was impossible to disobey my father. I felt it in me. I never thought why, but was perfectly sure when he gave an order that it had to be obeyed. My mother I could sometimes circumvent, and on occasions took liberties with her orders, construing them to suit my own views; but exact obedience to every mandate of my father's was part of my life and being. He was very fond of having his hand tickled, and what was still more curious, it amused him to take off his slippers and place his feet in our laps to have them tickled also. Often, after playing in the open air all day, the sitting still, holding his feet, would be too much for us, and our drowsiness would soon show itself in continual nods. Then, to arouse us, he had a way of stirring us up with his foot, laughing heartily at and with us. He would often tell us when so

occupied the most delightful stories, and there was no nodding. Sometimes, however, our interest in his wonderful tales became so engrossing that we would forget to do our duty, when he would declare, "No tickling, no story."

When we were a little older our elder sister told us one winter the ever-delightful story of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Of course, she told it in prose, and arranged it to suit our childish mental capacity. Father was generally in his corner by the fire, the tickling going on briskly, when he would cut into the story in the original verse, repeating line after line of the poem, much to our disapproval, but to his great enjoyment.

The first duty to which my father was assigned after the Mexican war was the building of Fort Carroll, on the Patapsco River, some eight miles from Baltimore. He was there for three years, and we lived in a home on Madison street, near Biddle. I used to go down with him to the fort quite often. We drove to the harbor in a "bus," and there took one of the boats of the fort, sent up to meet us, with a crew from among the employees there, and were rowed to Soller's Point. There I was generally left in charge of the people of the place while my father visited the works and workmen at the fort, a short distance out in the river. These days were very happy ones. The shipping, the river, the boat and oarsmen, and the country dinner at Soller's Point—all made a strong impression on me. But, above all, I remember my father—his gentle, loving care of me; his bright talk; his stories; his maxims, and teachings. I was so proud of him, and of the evident respect for and trust in him that every one showed! The impressions received at that time have never changed or left me. He was a great favorite in Baltimore, especially with women and little children. When he and my mother went out in the evening to some entertainment we were allowed to sit up and see them start. My father, as I remember, was in uniform, and always ready, waiting for my mother, who was generally late. He would chide her gently in a playful way, and with his bright smile. After telling us good-by, I would go to sleep with this beautiful picture in my mind—the golden epaulets and all; always the epaulets.

In Baltimore I went to my first school; to a Mr. Rollins, on Mulberry street, and I remember how interested my father was in my studies, how he encouraged me in my failures, and praised me in my little triumphs. Indeed, he was always the same as long as I was at school and college, and I wish so much that all his kind and sensible letters to me could have been preserved.

The 1st of September, 1852, Colonel Lee was appointed Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point. My memory as to our move from Baltimore is very dim. The family went to Arlington, and remained until our new home at West Point was gotten ready, some time that winter.

My recollections of my father at West Point are fuller and more distinct. He lived in the house which is still occupied by the Superintendent. It was built of stone, large and roomy, with garden, stables, and pasture lots. We, the two youngest children, enjoyed it all greatly. Grace Darling and Santa Anna were then with us, and many a fine ride have I had with my father in the afternoons, when, released from his office, he would mount his old mare, and with Santa Anna carrying me by his side, take a five or ten mile trot. Though my pony cantered delightfully, my father would make me keep him in a trot, saying that the hammering I got from that gait was good for me. We rode the dragoon seat, —no posting,—and I used to become very tired, until I got used to it.

My father was the most punctual man I ever knew. He was always ready for family prayers, and at all meal times, and met every engagement, business or social, on the moment. He expected all of us to be the same and impressed upon us the necessity of forming such habits, for the convenience of all concerned. I never knew him late for the Sunday service at the post chapel. He appeared in uniform some minutes before any one else, and would jokingly rally my mother and sisters for being late, or forgetting something at the last moment. When he could wait no longer, he would say, "Well, I am off," and march away to church by himself, or with any of us who were ready. Then he took his seat, well up in the middle aisle; and I remember he got always very drowsy during the sermon, and sometimes caught a little nap. At that time this drowsiness of my father's seemed something awful to me. I knew it was very hard for me to keep awake, and frequently I did not; but why he, who I believed could do everything that was right, without an effort, should sometimes be overcome, I could not understand, and did not try to do so.

It was against the rules for any cadet to pass beyond certain well-defined limits. Of course, they did sometimes go, and when caught were punished by receiving so many "demerits." My father, riding out one afternoon with me, suddenly came up with three cadets far beyond the limits. When rounding a turn in the mountain road, with a deep, woody ravine on one side, we came upon them. They immediately leaped over a low wall on the

ravine side of the road and disappeared from our view. We rode on a minute in silence, when my father said: "Did you know those young men? But no!—if you did, don't say so. I wish boys would do what is right, it would be so much easier for all of us." He knew he would have to report them, but not being sure who they were, I suppose he wished to give them the benefit of the doubt. At any rate, I never heard any more about it. One of the three asked me the next day if "the Colonel" had recognized them, and I told him what had occurred.

I was now old enough to have a room to myself, and to encourage me to be useful and practical my father made me attend to it, just as the cadets had to do in their quarters in barracks and in camp. He even, for a time, went through the form of inspecting it daily to see if I had performed my duty properly. I remember enjoying it at first, but soon tired of the routine. However, I was kept at it, becoming in time very proficient, and the knowledge so acquired has been of the greatest use to me throughout life.

He always encouraged me in every healthy outdoor exercise and sport. He taught me to ride, constantly giving me the minutest instructions with the reasons for them. He gave me my first sled and often came to where we boys were coasting to look on. He also gave me my first pair of skates and placed me under the care of a reliable person, who should teach me how to use them, inquiring regularly how I progressed. It was the same as to swimming, which he was anxious I should learn thoroughly. Professor Bailey, of the West Point faculty, had a son about my age, now himself a professor at Brown University, Providence, R. I., who became my favorite companion. I took my first lesson in the water with him, under the direction and supervision of his father. My father inquired constantly how I was getting along and made me tell him exactly my methods, stroke, etc., and explained to me what he considered the best way to swim, and the reasons for the same.

I now went to day school, and had always a sympathetic helper in my father. Often he would come into the room where I studied at night and, sitting beside me, show me how to master a hard sentence in my Latin reader, or a difficult sum in arithmetic; not by giving me a translation of the sentence nor an answer to the sum, but by showing me step by step the way to the right solution of both. He was very patient, very loving, and very good to me, and I tried my best to please him in my studies. When I was able to bring home a good report from my teacher,

he was greatly pleased and showed it in his eye and voice though he did not say much. But he always insisted that I should get the "maximum," that he would never be perfectly satisfied with less. That I did sometimes win it, and I believe deserved it, I know was due to his judicious and true methods of exciting my ambition and perseverance.

I have endeavored to show how fond my father was of his children, and as the best picture I can offer of his loving, tender devotion to us all, I give here a letter from him, written to his daughter, Annie, who was living with her grandmother, Mrs. Custis, at Arlington:

"West Point, 25th February, 1853.

"My precious Annie:

"I take advantage of your gracious permission to write to you, and there is no telling how far my feelings might carry me were I not limited by the conveyance furnished by the Mim's letter, which lies before me, and which must (the Mim says so) go in this morning's mail. But my limited time does not diminish my affection for you, Annie, nor prevent my thinking of you, and wishing for you. I long to see you through the dilatory nights. At dawn when I arise, and all day my thoughts revert to you in expressions that you cannot hear or I repeat. I hope you will always appear to me as you are now painted in my heart, and that you will endeavor to improve and so conduct yourself as to make you happy and me joyful all our lives. Diligent and earnest attention to all of your duties can only accomplish this. I am told that you are growing very tall, and I hope very straight. I do not know what the cadets will say if the Superintendent's children do not practice what he demands of them. They will naturally say that he had better attend to his own before he corrects other people's children, and as he permits his to stoop, it is hard he will not allow them. You and Agnes [another daughter] must not, therefore, bring me into discredit with my young friends, or give them reason to think that I require more of them than I do of my own. I presume your mother has told you all about us, our neighbors, and our affairs. And, indeed, she may have done that, and not said much, either, so far as I know. But we are all well, and have much to be grateful for. Tomorrow we anticipate the pleasure of your brother's company, which is always a source of pleasure to us. It is the only time we see him except when the 'Corps' comes under view at some of their exercises, when my eye is sure to distinguish him among his comrades and follow him over the

plain. Give much love to your dear grandmother, grandfather, Agnes, Miss Sue, Lucretia, and all friends, including servants. Write sometimes and think always of your affectionate father.

"R. E. Lee."

As Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, my father had to entertain a good deal, and I remember well how handsome and grand he looked in uniform, which was the full dress of the army officers then; how genial and bright; how considerate of everybody's comfort of mind and body. He was always a great favorite with the ladies, especially the young ones. His fine presence, his gentle, easy manner, and kindly smile put them at once at ease with him.

Among the cadets at this time were my eldest brother, Custis, who in 1854 was graduated at the head of his class, and my father's nephew, Fitzhugh Lee, who was in the third class, besides many relatives and friends. Saturday being a half holiday for the cadets, it was the custom for all social events of which they were a part to take place on that afternoon or evening. Nearly every Saturday a number of these young men were invited to our house to tea, or supper, for it was a good substantial meal. The misery of some of these poor fellows from embarrassment, and possibly from awe of the Superintendent, was pitiable, and evident even to me, a boy of ten. But as soon as my father got command, as it were, of the situation, one could see how quickly most of them were put at their ease. He would address himself to the task of making them feel comfortable and at home, and his winning manners and pleasant ways at once succeeded.

In the spring of 1853 my grandmother, Mrs. Custis, died. This was the first death in our immediate family. She was very dear to us and was admired, esteemed, and loved by all who had ever known her. Bishop Meade, of Virginia, thus writes: "Mrs. Mary Custis, of Arlington, the wife of Mr. Washington Custis, grandson of Mrs. General Washington, was the daughter of Mr. William Fitzhugh of Chatham. Scarcely is there a Christian lady in our land more honored than she was, and none more loved and esteemed. For good sense, prudence, sincerity, benevolence, unaffected piety, disinterested zeal in every good work, deep humility, and retiring modesty—for all the virtues which adorn the wife, the mother, and the friend—I never knew her superior."

In a letter to my mother sent after the sad event, my father says: "May God give you strength to enable you to bear and say, 'His will be done.' She has gone from all trouble, care, and sorrow to a holy immortality, there to rejoice and praise forever

the God and Saviour she so long and faithfully served. Let that be our comfort, and that our consolation. May our death be like hers, and may we meet in happiness in heaven." In another letter about the same time: "She was to me all that a mother could be, and I yielded to none in admiration for her character, love for her virtues, and veneration for her memory."

While at West Point my father was persuaded to allow R. S. Weir, Professor of Drawing and Painting at the Military Academy, to paint his portrait. As I now remember, there were only one or two sittings, and the artist had to finish the picture from the glimpses he obtained of his subject in the regular intercourse of their daily lives. This portrait shows my father in the undress uniform of a colonel of engineers, and many think it is a good likeness. To me, the expression of strength peculiar to his face is wanting, especially in the lines of the mouth. Still it is very like him at that time. My father never could bear to have his picture taken, and there are no likenesses of him that really give his sweet expression. It was such a serious business with him that he never could "look pleasant."

In April, 1855, my father was appointed to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Second Cavalry, one of the two new regiments added to the Army at that time. When he left West Point to enter upon his new duties his family moved to Arlington, my mother's home. During the fall and winter of 1855 and 1856 the Second Cavalry was recruited and organized at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. In the winter and spring of 1856 Colonel Lee was on court-martial detail and did not join his regiment until the last of March. It was then in western Texas, some of the companies under Col. Albert Sydney Johnston, at Fort Mason, and the remainder under Hardee, at the Clear Fork of the Brazos.

I did not see my father again until the winter of 1857, when he was summoned home by the death of my grandfather, Mr. George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington. He remained with my mother several months, and commenced at once to put her estate in order—not an easy task, as it consisted of several large plantations and very many negroes.

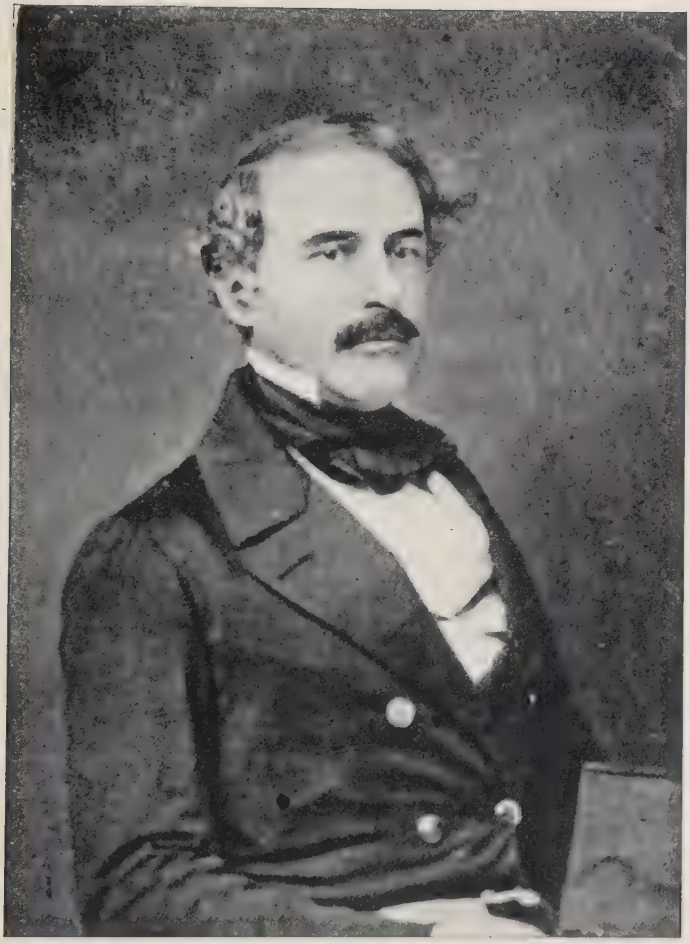
He was always fond of farming, and took great interest in the improvements he immediately put under way at Arlington. In a very short time the buildings, roads, fences, fields, and stock showed in their improved condition and appearance the effect of his management. He often said that he longed for the time when he could have a farm of his own, where he could end his days in

quiet and peace, interested and occupied in the care and improvement of his own land. Just after the close of the war, in a letter to his son, he writes: "I shall endeavor to procure some humble but quiet abode for your mother and sisters, where I hope they can be happy. As I before said, I want to get in some grass country where the natural product of the land will do much for my subsistence." And again, after he had accepted the presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia, to the same son: "I should have selected a more quiet life, and a more retired abode than Lexington, and should have preferred a small farm, where I could have earned my daily bread."

I was at boarding-school after we returned to Arlington, and saw my father only during holidays, if he happened to be at home. It was about this time I was presented with my first gun and allowed, after some "coaching," to go out shooting by myself. My father, to encourage me, offered me a reward for every crow-scalp I could bring him, and in order that I might get to work at once, advanced me a small sum of money with which to buy powder and shot. This sum was to be returned to him out of the first scalps obtained. My industry and zeal were great, my hopes bright, and by good luck I did succeed in bagging two crows about the second time I was out. I showed them with great pride to my father, and intimated that I would shortly be able to return him his loan, and that he must be prepared to hand over to me, very soon, further rewards of my skill. His eyes twinkled and his smile showed that he had strong doubts of my making an income by killing crows. He was right, for I never killed another, though I tried hard and long.

I saw but little of my father after he left West Point. He went to Texas, as above stated, in 1856, and remained until the autumn of 1857, when he came home on the death of his father-in-law. After remaining at Arlington nearly a year, he was with his regiment in Texas until the fall of 1859, when he came home on leave for the purpose of completing the settlement of my grandfather's estate. During this visit the "John Brown raid" at Harper's Ferry occurred. The Secretary of War selected Colonel Lee to command the United States troops sent to suppress it. Included in this detachment was Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart, the cavalry leader of subsequent renown.

Lack of space prevents a detailed account of the life of Lee from the Mexican war to the breaking out of the great war between the States. He was first assigned to duty in constructing



ROBERT EDWARD LEE

[AS AN OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY]

FACING PAGE
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works for the defense of Baltimore, and in 1852 he was appointed Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point.

He was at this period of his life, as indeed ever afterwards, one of the most superb specimens of physical manhood whom the sun ever shone upon. Five feet eleven inches high, weighing 175 pounds, hair originally jet black and inclined to curl at the ends; eyes hazel brown, face cleanly shaved, except a mustache; a countenance which beamed with gentleness and benevolence, mingled with firmness; a knightly bearing and an inborn grace which appeared in his every movement, Colonel Lee was the observed of all observers in whatever company he moved; was the handsomest man of his day, and might well have been selected by some great artist as a model of perfect manhood.

Dr. Hunter McGuire, Stonewall Jackson's great surgeon, related an incident of a visit he made General Lee, in company with Jackson, when he was sick at his headquarters near Fredericksburg in March, 1863, when "old Stonewall" said to his surgeon as they rode away, "General Lee is the most perfect animal form I ever saw."

I can best illustrate his life at this period by giving copious extracts from his private letters.

I am very fortunate, by the kind courtesy of the family, in being able to give a number, some of which have been already published, but are well worthy of reproduction here, but a large number of which I publish for the first time. The following to his son Custis is full of the practical wisdom of the loving father:

BALTIMORE, May 4, 1851.

MY DEAREST SON:

Your letter of the 27th ultimo, which I duly received, has given me more pleasure than any that I now recollect having ever received. It has assured me of the confidence you feel in my love and affection, and with what frankness and candor you open to me all your thoughts.

So long as I meet with such return from my children, and see them strive to respond to my wishes, and exertions, for their good and happiness I can meet with calmness and unconcern all else the

world may have in store for me. I cannot express my pleasure at hearing you declare your determination to shake off the listless fit that has seized upon you, and to arouse all your faculties into activity and exertion. The determination is alone wanting to accomplish the wish. At times the temptation to relax will be hard upon you, but will grow feebler and more feeble by constant resistance. The full play of your young and growing powers, the daily exercise of all your energies, the consciousness of acquiring knowledge, and the pleasure of knowing your efforts to do your duty, will bring you a delight and gratification far surpassing all that idleness and selfishness can give. Try it fairly and take your own experience. I know it will confirm you in your present resolve to "try and do your best," and if that does not recompense you for your devotion and labor, you will find it in the happiness which it brings to father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all your friends. I do not think you lack either energy or ambition. Hitherto you have not felt the incentive to call them forth. "Content to do well," you have not tried "to do better." The latter will as assuredly follow the effort as the former. Every man has ambition. The young soldier especially feels it. Honor and fame are all that he aspires to. But he cannot reach either by volition alone, and he sometimes shrinks from the trials necessary to accomplish them. Let this never be your case. Keep them constantly before you and firmly pursue them. They will at last be won. I am very much pleased at the interest taken by the cadets in your success. Surely it requires on your part a corresponding return. They desire to see you *strive* at least, to gratify their wishes. Prove yourself worthy of their affection. Hold yourself above every mean action. Be strictly honorable in every act, and be not ashamed to *do right*. Acknowledge right to be your aim and strive to reach it. I feel, too, so much obliged to you for the candid avowal of all your feelings. Between us two let there be no concealment. I may give you advice and encouragement and you will give me pleasure.

The report you mention having received is of a trifling nature, yet I am sorry for the demerit attached to it, as it comes into the equation of your standing as a *minus* quantity. You must, therefore, try to avoid them, and I should think a statement of the facts as you gave them to me, that the mug had not been misplaced by you, or your roommates, that it was during release from quarters when it was discovered, and all of you were out of the room at the time, would be taken as a sufficient excuse. But of this you must judge. I hope your demerit will not be sufficient to injure

your standing, but it may require a greater exertion on your part to gain an offset in your class mark. This is the most important time to you in the year. Just one month before the June examinations. A great deal may be accomplished in this month. Your standing and reputation are sufficiently good to enable you to make up any deficiency during your review for the examination. You have my earnest wishes and constant prayers for success, and I trust to see you No. 1 in June. Mr. Bonaparte will have given you all the Baltimore news, and the letter he carried from your mother, all the domestic. She had thought of going to Arlington yesterday, but the little children had taken such a violent cold somehow, that she determined to postpone her visit till this week. Their colds still continue, but are passing away I hope; and I expect, if nothing happens to prevent, she will go Saturday. I got a message from Mr. McNally yesterday, saying that Rooney was one of the hardest *workers* in the school. It seems he has taken hold of Greek very well, and stands at the head of his class, and I think he is beginning to think less of play, and more of the responsibilities of life. Mrs. Wilson also tells daughter that he reads French better than his classmates, and generally knows his lessons well, but that his pronunciation is anything but the pure Parisian. I hope he will get that in time. He is growing wonderfully. I do not know when he will stop if he goes on at this rate. His feet and hands are tremendous, and his appetite startling. There is a great deal of good and energy in him, if it only gets the right direction. There is the difficulty. I strive hard to fix his attention and desires on what is good, but he is of that age when he cannot fully appreciate all its beauties. Still I have nothing to complain of on the whole, and I have strong hopes that in time he will do credit to us all, and be of great comfort to me. His anxiety is still to go to West Point, and thinks there is no life like that of a dragoon. He thinks he might get through the Academy, though he would not stand as well as *Boo*. I tell him he would get over two hundred demerits the first year, and that there would be an end of all his military aspirations. Daughter is much taken up with her young companions, and there are regular walks in the afternoon and sundry visits on Saturdays. I perceive that their walks never extend country-wise, but always town-wise, from which I infer that they are more attracted by sight-seeing than a desire for exercise and the beauties of nature. The confabs at the corners, too, are frequent and long and their tongues try to cover their glances over their shoulders at interesting passengers. I fear they are wicked things; tell Jerome and Lawrence as soon as they come on, I shall take them in hand.

I fear to tackle with them alone. One old man against so many black eyes would be fearful odds. Mary Rogers dined with us today. Tense when last seen had a beau in tow. I suppose her companion proved more attractive than a Sunday dinner. Your Aunt Annie is breaking out in a new place. She walked out three times last week. Once as far as the monument. She is much better, but has been housed so long that she feels a walk, even a short one, as much as common people a march of fifty miles. I am constantly fearing a relapse. Her Hubby is quite fat, and looks almost as well as when he first returned from Europe. I have not heard whether your Uncle Smith has commenced his improvements at the Frying-pan. He was full of plans when I last saw him, but I have not heard what he is now doing. I have been very busy since my return from New York. Last week I was at Soller's the entire week. I got up yesterday to dinner. I am preparing to commence the masonry under water, a work of great trouble. I see my way, however, very clearly, and think I shall succeed in making as good a wall as if on dry land. Though the trouble of working under land and fifteen feet below low water level, and that on piling, will be very difficult.

All send much love. Mildred says she would write to you if she knew what to say.

Your Uncle Charlie and Aunt M. are highly gratified at your standing at West Point. A letter just received from Mrs. Lewis says Aunt L. is failing very much. I hope her last days may be comfortable and easy. Your Grd. F. and Grd. mother were well when heard from, and the little girls growing finely. Remember me to all of your cadet friends,

Devotedly, your father,

R. E. Lee.

Baltimore, 14th Sept., 1851.

My dearest Mr. Boo:

I have canvassed the house this morning for the purpose of ascertaining who would have the pleasure of writing to you. There were so many non-acceptances and postponements, that to insure you your regular epistle, you must accept one from me. You have received so many from the same quarter that I fear they will become tedious. They are so tame, so similar, that you will wish for variety.

We have had a short visit from your Grd. father. He arrived last Monday, and left us on Friday. I think he would have stayed longer, had it not been so especially hot. But he could not go out, and we had but little to amuse him indoors. On

Wednesday night he addressed a meeting by special invitation, in Monument Square, called to petition our Govt. to intercede with England in behalf of the Irish patriots confined to their penal colony in Australia.

The meeting was large and attentive and he was received with great applause. Tuesday we all rode down to Fort McHenry to see the Walbacks. The General embraced your Grd. father very warmly, and they had a long talk of by-gone days; when they were together at Harper's Ferry, as young dragoon officers. Gen'l. W. is now 85, and your Grd. father 70.

Great changes have taken place since then. Thursday Gen'l. and Mrs. W. and your Uncle M. dined with us, when old stories were renewed and continued until dark. Your Grd. father mentioned with great pleasure having received recently a letter from you, and dwelt with much satisfaction upon your standing at the Academy. He and I talked much about you and interchanged our mutual hopes for your happiness and success. Much of our future happiness will depend upon you. Your resolution upon coming into barracks "to make up for all deficiencies," fills me with joy. I am also the more sanguine, from having heard that the Professor of Math. says you can be No. 1, if you *choose.* Let that encourage you to exert your powers. I am very glad that you have a nice room, and nice roommate. I hope you two will help and encourage each other in all that is good. Ask no favors. Expect no indulgences. But go straight to your work.

I fear our little people have the whooping-cough. They have kept up a terrible barking for the last week or ten days, which does not seem to diminish. Your mother thought Rob had it at Fort Hamilton. I do not recollect. Anne had what has been supposed to be a bad cold. I do not know but that may turn out to be the whooping-cough, though she has been supposed to have had it. Mr. and Mrs. B. are well. So is Charles Joseph. He is well attended to, I assure you. I have not seen the Words during the past week.

It has been excessively hot, and between my engagements at Fort Carroll and at home, I have been nowhere. All the household send much love. Wig. and Annie contemplate a letter to you. Roon says you must write to him, and Rob says he wants to see you badly.

I suppose it is not known yet in that benighted spot, West Point, that by prepaying letters, the postage is three cents. I am very

willing to pay for all yours, but as I can do it more cheaply on the prepayment system, I enclose you some stamps. When they are exhausted, I will send more. Good-by, my dear son,

Very aff. your father,

R. E. Lee.

The following to his son Custis gives a vivid picture of Christmas at Arlington:

Arlington, 28th December, 1851.

We came on last Wednesday morning. It was a bitter cold day, and we were kept waiting an hour in the depot at Baltimore for the cars, which were detained by the snow and frost in the rails. We found your grandfather* at the Washington depot, Daniel and the old carriage and horses, and young Daniel on the colt Mildred. Your mother, grandfather, Mary Eliza, the little people, and the baggage, I thought load enough for the carriage, so Rooney† and I took our feet in our hands and walked over. We looked for the Anne Case, in which to get a lift to Roop's Hill, but congratulated ourselves afterwards that we missed her, for she only overtook us after we had passed Jackson City, and was scarcely out of sight when we turned up the Washington turnpike. The snow impeded the carriage as well as us, and we reached here shortly after it. The children were delighted at getting back, and passed the evening in devising pleasure for the morrow. They were in upon us before day on Christmas morning, to overhaul their stockings. Mildred thinks she drew the prize in the shape of a beautiful new doll; Angelina's‡ infirmities were so great that she was left in Baltimore and this new treasure was entirely unexpected. The cakes, candies, books, etc., were overlooked in the caresses she bestowed upon her, and she was scarcely out of her arms all day. Rooney got among his gifts a nice pair of boots, which he particularly wanted, and the girls, I hope, were equally well pleased with their presents, books, and trinkets.

Your mother, Mary, Rooney, and I went into church, and Rooney and the twins skated back on the canal (Rooney having taken his skates along for the purpose), and we filled his place in the carriage with Miss Sarah Stuart, one of M.'s comrades. Minny Lloyd was detained at home to assist her mother at dinner,

*The venerable George Washington Parke Custis.

†A younger son, known by this pet name in the family.

‡"Angelina" was evidently a doll, thus superseded by a newer and more comely favorite, on whom "infirmities" had not fallen.

but your Aunt Maria brought her and Miss Lucretia Fitzhugh out the next day, and Wallace Stiles and his brother arriving at the same time, we had quite a tableful.

The young people have been quite assiduous in their attentions to each other, as their amusements have been necessarily indoors; but the beaux have successfully maintained their reserve so far, notwithstanding the captivating advances of the belles. The first day they tried skating, but the ice was soft and rough, and it was abandoned in despair. They have not moved out of the house since. Today the twins were obliged to leave us, and when the carriage came to the door, Minny Lloyd and Sarah Stuart reluctantly confessed that their mamas ordered them to return in the first carriage. We have only, therefore, Wallace and Edward Stiles, and Miss Lucretia Fitzhugh in addition to our family circle.

I need not describe to you our amusements, you have witnessed them so often; nor the turkey, cold ham, plum-pudding, mince-pies, etc., at dinner. I hope you will enjoy them again, or some equally as good.

The weather has been bitter cold. I do not recollect such weather (I can only judge by my feelings) since the winter of 1835. I have not been to Washington yet, but will endeavor to get over tomorrow. I am writing this to mail then. The family have retired, but I know I should be charged with much love from every individual were they aware of my writing, so I will give it without bidding. May you have many happy years, all bringing you an increase of virtue and wisdom, all witnessing your prosperity in this life, all bringing you nearer everlasting happiness hereafter. May God in His great mercy grant me this my constant prayer.

I had received no letter from you when I left Baltimore, nor shall I get any till I return, which will be, if nothing happens, tomorrow a week, 5th January, 1852. You will then be in the midst of your examination. I shall be very anxious about you. Give me the earliest intelligence of your standing, and stand up before them boldly, manfully; do your best, and I shall be satisfied.

R. E. Lee.

His son Custis Lee met his fond hopes by graduating at West Point at the head of his brilliant class, and entered the Engineer Corps. His son Wm. Henry Fitzhugh Lee ("Rooney," as his father affectionately called him) graduated at Harvard, and was (on the earnest recommendation of General Scott) appointed to a lieutenancy in the Regular Army. Meantime, the

father had served with great ability as Superintendent at West Point,—making changes, and introducing reforms which were of great benefit to the Academy,—and in 1855 was made lieutenant-colonel of the famous Second Cavalry Regiment of which Albert Sydney Johnston was made colonel. The two new regiments of cavalry were organized on the recommendation of Hon. Jefferson Davis, the able Secretary of War, and President Franklin Pierce, though there was bitter opposition to this increase of the Regular Army, led by Senators Thos. H. Benton of Missouri, and Sam. Houston of Texas.

The Comte de Paris in his History says that Mr. Davis availed himself of this opportunity to fill the positions in these regiments "with his creatures, to the exclusion of regular officers whom he disliked"; but it will be seen on scanning the list of these men that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee puts it correctly when he quaintly says that "the Count was writing with limited knowledge."

The officers appointed to these regiments were such men as Sumner, Sedgwick, McClellan, Emory, Geo. H. Thomas, Stoneman, Stanley, Innis Palmer, Carr, etc., who afterwards became distinguished Federal generals, and Albert Sydney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, R. E. Lee, Hardee, Kirby Smith, Field, Hood, J. E. B. Stuart, W. H. C. Whiting, N. G. Evans, Van Dorn, Fitz Lee, and other distinguished Confederate generals. If these men were "creatures" of Secretary Davis then he must have possessed a power and influence far beyond what his most enthusiastic admirers have ever attributed to him.

Colonel Lee's service in the cavalry was chiefly on the Texas frontier, and against hostile Indians, especially the Comanches, but he was frequently detailed on court-martial, or other important duty.

His letters at this period give the best insight into his life and feelings, and I quote them freely. From Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where the companies of his regiment were assembled for organization and drill, he wrote Mrs. Lee under date of July 1, 1855:

The chaplain of the post, a Mr. Fish, is now absent; he is an Episcopal clergyman and well spoken of; we have, therefore, not had service since I have been here. The church stands out in the trees, grotesque in its form and ancient in its appearance. I have not been in it, but am content to read the Bible and prayers alone, and draw much comfort from their holy precepts and merciful promises. Though feeling unable to follow the one, and truly unworthy of the other, I must still pray to that glorious God without whom there is no help, and with whom there is no danger. That He may guard and protect you all, and more than supply to you my absence, is my daily and constant prayer. I have been busy all the week superintending and drilling recruits. Not a stitch of clothing has as yet arrived for them, though I made the necessary requisition for it to be sent here more than two months ago in Louisville. Yesterday, at muster, I found one of the late arrivals in a dirty, tattered shirt and pants, with a white hat and shoes, with other garments to match. I asked him why he did not put on clean clothes. He said he had none. I asked him if he could not wash and mend those. He said he had nothing else to put on. I then told him immediately after muster to go down to the river, wash his clothes, and sit on the bank and watch the passing steamboats till they dried, and then mend them. This morning at inspection he looked as proud as possible, stood in the position of a soldier with his little fingers on the seams of his pants, his beaver cocked back, and his toes sticking through his shoes, but his skin and solitary two garments clean. He grinned very happily at my compliments. I have got a fine puss, which was left me by Colonel Sumner. He was educated by his daughter, Mrs. Jenkins, but is too fond of getting up on my lap and on my bed; he follows me all about the house and stands at the door in an attitude of defiance at all passing dogs.

Colonel Lee was stationed, with four companies of the regiment, on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, where his duty was to watch the Indians and protect the Texas frontier. It was a privilege which the writer had several years ago to drive out from Abilene, Texas, with a picnic party, to visit the site of this old camp,—"Camp Cooper," it was called, in honor of Saml. Cooper, so long the able Adjutant-General of the United States Army, and afterwards the distinguished A. G. of the Confederacy,—and recall the days when it was occupied by Lee and his troopers.

Under date of August 4, 1856, he wrote Mrs. Lee from Camp Cooper:

I hope your father continued well and enjoyed his usual celebration of the Fourth of July; mine was spent, after a march of thirty miles on one of the branches of the Brazos, under my blanket, elevated on four sticks driven in the ground, as a sunshade. The sun was fiery hot, the atmosphere like the blast from a hot-air furnace, the water salt, still my feelings for my country were as ardent, my faith in her future as true, and my hopes for her advancement as unabated as they would have been under better circumstances.

He thus wrote a week later on learning of the death of his sister Mildred (Mrs. Childe):

The news came to me very unexpectedly, and in the course of nature I might never have anticipated it, as indeed I had never realized that she could have preceded me on the unexplored journey upon which we are all hastening. Though parted from her for years, with little expectation but of a transient reunion in this life, this terrible and sudden separation has not been the less distressing because it was distant and unlooked for. It has put an end to all hope of our meeting in this world. It has cut short my early wishes and daily yearnings, and so vividly does she live in my imagination and affection that I cannot realize she only exists in my memory. I pray that her life has but just begun, and I trust that our merciful God only so suddenly and early snatched her away because he then saw that it was the fittest moment to take her to himself. May a pure and eternal life now be hers, and may we all live so that when we die it may be open to us.

On the 25th of the same month he tells Mrs. Lee:

I shall leave here on the 1st proximo for the Rio Grande, and shall be absent from two and a half to three months; will go from here to Fort Mason and pick up Major Thomas and take him on with me, and thus have him as traveling companion all the way, which will be a great comfort to me.

And then mentioning the Comanche raids on the settlers of Texas, he says:

These people give a world of trouble to man and horse, and, poor creatures, they are not worth it.

Mrs. Lee having written him that he was spoken of for a vacant brigadier-generalship, he replied in characteristic style:

Camp Cooper, Texas, September 1, 1856.

We are all in the hands of a kind God, who will do for us what is best, and more than we deserve, and we have only to endeavor to deserve more, and to do our duty to him and ourselves. May we all deserve His mercy, His care, and protection. Do not give yourself any anxiety about the appointment of the brigadier. If it is on my account that you feel an interest in it, I beg you will discard it from your thoughts. You will be sure to be disappointed; nor is it right to indulge improper and useless hopes. It besides looks like presumption to expect it.

Ringgold Barracks, Texas, October 3, 1856.

I arrived here on the 28th, after twenty-seven consecutive days of travel. The distance was greater than I had anticipated, being seven hundred and thirty miles. I was detained one day on the road by high water—had to swim my mules and get the wagon over by hand. My mare took me very comfortably, but all my wardrobe, from socks up to plume, was immersed in the muddy water—epaulets, sash, etc. They are, however, all dry now. Major Thomas traveled with me from Fort Mason. We are in camp together. Captain Bradford, whom we knew at Old Point, is on the court. Colonel Chapman of the infantry, from Georgetown, Captain Marsey, Colonels Bainbridge, Bumford, Ruggles, and Seawell, and Captain Sibley, an old classmate of mine. Colonel Waite is president of the court and Capt. Samuel Jones of the artillery, judge-advocate. The latter brought his wife and child with him in a six-mule road wagon from Sinda, about one hundred and twenty miles up the river. All the court are present and yesterday we commenced the trial of our old friend Giles Porter. I hope he will clear himself of the charges against him. I am writing with much inconvenience from a stiff finger, caused by a puncture from a Spanish bayonet, while pitching my tent on the road, which struck the joint. Every branch and leaf in this country nearly are armed with a point, and some seem to poison the flesh. What a blessed thing the children are not here! They would be ruined.

He writes in December, 1856:

The time is approaching when I trust many of you will be assembled around the family hearth at dear Arlington another Christmas. Though absent, my heart will be in the midst of you, and I shall enjoy in imagination and memory all that is going on.

May nothing occur to mar or cloud the family fireside, and may each be able to look back with pride and pleasure at his deeds of the past year, and with confidence and hope to that in prospect. I can do nothing but hope and pray for you all. Last Saturday I visited Matamoras, Mexico, for the first time. The town looked neat, though much out at the elbow, and nothing apparently going on of interest. The plaza or square was inclosed and the trees and grass flourishing, for which I am told the city is indebted to Major William Chapman of the Quartermaster's Department, who made the improvement while it was in the occupation of the American army. The most attractive thing to me in town were the orange trees loaded with unripe fruit. The oleander was in full bloom, and there were some large date, fig, and palm trees.

Fort Brown, Texas, December 27, 1856.

The steamer has arrived from New Orleans, bringing full files of papers and general intelligence from the "States." I have enjoyed the former very much, and, in the absence of particular intelligence, have perused with much interest the series of the *Alexandria Gazette* from the 20th of November to the 8th of December inclusive. Besides the usual good reading matter, I was interested in the relation of local affairs, and inferred, from the quiet and ordinary course of events, that all in the neighborhood was going on well. I trust it may be so, and that you and particularly all at Arlington and our friends elsewhere are well. The steamer brought the President's message to Congress, and the reports of the various heads of the Departments, so that we are now assured that the Government is in operation and the Union in existence. Not that I had any fears to the contrary, but it is satisfactory always to have facts to go on; they restrain supposition and conjecture, confirm faith, and bring contentment. I was much pleased with the President's message and the report of the Secretary of War. The views of the President on the domestic institutions of the South are truthfully and faithfully expressed. In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it, however, a greater evil to the white than to the black race, and while my feelings are strongly interested in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are stronger for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, socially, and physically. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their instruction as a race,

and, I hope, will prepare and lead them to better things. How long their subjection may be necessary is known and ordered by a wise and merciful Providence. Their emancipation will sooner result from a mild and melting influence than the storms and contests of fiery controversy. This influence, though slow, is sure.

The doctrines and miracles of our Saviour have required nearly two thousand years to convert but a small part of the human race, and even among Christian nations what gross errors still exist! While we see the course of the final abolition of slavery is onward, and we give it the aid of our prayers, and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in His hands who sees the end and who chooses to work by slow things, and with whom a thousand years are but as a single day; although the abolitionist must know this, and must see that he has neither the right nor the power of operating except by moral means and suasion; and if he means well to the slave, he must not create angry feelings in the master. That although he may not approve the mode by which it pleases Providence to accomplish its purposes, the result will never be the same; that the reasons he gives for interference in what he has no concern hold good for every kind of interference with our neighbors when we disapprove their conduct. Is it not strange that the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve the freedom of their opinion have always proved themselves intolerant of the spiritual liberty of others?

I hope you had a joyous Christmas at Arlington, and that it may be long and often repeated. I thought of you all and wished to be with you. Mine was gratefully but silently passed. I endeavored to find some little presents for the children in the garrison to add to their amusement, and succeeded better than I had anticipated. The stores are very barren of such things here, but by taking the week beforehand in my daily walks, I picked up little by little something for all. Tell Mildred I got a beautiful Dutch doll for little Emma Jones—one of those crying babies that can open and shut their eyes, turn their head, etc. For the two other little girls, Puss Shirley and Mary Sewell, I found handsome French teapots to match cups given to them by Mrs. Waite; then by means of knives and books, I satisfied the boys. After dispensing my presents I went to church; the discourse was on the birth of our Saviour. It was not as simply or touchingly told as it is in the Bible. By previous invitation I dined with Major Thomas at 2 P. M. on roast turkey and plum pudding. He and

his wife were alone. I had provided a pretty singing bird for the little girl, and passed the afternoon in my room. God bless you all.

CAMP COOPER, June 22, 1857.

There is little to relate. The hot weather seems to have set in permanently. The thermometer ranges above one hundred degrees, but the sickness among the men is on the decrease, though there has been another death among the children. He was as handsome a little boy as I ever saw—the son of one of our sergeants, about a year old; I was admiring his appearance the day before he was taken ill. Last Thursday his little waxen form was committed to the earth. His father came to me, the tears flowing down his cheeks, and asked me to read the funeral service over his body, which I did at the grave for the second time in my life. I hope I shall not be called on again, for, though I believe that it is far better for the child to be called by its Heavenly Creator into His presence in its purity and innocence, unpolluted by sin, and uncontaminated by the vices of the world, still it so wrings a parent's heart with anguish that it is painful to see. Yet I know it was done in mercy to both—mercy to the child, mercy to the parents. The former has been saved from sin and misery here, and the latter have been given a touching appeal and powerful inducement to prepare for hereafter. May it prove effectual, and may they require no further severe admonition!

May God guard and bless you all!

Truly and affectionately yours,

R. E. LEE.

Having heard that Mrs. Lee was sick, he wrote her from Fort Brown, January 7, 1857:

Systematically pursue the best course to recover your lost health. I pray and trust your efforts and the prayers of those who love you may be favorably answered. Do not worry yourself about things you cannot help, but be content to do what you can for the well-being of what belongs properly to you. Commit the rest to those who are responsible, and though it is the part of benevolence to aid all we can and sympathize with all who are in need, it is the part of wisdom to attend to our own affairs. Lay nothing too much to heart. Desire nothing too eagerly, nor think that all things can be perfectly accomplished according to our own notions.

On the 4th of April, 1857, while at Fort Mason, Texas, he wrote Mrs. Lee:

I write to inform you of my progress thus far on my journey. I arrived here yesterday in a cold norther, and though I pitched my tent in the most sheltered place I could find, I was surprised to see this morning, when getting up, my bucket of water, which was sitting close by my bed, so hard frozen that I had to break the ice before I could pour the water into the basin. On visiting the horses in the night they seemed to suffer much with cold, notwithstanding I had stretched their picket line under the lee of a dense thicket to protect them from the wind. This post has the advantage of Camp Cooper in providing habitable though homely quarters for officers and men. This is Easter Sunday. I hope you have been able to attend the services at church. My own have been performed alone in my tent, I hope with a humble, grateful, and penitent heart, and will be acceptable to our Heavenly Father. May he continue His mercies to us both and all our children, relatives and friends, and in His own good time unite us in His worship, if not on earth, forever in heaven.

Camp Cooper, Texas, April 19, 1857.

After an absence of over seven months I have returned to my Texas home. I heard of Indians on the way but met none. I feel always as safe in the wilderness as in the crowded city. I know in whose powerful hands I am, and on Him I rely, and feel that in all our life we are upheld and sustained by Divine Providence, and that Providence requires us to use the means He has put under our control. He designs no blessing to idle and inactive wishes, and the only miracle He now exhibits to us is the power He gives to Truth and Justice to work their way in this wicked world. After so long an absence I found my valuables in a better condition than I had anticipated. My tent had frequently been prostrated by storms but always rose again. It was, of course, attended by a natural crash not worth considering, could you replace your crockery, buckets, etc., which is impossible.

I quote again from the Memoir of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, family letters, which so beautifully illustrate Gen. R. E. Lee's life and character at this period.

The change of the weather in Texas is the subject of a letter dated April 26, 1857: "The changes of the weather here are very rapid. Yesterday, for instance, I was in my white linen coat and shirt all the afternoon, and the thermometer in my tent, with the walls raised and a fine breeze blowing through it, stood

at eighty-nine degrees. I could not bear the blanket at night, but about twelve o'clock a 'norther' came roaring down the valley of the Clear Fork and made all my blankets necessary. This morning fires and overcoats are in fashion again. A general court-martial has been convened here for the trial of Lieutenant Eagle, Second Cavalry. I am president of the court, I am sorry to say. Colonel Bainbridge, Major Thomas, Major Van Dorne, Major Paul, Captain King, and others are members. I have pitched a couple of tents by the side of mine for the Major and Mrs. Thomas, for she has accompanied him again, and they are to take their meals with me. The Major can fare as I do, but I fear she will fare badly, for my man Kumer is both awkward and unskilled. I can, however, give them plenty of bread and beef, but with the exception of preserved vegetables, fruits, etc., I can give them very little else. I sent yesterday to the settlements below and got a few eggs, some butter, and one old hen. I shall not reflect upon her. The game is poor now and out of season, and we are getting none of it. In my next I shall be better able to tell you how I got on with my entertainments."

In a letter dated Camp Cooper, June 9, 1857, he mentions the sickness of the troops: "The great heat has produced much sickness among the men. The little children, too, have suffered. A bright little boy died a few days since from it. He was the only child, and his parents were much affected by his loss. They expressed a great desire to have him buried with Christian rites, and asked me to perform the ceremony; so for the first time in my life I read the beautiful funeral service of our Church over the grave to a large and attentive audience of soldiers."

And on the 25th of June, 1857, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, in advising his wife and one of his daughters to go to the Springs, suggested that they be escorted by his youngest son, saying: "A young gentleman who has read Virgil must surely be competent to take care of two ladies, for before I had advanced that far I was my mother's outdoor agent and confidential messenger. Your father [G. W. P. Custis] must have had a pleasant time at Jamestown, judging from the newspaper report of the celebration. Tell him I at last have a prospect of getting a puss. I have heard of a batch of kittens at a settler's town on the river, and have the promise of one. I have stipulated that if not entirely yellow, it must at least have some yellow in the composition of the color of its coat; but how I shall place it when I get it—and my mouse—on amicable terms I do not know."

In the summer of 1857, Colonel Johnston, being ordered to report to Washington for the purpose of taking charge of the Utah

expedition, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee assumed command of his regiment. The death of his father-in-law, Mr. Custis, recalled him to Arlington in the fall of that year, but he returned as soon as possible to his regimental headquarters in Texas. The death of the adopted son of Washington, October 10, 1857, in his seventy-sixth year, was greatly deplored. His unbounded hospitality was as broad as his acres, and his vivid recollections of the Father of his Country, though only eighteen when he died, and whose memory he venerated, were most charmingly narrated. His father, John Parke Custis, the son of Mrs. Washington by her first husband, was Washington's aide-de-camp at the siege of Yorktown, and died at the early age of twenty-eight.

G. W. P. Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington, was educated at Princeton. His early life was passed at Mount Vernon, but after the death of his grandmother, in 1802, he built Arlington House, opposite the city of Washington, on an estate left him by his father. In his will he decreed that all of his slaves should be set free after the expiration of five years. The time of manumission came in 1863, when the flames of war were fiercely raging; but amid the exacting duties incident to the position of army commander, Robert E. Lee, his executor, summoned them together within his lines and gave them their free papers, as well as passes through the Confederate lines to go whither they would.

Mr. Custis in his will says: "I give and bequeath to my dearly beloved daughter, Mary Custis Lee, my Arlington House estate, containing seven hundred acres, more or less, and my mill on Four Mile Run, in the county of Alexandria, and the lands of mine adjacent to said mill in the counties of Alexandria and Fairfax, in the State of Virginia, the use and benefit of all just mentioned during the term of her natural life. My daughter, Mary Custis Lee, has the privilege by this will of dividing my family plate among my grandchildren; but the Mount Vernon plate, together with every article I possess relating to Washington, and that came from Mount Vernon, is to remain with my daughter at Arlington House during said daughter's life, and at her death to go to my eldest grandson, George Washington Custis Lee, and to descend from him entire and unchanged to my latest posterity." These articles were taken from Arlington, General McClellan writes, and put into the Patent Office in Washington for safe-keeping until such times as they should be restored to their rightful owner, and that he (McClellan) would be willing to testify to that fact in a court of justice if it were necessary. They were removed afterwards from the Patent Office and placed in the National Museum,

where they are now; and all applications for their restoration have been refused. A decision of the Supreme Court restored to General Custis Lee Arlington, and Congress should return these articles of Washington, which had been taken from his grandfather's house during the war.*

Petty frontier war with savages was not congenial to the tastes or in accord with the genius of such a soldier as Lee. Army life there was not pleasant to officers of his rank; the forts were surrounded on all sides by long strips of dreary, uninhabited territory, and in order to better protect this vast section of western Texas, the ten companies constituting his regiment of cavalry were divided up into garrisons of one or two companies to each post. Prairie scouting was done principally by subalterns with small detachments, a lieutenant and twenty troopers being frequently detailed for that purpose. The duties of a department or regimental commander were for the most part supervisory.

No great continental lines of railroad bound in those days ocean to ocean with bands of steel. No telegraphs bore on electric wings their communications from fort to fort; the United States mail was carried by armed soldiers on small mules, whose habitual gait was the gallop, while officers and their families were transported in ambulances drawn by mules, and accompanied by armed escorts. At the end of each day's journey the night was spent in tents. Sibley, of the Second Dragoons, when traveling in this way with his wife and daughter over Texas prairies, first conceived the idea of the famous tent called after him; he was caught in a "norther," and made a fire in his wall tent during the night, hoping the smoke would go out of the opening in front; it did not do so, and the next day he worked at the model of the tent, in shape similar to the Indian tepee; the present army Sibley tent is the result. Officers stationed at frontier posts in those days could not communicate with the headquarters of the Department at San Antonio for many days, or hear from their homes in the States for many weeks.

While on this leave of absence at Arlington, seeking to settle up the estate of Mr. Custis, he being the only executor of the will, Colonel Lee wrote most charming letters to his two sons—G. W. C. Lee and W. H. F. Lee—who were in the Regular Army.

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*President McKinley, not long before his death, ordered these relics to be restored to the Lee family.

Under date of February 15, 1858, after some business details, he thus writes to his son Custis:

The Secretary has been kind enough to extend my leave of absence till the fall. I hope by that time to get things in a more satisfactory condition, and to be enabled to accompany your mother to the Springs this summer, and to procure her some relief. You will have learned that Fitzhugh has returned from Texas. He is still bent upon an army life. Does not wish to resign, but expects to go to Utah with his regiment in April. Indeed, it would not be proper for him at this time, his regiment being on the eve of taking the field, to resign. He properly feels this, and is somewhat embarrassed about his matrimonial projects, which, in consequence, must be for a time suspended. I think this better in any case for both parties, though I can understand that it may not be the most agreeable to their feelings. He, however, is resigned, and I have obtained Uncle Wm.'s concurrence. As to myself and future plans, I shall defer my determination until the fall, as it will not be necessary to determine till then. In the mean time you must think over the matter and decide what you would prefer doing. If you wished to resign and take this place, and Rooney to get married and settle down at the White House, there would be no necessity for my leaving the Army. I had thought myself of applying for your appointment in any new regiment that might be raised this winter, if I saw any chance of success, and am glad you have mentioned the subject. I am doubtful whether you would be benefited or not. That also depends upon your taste and feelings. The service in the Engineer Corps is preferable to that in the regiment. No plan is without its drawbacks and you must not expect unalloyed pleasure anywhere. Promotion, if offered an officer, ought in my opinion to be accepted. But it need not be sought unless deserved. A captaincy in the engineers in time of peace, in responsibility, dignity, and usefulness, would rank with a field officer of the line. In time of war, it might be different. I do not, however, think any new regiments will be made this winter. If anything is done, I think two more companies will be added to each regiment, which would give promotion probably to the officers of the regiment. But you can decide in the event of their being raised, and let me know how to act.

I need not tell you any army or political news, as all I know has been published in the papers. I think it doubtful whether General Scott will go to California, though when I went away his departure was fixed for the 20th inst. Should he go, be *sure* to see him. He is a true and warm friend, and will be glad to see

you, and do anything for you he can. If I was not so circumstanced, I would go with him myself, if only to see you. The purpose of the Administration in sending him to California is to organize an expedition from that quarter against Utah. But Congress seems indisposed to grant the means. You will probably see General Totten in San Francisco. When I last heard of him, he was at Key West. Captain Newton, I understand, is the engineer for the Utah army on this side. Captains Wright and Craighill are in the office here. Would duty in the Bureau be pleasing to you?

As Mary writes by this mail, I need say nothing of home affairs. I presume she has told you everything. I will, therefore, only repeat the love sent by her from all the family.

Truly your father,

R. E. Lee.

G. W. Custis Lee.

Mr. Custis having left Arlington to Mrs. Lee during her life, and to her oldest son Custis Lee, at her death, the son nobly proposed to relinquish all of his interest to his father, and went so far as to execute and send him a deed to that effect. The following letter shows that the transaction was very creditable alike to the father and the son:

Arlington, 17th March, 1858.

My dear Son:

I received tonight your letter of the 18th Feb'y., and also the deed relinquishing to me all your right and title to Arlington, the mill, adjacent lands, personal property, etc., bequeathed you by your grandfather. I am deeply impressed by your filial feeling of love and consideration, as well as your tender solicitude for me, of which, however, I required no proof, and am equally touched by your generosity and disinterestedness. But from what I said in a previous letter, you will not be surprised at my repeating that I cannot accept your offer. It is not from any unwillingness to receive from you a gift you may think proper to bestow, or to be indebted to you for any benefit great or small. But simply because it would not be right for me to do so. Your dear grandfather distributed his property as he thought best, and it is proper that it should remain as he bestowed it. It will not prevent me from improving it to the best of my ability, or of making it as comfortable a home for your mother, sisters, and yourself as I can. I only wish I could do more than I shall have

it in my power to do. I wish you had received my previous letter on this subject in time to have saved you the trouble of executing the deed you transmitted me. And indeed I also regret the expense you incurred, which I fear in that country is considerable, as I wish you to *save all* your money, and invest it in some safe and lucrative way, that you may have the means to build up old Arlington, and make it all we would wish to see it. The necessity I daily have for money has, I fear, made me parsimonious. In order that you may know the full intent of your grandfather's will, I enclose you a copy.

I shall leave to Mary the relation of all family matters. Rooney leaves us tomorrow on his return to New York, whence he will accompany the last batch of recruits for the "Relieving Army of Utah" to Leavenworth, and then join his regiment destined for that service. It is needless to say how pained I am at his departure. If I could only have my children around me, I could be happy.

The court has acquitted Colonel Sumner, and, as far as I can judge, properly. Farewell, my dear, dear son,

Aff'y your father,

R. E. Lee.

Arlington, 17th May, 1858.

My dear, dear Son:

I did not receive your very welcome letter of the 2nd of April till my return from the general court-martial convened at New Port Bks. for the trial of General Scruggs.

I was very sorry that it was too late to respond to it by the steamer of the 5th, especially as none of the family had written, and I therefore fear that the steamer carried you no news from home.

I know by experience how little satisfaction the arrival of the mails under those circumstances brings, but hope that F—, Agnes, or Mary Childe may have better remembered the day than your good sister Annie, who had intended to write but let it escape her. Had, however, a letter reached you, it would merely have described everything as usual.

Your mother is enjoying her customary health. I wish her to leave home next month, and am ready to take her anywhere which promises most relief. She is, however, loath to move, and says she has not made up her mind where to go. She has been taking the cold bath all the winter, a doubtful experiment, but I have watched its effects carefully and anxiously, and really think it has been of service. It has apparently removed the swelling from her feet,

ankles, etc., and relieved her of nearly all pain. That alone is a great benefit. So much apparent good has she derived from the application that I incline to the belief that sea-bathing would be more beneficial now than the mineral waters, and wish her to try it a month or so, when she might afterwards go to Berkeley, which she is most in favor of, or to the Warm and Hot Springs.

Annie is by no means strong, but is as good and as gentle as ever. I wish her to go down to Cedar Grove, where I know she will enjoy herself, and perhaps may be benefited.

I stopped in Baltimore a day on my return from Kentucky. Agnes was very well, and also Mary Childe. She was very affectionate and sweet, but I could see but little of her, as I was only there a day. Your poor Aunt Annie was about the same. The Judge as usual, and Florence, and the babies flourishing. Your Uncle Childe, and his little womankind, I expect by this time are on a visit to your Uncle Smith. He was to go to Boston, and leave the girls at the Navy Yard till his return. We have not heard from them I think since immediately after I left them. I had not time to see any of our old friends, save Mrs. Bonaparte, and those in the neighborhood of Childe. Mr. B. was expected to embark on the 4th of this month from Havre on his return to this country. Jerome was in Paris on a visit to his father. He was still a lieutenant. I did not see my dear Roon either. He was at that time at Governor's Island, expecting to leave with the recruits for Utah momentarily. He has since gone, but I have not heard of his arrival at Leavenworth. He left in buoyant health and spirits but with a sad heart. "Precious Life" is perfectly well. She is much exercised with her chickens, and they by her. I see for them no prospect of peace but the frying-pan. Robert writes in fine spirits. He has been prospecting about the neighborhood for cherry trees, and their bloom on the sides of the mountains delights his vision every moment. He revels at dinner in fried chicken and mush. An elegant school in his opinion. I have thus read you a commentary on the movements and doings of the whole family. For myself, I have been endeavoring to put in a good crop of corn, and to bring things into some order. I have been much retarded by the incessant rains. The corn first planted is up, and looks well.

You have of course seen the orders organizing the command, and I will not repeat. General Harney and General Johnston will have to operate. I do not think it right to commit the honor of the country and the lives of the soldiers to persons so prostrated. General Smith showed the true spirit of a soldier when he said he

would rather die than not go, but other matters have to be considered. I presume the Government has taken all proper precautions, and I hope everything will work well. You will see the result of the court-martial in General Scruggs's case. He was found guilty and sentenced to be reprimanded by the President of the United States. The sentence was remitted. The General has returned to his command.

The reason of my asking as to your partiality for Bureau duty I suppose is obvious to you. I thought it might be agreeable to you under the circumstances, and in the event of any change of your position, either now or prospective, I would see if it could properly be accomplished. It would also give you an opportunity of judging how you would like to become a farmer. It is not altogether agreeable. But it makes you acquainted with the routine of duty. Brings you in contact with the high officials of the Government, and causes your deserts to be appreciated. I think it would not be objectionable for a time. We shall see. All send much love. Your mother says she will write by next mail. Perhaps some of the girls may write by this.

I attended, last Wednesday, the funeral of Ludwill Lee. He died Monday of heart disease, under which he has been laboring for some time. He was a sweet youth, and I trust is happy.

Adieu, with great affection, your father,

R. E. Lee.

The following to his son W. H. F. Lee, who had joined his command, is very characteristic:

Arlington, 30th May, 1858.

I received yesterday in Alexandria, my dearest son, your letter of 19th inst., from "Camp C. F. May." I had heard of your departure from Governor's Island and was very glad to learn of your safe arrival at your starting point, and of your assignment to the adjutancy of Capt. Hetti's battalion. You are now in a position to acquire military credit, and to prepare the road for promotion and future advancement. Show your ability and worthiness of distinction, and if an opportunity offers for advancement in the staff (I do not refer to the Quartermaster's or Commissary Departments), unless that is not your fancy, take it. It may lead to something favorable and you can always relinquish it when you choose.

I hope you will always be distinguished for your avoidance of the "universal balm," *whiskey,* and every immorality. Nor need you fear to be ruled out of the society that indulges in it, for you

will rather acquire their esteem and respect, as all venerate if they do not practice virtue. I am sorry to say that there is great proclivity for spirit in the army in the field. It seems to be considered a substitute for every luxury. The great body may not carry it to extreme, but many pursue it to their ruin. With some it is used as a means of hospitality, and your —— commanding used to value it highly in this way, and, perhaps, partook of it in this spirit. I think it better to avoid it altogether, as you do, as its temperate use is so difficult. I hope you will make many friends, as you will be thrown with many who deserve this feeling, but indiscriminate intimacies you will find annoying and entangling, and they can be avoided by politeness and civility. You see I am following my old habit of giving advice, which I dare say you neither need nor require. But you must pardon a fault which proceeds from my great love and burning anxiety for your welfare and happiness. When I think of your youth, impulsiveness, and many temptations, your distance from me, and the ease (and even innocence) with which you might commence an erroneous course, my heart quails within me, and my whole frame and being trembles at the possible result. May Almighty God have you in His holy keeping. To His Merciful Providence I commit you, and will rely upon Him, and the Efficacy of the prayers that will be daily and hourly offered up by those who love you.

Then follows some interesting items about army movements, family matters, etc. The following to "Rooney" is given in full as a model family letter:

ARLINGTON, 7th August, 1858.

I was delighted, my dear son, to receive your letter of the 7th July, and to learn that you were well, and so contented and happy in your new life. I know that, although there is much to weary and annoy in a campaign, there is much to cheer and excite, and I recognize in the expression of your feelings many of my own experiences. I am sorry that my letters are so dilatory in reaching you. They will follow you in time, and I hope lose no interest by the way. You must make allowances for your forward movement, as well as the distance they have to overcome. I wrote immediately on the reception of your letter from Leavenworth, and your mother has replied to those to her from the Blue and Platte rivers. As you have heard so regularly from Charlotte, I hope you have been compensated for the absence of other letters. But, what has she been saying to you, that you talk of coming back this winter to be married? I thought that ceremony had

been postponed for two years! However, if you young people so wish it, I suppose it will have to come off earlier. About that you must determine. You will have heard by this time of the destination of your regiment. If it goes to Oregon, which I think is more than probable, will you be able to leave it on the route? I think that will be the difficulty. After reaching Oregon, and the service is accomplished for which the troops are sent there, I should think you might get a leave of absence, and take Charlotte back with you *en route* to China, to see the Celestials. Would that answer as a wedding tour? Of all this, you being on the spot, and knowing all the circumstances, will be the better judge, and must determine. I can only hope and pray that all things may work together for the good and happiness of you both. I had hoped, before this, to have seen C. at the Alum Springs, and had made my preparations to have carried your mother a fortnight since, *nolens volens,* to the *Hot,* but, two days before the day fixed for our departure, Mr. M. was taken sick with a complicated attack from which he has not yet recovered. He is now better, but is not yet able to come out. I hope by Tuesday next, 10th inst., we shall be off. I think your mother is very glad of the detention, and except on her account, and the benefit that I hope she will derive from the trip, I should be too. I leave home with great inconvenience, and shall have to return after depositing her there. Annie goes with her, and I thought I would take her over to the Alum to see Charlotte. The other children do not incline to the Hot. R., who is with us, begs that he may not suffer again, and Agnes is going on a tour of her own to Ravensworth, Chantilly, etc. M., you know, is in B., nursing your Aunt Anne. She is well, and proposes going to the Sulphurette Soda with your Uncle Carter, who is expected along about this time.

Your mother, I presume, has told you of all home news. I will not, therefore, repeat. I am getting along as usual, trying to get a little work done and to mend up some things. I succeed very badly. I am very glad, my dear son, you are progressing so well. I hope you will prove yourself a capable soldier, and win golden opinions from the whole army. I have good accounts of you from all. There is no military news, and the papers will inform you of all else. Remember me to all the officers. Take care of yourself in *all* respects, and think constantly of

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

Under date of January 1, 1859, he writes from Arlington the following playful letter to his son:

A happy New Year and many returns of the same to you, my precious "Roon." Ours has been gladdened by the reception of your letter of the 4th December, from Presidio Barracks. It is the first line that has reached us since your second letter from Fort Bridger. I am sorry you have received nothing from us. I have written often, and by various routes, and other members of the family have done the same. Those that are toiling over the plains, I suppose, will never reach you.

When I first learned that the Sixth was ordered to the Pacific, I sent some letters to Benicia. When your letter arrived from Fort Bridger, saying your regiment had departed from Salt Lake and that you were called to Camp Floyd, I enclosed some letters to Major Porter's care. After seeing that the regiment was stopped at Carson's Valley, and had sent back for animals, I conjectured that you would be pushed on with your recruits, and would labor through to the Pacific, and I resumed my direction to Benicia. Surely some of these latter should reach you. But, now that you have caught Custis, I hope you are indemnified for all your privations. I am delighted at you two being together, and nothing has occurred so gratifying to me for the past year. Hold on to him as long as you can. Kiss him for me, and sleep with him every night. He must do the same to you, and charge it all to my account. God grant that it could be my good fortune to be with you both. I am glad that you stood the march so well, and are so robust and bearded. I always thought and said there was stuff in you for a good soldier, and I trust you will prove it. I cannot express the gratification I felt in meeting Colonel May, in New York, at the encomiums he passed upon your soldiership, zeal, and devotion to your duty. But I was more pleased at the report of your conduct. That went nearer my heart, and was of infinite comfort to me. Hold on to your purity and virtue. They will proudly sustain you in all trials and difficulties, and cheer you in every calamity. I was sorry to see, from your letter to your mother, that you smoke occasionally. It is dangerous to meddle with. You have in store so much better employment for your mouth. Reserve it, Roon, for its legitimate pleasure. Do not poison and corrupt it with stale vapors or tarnish your beard with their stench.

All send love.

Very truly and affectionately,
Your father,
R. E. Lee.

The next day he wrote as follows to his son Custis:

ARLINGTON, 2d January, 1859.

I must add, my dear Custis, my heartfelt wishes for your happiness and welfare on this New Year to those given by your mother and sister. May each return bring with it increased joy and a richer harvest of wisdom and usefulness than the preceding. I do not know that I can add anything to the information they have imparted on domestic matters, and for fear of repetition will only express the pleasure I experienced in having with me "my little horse," who although somewhat grown is the same dear little fellow he ever was. I enjoy his company infinitely and regret exceedingly that tomorrow will be his last day with us for some time, and when I shall see him again is beyond the reach of my calculations. I hope and pray, however, that it may not be as long as I fear, and that he may want nothing during the interval that I can give him. I am much concerned, my dear son, at the continuation of your attack of rheumatism. I had hoped that it was produced by some exposure or imprudence, which care and time would eradicate, but its continuation and apparent increase alarms me. I wish you would consult Dr. McCormick and ask him what you had best do. If he thinks the climate of California unfavorable to you, it would be good ground for an application to be relieved. I will speak to the Chief Engineer on the subject. That will be better than getting a leave of absence. If, on the contrary, he thinks the climate does not affect you, then you can do as you prefer. I wish indeed one of you young soldiers was stationed in this vicinity, that you might afford some protection to your mother and sisters in my absence. I told you in a former letter that I had asked for an extension of my leave of absence, in the hope that I might regulate matters more to my liking, but I fear I shall accomplish little in that way, and must leave many things undone. I think, however, some amelioration has been affected, and we at least enjoy at every storm the exclusion of the rain from the house and stable. I have just returned from West Point, where I was ordered on a court of inquiry to investigate a complaint preferred by Lieutenant Morton of the engineers against Colonel Mahan. It grew out of a paper presented to the Board of Visitors of 1851, prepared by Lieutenant M., criticising the course of engineering as taught at the Academy. I suppose the action of the court will in time be divulged. It was extremely unpleasant and irksome to me, and took me away at a time when it was important I should be here. I was detained so near the 1st of January that I had to hurry back to hire out certain of the people, and could not stop in Baltimore, as I wished, or do some little matters that I wished

in N. Y. I do not find that matters have progressed in my absence. Indeed, it has been raining ever since my departure, and for some time before, so that our winter's work is much behindhand. I do not know when we can bring it up. I met Colonel Steptoe in N. Y. and heard of Major Garnett, but had not time to go and see him. Every one at W. P. inquired kindly after you. Three of your classmates are stationed there, Howard, Snead and Guble, all married, and all apparently have nice wives. Nearly all of the young officers have been changed since my day. Remember me to Dr. McCormick, and all friends, and believe me always,

Your father,

R. E. Lee.

I make no apology for introducing these family letters, because they give as nothing else could the inner life of this model man.

The following letter to his accomplished son, who was serving with distinction in the Engineer Corps, shows that while he was anxious to have him nearer Arlington he would not seek it at the expense of the service:

Arlington, 30th May, 1859.

My dear Son:

My hurried note from Washington by the previous steamer will have told you everything that then could be done in reference to your wishes for leaving California. The Secretary is still absent from Washington and I have not heard whether the Acting Secretary will take any steps in the matter before his return. Colonel De Russy promised me to get his action if possible. I have been very busy, and absent too, and have not since been to Washn. Tomorrow I shall go down to the White House, and therefore will not be able to ascertain before my return. Then I will see all about it. Colonel Cooper is sick and absent, which operate against my accomplishing my purpose at present. Fitzhugh will go with me to New Kent. I believe I have already told you that he will establish himself there in January next and take charge of both plantations. I hope he will like it, and be successful in their management, for it will be a matter of importance to him and Robert. I have made the arrangement hoping it will be for his benefit. The sooner the legacies are paid off, the sooner he will get possession of his farm, and in the mean time can make arrangements and improvements that will result in his advantage and comfort. Charlotte seems much pleased at the prospect and is planning a

great many improvements in their establishment. She is a sweet thing, artless and affectionate, and you must love her as you do Fitzhugh. She tells me she has received a very sweet letter from you which she will answer in time. Just now she is a little sick, having taken cold, and is suffering from an attack of neuralgia. The doctor has been to see her two or three times, and today she is quite bright again. Your poor mother is a great sufferer again, and I think as bad as when I first returned from Texas. She, I presume, has taken cold too. We have had some harsh easterly weather, and she would go out as usual. Now she moves with pain and difficulty. It is a great aggravation to me, at this time especially, just as I am preparing for my departure to Texas. Unless something occurs, which I now do not know of, I must leave here the middle of next month. I have not accomplished all I wished, and indeed it would take me another year, so slowly do I progress with my limited means. Still, I have ameliorated some things. If you do come East, you must not think of taking the overland route to look for me in Texas. Ten chances to one, after all your trouble and labor, you could not get me, after finding where I was, for I am always wandering over the plains. I cannot therefore consent to your sacrificing yourself to my benefit. You must come directly here, see them all, and enjoy yourself as much as possible. I have no enjoyment in life now but what I derive from my children. May God guard and bless them all is my constant prayer. Your sister is still in Baltimore. We have been expecting her with Ella Carter, Margaret Stuart, May Carter, and Mary Childe for some time. Yesterday I received a letter from Childe saying they would be here Thursday next, on the 4 P. M. train, and as no mention was made of the others, I presume they have gone or are going to Cedar Grove, where they designed to go from here. I was particularly desirous of seeing Ella, and shall now be disappointed. The other evening, after putting Florence Marshall on the cars for B., I proposed to Annie, the only one who could leave home, that we should ride down to Goodwood, which we reached about dark, and found Charlie, Mildred, and Annette. They sent the next morning early for Eugene and Alice, who came over for the day with their children. I had a very pleasant time, and it was the first holiday I had taken since my return from Texas. Everything was looking very beautiful. The house had been painted and done up. The trees had grown very much, and the grass and flowers were very beautiful. On our return we called at the Navy Yard to see Captain and Mrs. Chas. Turner, and at the Marine Barracks, to see Colonel and Mrs.

Harris. Mrs. Harris was Miss Mary Gray of Norfolk, and during our residence at Old Point, and your infancy, was a kind and constant visitor to us. Since the death of General Henderson, Colonel Harris has been promoted and put in command of the Marine Corps, and taken up his residence at the Barracks in Washington. Orton Williams has gone to Minnesota on a surveying expedition, which I hope may prove beneficial to him. Markie is with us, but as usual a martyr to neuralgia. Agnes too has been suffering with her eyes all the winter and spring, which I attributed to cold, that would pass off with the cold weather. Finding A. did not improve, I recently took her over to the Doctor's, who pronounced it rheumatism and is treating it accordingly. You see what a suffering set we are. Annie is never very strong, and "Precious Life" is the only well one of our womankind. Craighill told me he had written to you by the steamer of the 20th and that he would write to you by that of the 5th proximo, if there was anything interesting to relate about your movements. I have, therefore, been the more easy on the subject than I would have been otherwise. I must now bid you good-by, my dearest son. May every happiness and success attend you in this world is the constant prayer of your Devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

Arlington, 2d July, 1859.

Lt. G. W. Custis Lee.

Your letter of the 5th ulto. to your mother, my dearest son, has arrived and given us the pleasing intelligence of your good health, and well-being. I am so glad that your rheumatic attack has left you. Be very careful not to bring it back and do every needful thing to endurate and strengthen your constitution and system. As your mother was absent, I took the liberty to open your letter, and in case no other member of the family may write to you by the steamer of the 5th, I will send these few lines to insure your receiving some intelligence of us. Your mother, Fitzhugh, and Charlotte went down to Cedar Grove last Tuesday to spend ten days or a fortnight, so they will not be back before the last of the next, or the first of the following week. Your poor mother has been suffering very much this spring and I am in hopes that a change of air and scene may benefit her. She has not made up her mind where to go this summer, or what to do to try and relieve herself from the rheumatism that still so perseveringly adheres to her. At one time she seemed to desire to go to St. Catharine's Well in Canada, whose waters are said to have worked some wonderful cures. But I have procured some of the water

in Washington, brought from the spring in barrels, which she has been drinking, so far without any apparent effect. The water is not very palatable either, being remarkably saline, and I think the Madame does not take to it kindly. I do not know what to advise, but have told her I would take her anywhere she might wish to go, trusting to her feelings, instinct, or knowledge to direct her aright. I really begin to despond of her recovery and fear she will never be entirely relieved. I have with me your four sisters, Miss Jane Lloyd, and May Childe, so I am by no means alone. I have heard that your poor Aunt Anne is suffering very much, has an attack of her eyes, that may terminate, surgeons think, in blindness. May God in His infinite mercy avert from her this dire calamity, is my earnest prayer. I shall therefore leave them this evening and go in and spend tomorrow, Sunday, and probably Monday, the 4th, with her. Mary C. will take advantage of my escort to return to her papa, who is in B., and writes that he is very lonely. All the girls are well and unite in much love and many kind messages to you. Mary C. and her papa propose going about the middle of the month to Sharon, thence to Saratoga and Newport. He has some business in Boston, and will either take it in his route, or go there from Newport. They expect to be absent the whole summer, and will give up their present house in B. A letter has just come from dear little Rob, reporting himself well, and enjoying some parties, fairs, etc., that are taking the rounds in the neighborhood, and to which "Clifton School" is invited. He expects to be here about the 21st inst., and I am very anxious to have him with me again. It was this desire, the unsettled business of your grandpa's estate, your mama's condition, and the hope I at one time entertained of seeing you, my dear son, that induced me to forego my purpose of returning to Texas this summer, and to remain till the fall. God knows whether I have done right, or whether my stay will be an advantage. I am very doubtful on the subject and feel that I ought to be with my regiment, and this feeling deprives me of half the pleasure I should derive from being here under other circumstances. I now see little prospect of one of my hopes being fulfilled, that of seeing you. On my last visit to Colonel De Russy it was not decided, but seemed to me extremely doubtful that you would be ordered to West Point. The Secretary has returned, but is busy in making certain changes under the *four-year* rule, and though some thirteen officers under that rule will leave West Point, they purpose to supply them with other *four-year* men, and you have not been that time in California. These changes and

others at other points will draw heavily on the light appropriation for defraying transportation, and they are properly and naturally loath to encroach upon it. Still, in time something may be done, and in the mean time we must all be contented. You must not have your mind exalted by Rooney's account of the improvements at this place. They are very meagre, and only serve to ameliorate matters that formerly were very rough and ugly. I have not the means to do what I should like, and what I do do, has to be limited by considerations of economy and practicability. I have been able to do nothing to the grounds around the house, except to clean up on the hill, and have been obliged to limit myself to what is most essential, and promises something for man and beast to eat, and to furnish shelter and protection. You will find things, therefore, I fear rough and unsightly, as much as I desire to polish up your mother's habitation, and to prepare for you an acceptable home. We are in the midst of our little harvest. The rye is secured and we are getting in the hay. The oats and corn look favorable, and as far as I can judge, unless something unforeseen occurs, we shall make fair crops of everything. We shall not make as good a crop of wheat at the White House as I had hoped. But I think an average one. It is harvested by this time. The corn looks well, and I hope between the two we shall do tolerably. I do not know that you have been told that George Wesly and Mary Norris, absconded some months ago, were captured in Maryland, making their way to Pennsylvania, brought back, and are now hired out in lower Virginia. I had to send down before them, Obediah, Edward, Henry, and Austin Bingham. The price here is very small, and I have to hire nearly all the labor. We have nothing but the old men and boys. The *N. Y. Tribune* has attacked me for my treatment of your grandfather's slaves, but I shall not reply. He has left me an unpleasant legacy. Jerome B. has been promoted and is with his regiment in Utah. Mr. B. has gone to France, and Mrs. B. and Charlie to the White Sulphur. Good-by, my dear son,

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

Arlington, August 19, 1859.

My dearest Son:

I received last night your very acceptable letter of the 19th ulto., and am much rejoiced to be assured of your health and well-being. I have been thinking much of you of late, and am always longing to see you, and to be with you. I, however, see no chance of our meeting very soon, and I try to be patient and content. As

regards your transfer to West Point, I was never very sanguine of its being accomplished, and hardly think it will be effected. There was no public necessity for it, and it could only be urged on the ground of individual gratification. A poor reason when taken singly for military action. In fact, too, though it would have brought you nearer us, we should have been widely separated, and I doubted whether you would have been advantaged by it. If you could be stationed in Washington, you would then be near your mother, could in fact live here, unless for a few months in the winter, and be a great comfort to her, and your sisters, and carry on the work of the farm, and thus accomplish much to your individual advantage. It is that that I have desired, and hope for the considerations I have adverted to that it would not be disagreeable to you, at least for a season. I have advocated it. I will therefore tell you in confidence (I have not even told your mother) that the proposition has been some time before the Secretary to order you on duty in the Engineer Bureau, and to transfer Craighill to the Engineer Corps as W. P. Craighill is desirous of it, or rather, as I understand, for I would not urge what was unpalatable to him, that he prefers taking a turn at W. P., which he must do in time, now than later. The proposition was made officially by Colonel Dek—, but the Secretary's ill-health has detained him away from Washington, and everything consequently lags. I think this will be accomplished in time, but it may be deferred, probably till next year, as in the desire to carry out the four-year rule, they are reluctant to make changes in less than that time, unless actually necessary. So many changes have been made this year at W. P. to carry out that principle that they naturally do not wish to increase them. Lieutenant Gilmore has been recently ordered to W. P. in Casey's place. Your name was handed in by Professor Mahan, I understand, in the list he was required to present. Major D. has opposed some of the changes. Among them Mr. Fry, his Adjt., and applied for no one in his place. He has been directed to name some one, or an officer would be ordered on the duty. I have been in the hopes that Craighill's services would have been required there, and that then you would be required in the Bureau. But we must wait. The Secretary is still at the Va. Springs. His health I am told is improving. He has gone from the Healing to the Red Sweet. But must soon now be back to prepare for Congress, and then may consider other things. You must not feel anxious or unsettled, but persevere in your duty as if you expected to finish it. Everything will work right in the end. I returned last Friday from Capon where,

you will have heard, I carried your mother and Agnes, in the hope of their deriving benefit from the pure air and healing waters. I have no doubt they will, in their general health, but whether they will in their particular case, remains to be proved. I delayed with them longer than I at first intended, to see what effect would be produced on them, and whether it would be advantageous to try other mineral waters. They are very comfortable there, with many friends around them, Kins, Lloyds, Washingtons, Tabbs, Andrews, etc., and your mother is delighted with the bathing and certainly had improved much in appearance and appetite, and thought she walked with rather more facility. Agnes had also improved in appearance, and thought her eyes pained her less. At this period, between 11 and 12 P. M. Thursday night (11th), I received a telegram which had been forwarded from Alex. from dear little Mary Childe at Saratoga, saying her father was very ill, and requesting me, if possible, to come to her. It was therefore determined that your mother and A. should remain three or four weeks longer at Capon, for which I at once made arrangements, packed up my trunk, and set off at 2 A. M. in the morning (Friday) for Strasburg, where I took the cars at 9 A. M. for Alex., en route for Saratoga. In passing through Alex. (at 12 P. M.), while the passengers, etc., were being transferred to the mail-boat, I called at the P. O. The mail was being opened, and I received a letter from Mary, saying her father was pronounced out of danger, and that I need not come on. I cannot describe the relief I experienced. For I had been picturing the worst, and the poor little child alone, and among strangers. I recovered my trunk from the baggagemaster, and came out here, after advising your mother of the change of things. I found your sister, Annie, and Robt. quite well and content in their loneliness. Mildred has gone on a visit with Martha Kennon, who has been staying here, to Washn. Peters. Another letter arrived yesterday from Mary C., saying her father was daily improving, would soon be able to travel, and that they would then return to Baltimore, and that I must give myself no uneasiness. I am very grateful. I received last night also a letter from Charlotte at the White Sulphur. She and F. are well and happy with many of their friends around them—Uncle Wm., Mr. Wm. Wickham, the Harrisons, Mr. Bonaparte, etc. C. said F. is the greatest beau there. Knows all the pretty girls, dances, etc. Your friend J. E. B. Stuart was here last week. He is spending his furlough in Va. Has been here several times, and once while I was away spent a night. I have left to Rob to tell you of all domestic matters, which I hope he has done,

and as I am at the end of my paper will stop. I expect to go down to the White House in a few days, and on my return will go after your mother. Mary and Annie send love, and I am as ever,

Your father,

R. E. Lee.

On Sunday afternoon, October 16, 1859, Colonel Lee was at Arlington on a second furlough, which he had found it necessary to obtain on account of the affairs of the Custis estate, when John Brown made his entrance into Harper's Ferry, Virginia, with the avowed purpose of stirring up a servile insurrection to liberate the slaves of the South. The Secretary of War ordered Colonel Lee to take command of a force of marines and capture Brown, who with his followers had taken refuge in the engine-house of the United States arsenal. With his usual promptness, Lee repaired to Harper's Ferry, sent his aid, Lt. J. E. B. Stuart (the afterwards famous Confederate cavalryman), to demand Brown's surrender, and this being refused ordered his marines to storm and capture the party. This was promptly done, and Lee at once turned over the prisoners to the Virginia authorities, and returned to Arlington.

In his memorandum-book General Lee writes that he found on reaching Harper's Ferry "the United States armory held by a party of banditti that had taken refuge in the engine-house, where they had been driven by the troops and citizens from Virginia. All retreat of the insurgents being cut off, I determined to wait for daylight, as I learned that a number of citizens were held as hostages by the robbers, whose lives were threatened if they should be attacked. . . . . Tuesday about sunrise, with twelve marines under the command of Lieutenant Green, broke in the door of the engine-house, secured the robbers, and released all of the prisoners unhurt. All were killed or mortally wounded, but four, John Brown, Aaron Stevens, Edwin Coppe, and Green Shield (black). Had the prisoners removed to a place of safety, and their wounds dressed."

Lt. J. E. B. Stuart, who was a volunteer aid on Colonel Lee's staff, had the parley with John Brown in reference to his

surrender, and recognized him as the man he had known in Kansas as a conspicuous Abolition leader in the bloody contests there. Soon after the affair, Lieutenant Stuart wrote for one of the papers, but finally concluded not to publish it, the following statement, which will be of interest in view of all the circumstances:

I have just read in a Virginia paper a detailed publication of Governor Wise's annual message to the General Assembly of Virginia, and I find in his account of his march to Charlestown on the occasion of Brown's invasion he unintentionally, no doubt, leaves the inference that Colonel Lee, U. S. Army, sent by the President of the United States to quell the supposed insurrection, in granting no terms, acted under his (Governor Wise's) direct orders. He says, "I telegraphed to Colonel Lee to grant no terms," and then he adds, "Colonel Lee granted no terms." The facts are simply as follows, and I give them in justice to that true gentleman and gallant soldier, whose modesty would forever prevent any self-vindication.

Colonel Lee arrived at Harper's Ferry Monday night at 12 o'clock, made a rapid reconnaissance of the grounds, as much as he could in the dark, and gathered what was reliable from the many contradictory accounts of the state of the insurgents.

Within two hours of that time, say by 2 A. M., Colonel Lee communicated to me his determination to demand a surrender of the whole party at first dawn, and in case of refusal, which he expected, he would have ready a few picked men, who were at a signal to take the place at once with the bayonet. He chose to demand a surrender before attacking, because he wanted every chance to save the prisoners unhurt, and to attack with bayonets for the same reason.

As soon after dawn as practicable, Colonel Lee carried out his previously expressed plan to the letter. He may have received Governor Wise's dispatch, but the alternative of unconditional surrender, or the bayonet, I am satisfied was his own.

Of course I have left out several incidents not connected with this explanation, as unnecessary to it. Colonel Lee's name has appeared perhaps less in the papers than many others less deserving, owing partly to his well-known unobtrusiveness, but the country and State are *greatly indebted to him* for his coolness and sound judgment, and resolution tempered with forbearance, in the various duties he had to perform, such as military, judicial, municipal, and even diplomatic.

Governor Wise arrived there at 1 o'clock, five or six hours after the place was taken, and has expressed his chagrin and disappointment at not arriving there in time; and I do not doubt if he had had the direction of the attack, he would have conducted it in the most successful style, but *"Erant vires ante Agamemnona."*

Please give this a place in your columns, and oblige,

ONE THERE.

As Colonel Lee returned home he little thought of the influence upon his own life and the destinies of his country which those events at Harper's Ferry would exert. The "John Brown raid" would have been treated by the South as merely the mad attempt of a wild fanatic, but for the indorsement of so many leading men at the North.

The Concord philosophers called him "Saint John, the Just," and Emerson elicited the applause of a vast crowd in Boston when he declared, "The new Saint . . . . will make the gallows glorious like the cross."

Wendell Phillips made a speech in Henry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn, in which, among other bitter utterances, he said:

John Brown has twice as much right to hang Governor Wise as Governor Wise has to hang him. On the banks of the Potomac, history will visit that river more kindly, because John Brown has gilded it with the eternal brightness of his glorious deed, than because the dust of Washington rests upon one side of it; and, if Virginia tyrants dare hang him, after this mockery of a trial, it will take two Washingtons at least to make the name of the river anything but abominable to the ages that come after it.

Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock, of Dover, New Hampshire, said in a sermon:

The gallows from which John Brown ascends into heaven will be in our politics what the cross is in our religion—sign and symbol of supreme self-devotedness; and, from his sacrificial blood, the temporal salvation of four millions of our people shall yet spring. On the 2d day of December he is to be strangled in a Southern prison for obeying the sermon on the Mount. But to be hanged in Virginia is like being crucified in Jerusalem; it is the last tribute that sin pays to virtue.

Such sentiments as these were approved by many newspapers at the North. It was proven that Brown's purpose was known beforehand to such men as Gerritt Smith, Wm. H. Seward, Chas. Sumner, Joshua R. Giddings, and Salmon P. Chase, and that if they did not approve, they at least took no steps to thwart his plans.

On the day of Brown's execution Tremont Temple, Boston, was crowded to its utmost capacity, and, among other bitter speeches, Mr. J. Q. A. Griffin, of the Massachusetts legislature, declared that, "The heinous offense of Pontius Pilate, in crucifying our Saviour, whitened into virtue when compared with that of Governor Wise in his conduct toward John Brown." Similar meetings were held all over the North, bells were tolled, resolutions in honor of "the martyr" were passed, and the people of the South were given plainly to understand that if they continued to exercise their constitutional rights, and hold the slaves their fathers had bought from the slave ships of old England, and New England, or from Northern slaveholders, they were in future to be subjected to arson, rapine, and murder with the full approval of their Northern brethren. The John Brown raid has been well called the "first gun" of the great war between the States, and it seems a curious Providence that Robert E. Lee should have been so largely instrumental in subduing this lawless invasion of his native Virginia.

I cannot better illustrate the life and character of Colonel Lee at this period than by making free use of his private letters. His son W. H. F. Lee had resigned from the Army, married the beautiful and accomplished Miss Charlotte Wickham, and was living at the White House, on Pamunkey River in Virginia.

His father thus begins a letter to him, dated "Arlington, New Year, 1860."

I was delighted yesterday, my dearest Fitzhugh, at receiving your letter of the 28th ulto., and to my cordial congratulations at your prospects for the New Year and sincere wishes for many, and more gratifying returns, will this morning add my heartfelt gratitude at your joyous commencement of life. May you and my

dear Charlotte realize your highest anticipations, and experience the happiness of a long, well-spent life, and the full satisfaction of the performance of all of your duties to God and man. . . . . .

Then follows exceedingly practical advice about the best methods of conducting his plantation.

His son Custis had been assigned to duty in the Engineer Bureau at Washington, and while discharging his duties there with an energy and ability which won him wide reputation, was enabled to live at Arlington and give an eye to the important interests of the estate. In February, 1860, Colonel Lee returned to his duties in Texas. On the way he wrote the following:

New Orleans, 14th February, 1860.

My dear Son:

I wrote your mother last night, reporting my safe arrival; but feeling at that conclusion that she would be at the White House, directed my letter there. I will, therefore, this morning inform you that I reached here last eve. at 1 P. M., thus making the trip in 3½ days. When the route becomes properly organized and operated, the time will be reduced to 3 days. In fact, 12 hours were unnecessarily consumed at various points as I came along. I had sad thoughts for my companions on the route, and felt perhaps less than my fellow-travelers many of the discomforts of which they complained. I was only thinking of those I left behind, my dear wife and children. May God bless them all. I find the boat for Indianola leaves tomorrow and I shall take my passage in her. The weather is very warm here, indeed to my feelings hot. The people were gardening as I came down the coast, and fruit trees and flowers in bloom. Last night I slept with both my windows open, under a single blanket. But imagine my horror this morning when I found I had left my shaving-brush and pants behind. The first I constantly leave, but my pants, my *new pants*, I cannot account for. I suppose they got covered up by Selina, Mamlina, and the other workers, and their work, and in my various callings off in my packing, were overlooked. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I found them out of their accustomed place. Take care of them, or use them as may be most convenient. I hope you will have no trouble in the many unfinished matters I left you to attend to. Do not hesitate to do whatever you may determine best for the farm, house, mill, etc. Consider that you have all the authority that I have, and having more vim and energy, I feel you will be able to do better for all

than I could have done. Take good care of your mother and sisters, and write to me of your wishes and wants, at Indianola. Give much love to my dear daughters, and present me to all friends. I must start out on my peregrinations.

Truly and always your father,

R. E. Lee.

G. W. Custis Lee.

Under date of March 13, 1860, he writes to Lt. Custis Lee from San Antonio, Texas, and after some details about business matters says:

I fear you do not find much comfort in your position or occupation. I want to hear of your getting a good horse, that you may be more free and independent in your movements. Ride about and see your friends. You must make friends while you are young, that you may enjoy them when old. You will find when you become old, it will then be too late. I see my own delinquencies now when too late to mend, and point them out to you, that you may avoid them. In the summer when the mornings and afternoons are longer, if you had a pleasant horse, you could pass through the farm going and coming from the office, by going through the island to the long bridge, or aqueduct either, whereas it will be too long and hot for you to walk. I go to the Rio Grande day after tomorrow. I do not expect any difficulty there, but there are so many contradictory reports that I think it better to see for myself, that I may if possible give quiet there and rest to the authorities at Washington. The Indians are so troublesome on the northern frontier, since the troops have been moved to the Rio Grande, that I cannot take any more from there. I take with me, therefore, but a single company of cavalry from Verde, the nearest point, in case of necessity. If I can hear of the whereabouts of Mr. Cortinas, I will endeavor to pick him up. Major Heintzelman reports that this band is dispersed and that he with a few followers has gone into the interior. I hope to be back here soon. Write to me as usual; if I am delayed, letters will be forwarded. Love to all and may happiness ever attend you and them is the daily prayer of your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

Col. Albert Sydney Johnston having been put in command of the Utah expedition, Colonel Lee had been left in command of the Department of Texas and the defense of the frontier from Indian depredations, and bands of banditti from Mexico, who

crossed the Rio Grande, and took refuge in Mexican territory when pursued. Colonel Lee had a spicy correspondence with the Mexican authorities, the spirit of which is indicated in the two following letters which I believe have never before been published:

Hd. Qrs. Ringgold Bks., 2d April, 1860.

His Excy. Andes Trevino,
Govr. of State of Tamulipas, etc.,
Victoria, Mexico.

Sir: In consequence of the recent outrages of Cortinas and his followers upon the persons and property of American citizens, I have been instructed by the Sec'y of War of the U. S. to notify the authorities of Mexico on the Rio Grande frontier, that they must break up and disperse the bands of banditti which have been concerned in these depredations and have sought protection in Mexican territory. Further, that they will be held responsible for the faithful performance of this plain duty on their part. I have, therefore, the honor to request that your Excellency will cause to be dispersed any bands within the States under your jurisdiction, having for their object depredations upon American soil.

I am, with high respect, your obt. servant,

R. E. Lee.
Lt. Col. Command. Dept. of Texas.

True Copy,
C. W. Thomas,
2d Lt. 1st Infy.

Hd. Qrs. Fort Brown, Texas, 12th April, 1860.

Gen'l G. Garcia,
Commr. in Chief of the line of the Bravo,
Matamoras, Mexico.

Gen'l: I had the honor to receive your letter of the 6th inst. on my way to this place, and postponed replying till my arrival. I regret that you consider the visit of Captain Ford of the Texas Rangers to the town of Reynosa, a cause of complaint, as that officer in his official report of the occurrence supposed he was acting in accordance with your sanction and the general understanding between yourself and Heintzelman, commanding the U. S. troops on the Rio Grande, viz., that the outlaw Cortinas and his band should be pursued and arrested wherever found.

I was gratified to learn from the authorities of the city of Reynosa and am pleased to have it repeated in your letter of the 6th that the authorities and public force of Mexico, under the

orders of the superior authorities, will pursue and punish Cortinas and his followers; as the vindication of the violated laws of the United States will conduce to the restoration of quiet on our frontier, and of amicable feelings between the two countries. For the attainment of this object I shall employ, if necessary, all the force in this Department, and I beg leave to inform you that I have been directed by the Honble. Sec'y of War of the U. S., to notify the Mexican authorities on the Rio Grande, that they must break up and disperse the bands of banditti concerned in the outrages against the persons and property of American citizens. I shall therefore consider it my duty to hold them responsible for its faithful performance As this agrees with the orders of the superior authorities of your own Govt. and I am sure is in accordance with your own sentiments, I feel confident of your cordial cooperation in the only means of preserving peace between the two countries. I have been informed that there are now in Matamoras persons that were engaged with Cortinas in his depredations upon American soil, ready, if opportunity favors, to renew these aggressions. If this is the case, I shall expect as an evidence of the friendly relations between the Govts. of the U. S. and Mexico, that they be apprehended and punished agreeably to the orders of the superior authorities of Mexico.

I am, with high respect, your obt. servant,

R. E. Lee,
Lt. Col. Commd. Dept. of Tex.

The following pleasant letter on a most important family event will be read with interest:

Ringgold Brks., 2d April, 1860.

I was delighted, my dear son, at the reception of your letter of the 10th ult., announcing the birth of that anxiously expected little boy! I sincerely congratulate you and my darling daughter, at his prosperous advent, and pray that his future career may give more happiness to his parents than even his present existence. You must kiss his dear mother for me, and offer her my warmest thanks for this promising scion of my scattered house, who will I hope resuscitate its name and fame. Tell her I have thought much of her and long to see you both and your little treasure, who must, I think, greatly resemble his papa.

And now the school-house must be commenced, or it will not be in time. I hope both mother and child are well, and increasing daily in strength so as to enjoy the fine spring weather which must have commenced in earnest by this time. Your mama must have

rejoiced at another *baby* in the house, and have had all her former feelings brought back afresh. I never could see the infantile beauties that she did, but I will be able to appreciate him by the time I shall see him. . . . . .

In a letter from San Antonio dated 2d of June, 1860, he says:

In a letter to Charlotte written since my return, I expressed the gratification I felt at the compliment paid me in your intention to call my first grandchild after me. I wish I could offer him a more worthy name and a better example. He must elevate the first and make use of the latter to avoid the errors I have committed. I also expressed the thought that under the circumstances you might like to name him after his great-grandfather, and wish you both "upon mature consideration" to follow your inclinations and judgment. I should love him all the same, and nothing could make me love you two more than I do. . . . .

In a long, and eminently common-sense letter written his son under date of August 22, 1860, he says:

I am glad to hear that your mechanics are all paid off, and that you have managed your funds so well as to have enough for your purposes. As you have commenced, I hope you will continue *never to exceed your means.* It will save you much anxiety and mortification, and enable you to maintain your independence of character and feeling. It is easier to make our wishes conform to our means, than to make our means conform to our wishes. In fact, we want but little. Our happiness depends upon our independence, the success of our operations, prosperity of our plans, health, contentment, and the esteem of our friends. All of which, my dear son, I hope you may enjoy to the full. . . . .

In a long letter to his son Lt. Custis Lee, dated "Fort Brown, 16th of April, 1860," after many detailed suggestions about business affairs at Arlington, he says:

I have but little Rio Grande news. I have descended the left bank of the river from Eagle Pass, and could find no armed parties on either side of the river. Everything was quiet. Robberies will be committed by Indians, Mexicans, and border men when it can be done with impunity, and always have been done. The last authentic accounts I could get of Cortinas was that with his wife, children and two men he was making his way in Mexican ox-carts into the interior and was 135 miles off. The Mexican authorities with whom I have been holding a sharp correspondence *said* they

had sent an express to the authorities to arrest him. General Garcia, commd. in Matamoras opposite to me, repeated the assurance. Still I do not expect it to be done and do not like to enter a blind pursuit after a man so far into the interior, with broken-down horses. It is the want of food for them that stops me more than anything else. I cannot carry it and do not know that I could find it. The delay in procuring it would defeat my object. If it was a prairie or a grass country in which horses could live, I would try him. But it is chaparral, thin, barren, mountainous, etc. Several of your comrades are here with me—Hartz, Thomas, Tipton, Laughton, etc. Major Hunt with his father is also here. Some 125 recruits for the thin artillery companies at this post got up yesterday from the Brazos. Remember me to all friends. My friend Col. Joe Johnston is a good soldier and worthy man and deserves all advancement, when it can be done without injustice to others. I think it must be evident to him that it never was the intention of Congress to advance him to the position assigned him by the Sec'y. It was not so recognized before, and in proportion to his services he has been advanced beyond any one in the Army, and has thrown more discredit than ever on the system of favoritism and making brevets. Kiss your mother if with you for me. Cheer her by your love and affection and love always your father,

R. E. Lee.

The allusion to the promotion of Lt. Col. Jos. E. Johnston, whom Secretary John B. Floyd, his cousin, had made in appointing him Quartermaster-General, with the rank of brigadier-general, thus promoting him "over the heads" of Samuel Cooper, Sydney Johnston, R. E. Lee, Sumner, and others who had previously ranked him, was very mild when we remember the extreme sensitiveness of officers about their rank, and that this was a letter from a soldier to his son, also an accomplished soldier, which he never expected to be made public.

But in another private letter Colonel Lee said in alluding to this same matter:

I rejoice in the good fortune that has come to my old friend Joe Johnston, for while I should not like, of course, that this should be taken as a precedent in the service, yet so far as he is concerned he is every way worthy of the promotion, and I am glad that he has received it.

How different this spirit from that which has been shown by

others under similar circumstances, when they have made loud and bitter complaints that men of inferior rank have been promoted over them. During the war between the States there were some sad examples of this both in the Federal and Confederate armies. But Lee was incapable of being a party to any such contentions.

He gives in a letter from San Antonio, Texas, June 25, 1860, to Mrs. Lee, his impressions of one of the holidays there. He says:

Yesterday was St. John's Day, and the principal, or at least visible, means of adoration or worship seemed to consist in riding horses. So every Mexican, and indeed others, who could procure a quadruped were cavorting through the streets, with the thermometer over a hundred degrees in the shade, a scorching sun, and dust several inches thick. You can imagine the state of the atmosphere and suffering of the horses, if not the pleasure of the riders. As everything of the horse tribe had to be brought into requisition to accommodate the bipeds, unbroken colts and worn-out hacks were saddled for the occasion. The plunging and kicking of the former procured excitement for and the distress of the latter merriment to the crowd. I did not know before that St. John set so high a value upon equitation.

In a letter to his son Custis, dated San Antonio, Texas, November the 24th, 1860, in speaking of certain investments he says, "The Southern States seem to be in a convulsion and confidence in their securities shaken. It is difficult to see what will be the result, but I hope all will end well." After writing about various business matters he adds:

I am very sorry to hear that Meigs has been relieved from the works in Washington. I know nothing of the controversy between him and the Secretary, but wish that the latter had not permitted anything to have interrupted the successful prosecution of works of such national character, but had continued on the duty the officer best qualified to carry them on.

Works of that magnitude ought not to be jeopardized by the feuds or feelings of the officers. I know Meigs to be capable and qualified. I do not know who may now have their completion and execution. A detachment of recruits under Major Brooks, Third Infantry, has just arrived. I believe there are no officers with

them that you know. A second detachment under Z. R. Bliss are two days in the rear. The former is composed of artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The latter of infantry. They have fallen in a period of bad weather. We have had one of our wet northers, which has terminated in a degree of cold producing ice. Four ladies belong to the detachments, two of whom are brides, Mrs. H. C. Wood and Mrs. Shirburne. I fear their expectations of the honeymoon have not been realized. Three of the ladies arrived in advance, and took refuge in the Menger, the crack hotel of the city, and one of them, Mrs. Garland, I am told is quite sick. Mrs. Brooks, the wife of the Major, has adhered to her husband, and though they are encamped about three or four miles from town, she declines the protection of a house and remains in camp. She rode up Saturday and I brought her into the office to warm herself while the Major was adjusting his papers. She seems to be a very nice lady. Was a Miss Drake of Indiana, and I am told is quite an heiress. She would not dine with me, nor accept a room at Mrs. Phillips, but returned with the Major to camp. I did not hear or see anything of any little streams or rivulets and hesitated to ask. She was attired in traveling costume, and is young and pretty. Major Nichols has not arrived nor have I heard anything of him since the reception of the order relieving him from duty on the 1st inst. I presume he is on the way. I am also looking daily for the arrival of General Scruggs, a letter from whom was received a week since saying he was about returning to resume the command of the Dept. Probably he and the Major are coming together, and are now at Indianola, waiting for more propitious weather. I have not heard what is to become of Gen. A. S. Johnston, who I understood expected to return the 1st proximo. Probably he will go to the Pacific to replace General Clarke. I shall soon be turning my face to the Comanche country, but to what point I cannot say till the arrival of General Scruggs. My personal comforts will be less there than here and I shall have to exchange the protection of a house for the shelter of a tent. But I shall not mind that, nor regret my departure from San Antonio, except so far as it will take me farther from you all, and render my communication with you more distant and precarious. But God's will be done! It will only prepare us for a longer separation soon to come. My little personal troubles sink into insignificance when I contemplate the condition of the country, and I feel as if I could easily lay down my life for its safety. But I also feel that would bring but little good. I am all ready for a march, though one of my horses is not fit for the work.

The mare I got from Fitzhugh was afflicted with swollen legs when I got her. This has increased and she has her left hind leg much enlarged and stiff so that I have not ridden her for a long time, but have turned her out. I am very sorry to learn that you have lost the use of your horse, when you will require her most. Give much love to your mother and sisters and remember me to all friends. I have heard from Fitzhugh saying he had sent you $1,000. I hope that will answer your purposes.

Very truly your father,

R. E. Lee.

P. S.—The "lone star" is floating all over this State. There was a great meeting here Saturday.

In a letter dated San Antonio, Texas, December 5, 1860, to the same son, he writes in detail about business matters connected with the estate at Arlington, and then says:

I am glad to hear such good news of dear Rob and "Precious Life." I hope they will derive great benefit from their present positions, and that I may be able to retain them there until their education is advanced as far as the opportunities admit. The education of a man or woman is never completed till they die. There is always before them much to learn and more to do. Our hardest lesson is self-knowledge, and it is one perhaps that is never accomplished. The derangement and confusion of business consequent upon the political troubles of the country I apprehend will curtail my resources. If Agnes has not returned home yet, I fear she will be captured by the Abolitionists, especially if she has been expressing any opinions inimical to their theories.

I am glad, my dearest son, to learn that you are better. I think if you study your feelings, and the effect of any course you may prescribe for yourself, you must be relieved. You have been very healthy till the past few years. Some derangement has taken place in your system, from exposure or imprudence, which time and prudence will cure. Your constitution is a remarkably good one, and can be reestablished. I hope your mother is well, or at least comfortable. She seems by her letters to be able to go about a great deal, which makes me hope she is better, and slowly improving. God grant it may be so. General Scruggs has not reached here yet. It has been more than a week since he arrived at Indianola, and I have been expecting him every day. I heard by the last mail that Major Nichols had joined him, which I am

very glad of, as he will require his services. I presume they will come together. I have started all the recruits to their destination. Those for the nearer posts have reached them. Some detachments have several hundred miles to travel, and one nearly 700. With this last is a bride. I am afraid she is sorry she has enlisted in the First Infantry. She is the wife of 2d Lt. H. C. Wood, a civil appointment, and is the only lady in the party. As all recruits, whether for the mounted or fort service, have to march on foot their progress is slow. The poor lady will at least be a month and a half on the route, though she seemed to carry a brave heart in a little carriage behind a pair of indifferent mules. Your old comrade Z. R. Bliss has grown enormously. I think he said he weighed 240 lbs. He looked very well, and inquired with interest after you. I am all ready to take up my line of march, and am awaiting the arrival of the General to know where I am to go. One of my horses is a fine draught horse and I have been desirous to procure a mate, that they might take my traveling wagon. But I cannot succeed in finding one, so I shall have to get a pair of mules. I shall then only want a water keg in addition. Please remember me to all in the Engr. Office, the officers and other friends in Washington. If the Union is dissolved, which God in His mercy forbid, I shall return to you. If not, tell my friends to give me all the promotion they can. With love to all with you, and my earnest prayers for every happiness to them and to you,

I am, your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

G. W. Custis Lee.

Under date of December 14, 1860, he writes again from San Antonio, and after speaking of a number of other business matters he says:

The condition of political affairs in the country will, as you say, militate against the sale of Smith's Island. We must, therefore, wait and see how they will terminate. But should the political horizon clear away, preparatory steps for its sale had better be taken. Before the period for the emancipation of the people arrives it will have to be sold. Fitzhugh and Robert, upon whose property the liability for the payment of the legacies will devolve, if it goes below its value can bid it in, and thus in a measure indemnify themselves. I am glad your horse is well again, and I hope he may prove useful to you. I know the pleasure of training a handsome horse. I enjoy it yet as much as any one,

but I have to turn from the *dulce* and take the *utile*. I wish I could get a horse to you I have here. He is no beauty, but of good appearance and carriage and very powerful. He is an elegant draught horse, the fastest trotter in San Antonio, and with all a good riding horse. He has a fine walk, canter and gallop. But his trot is as hard as a camel's. I cannot give him work enough and he suffers for that. I have been endeavoring to get a mate for him, that they might convey my traveling wagon, but cannot. The mare I got from Fitzhugh has had a swollen leg, which I cannot reduce. I am now poulticing it with Jamestown weed. I have not ridden her much.

I shall next week take my departure for Fort Mason where the headquarters of my regiment is established. Direct to me there (Fort Mason, Texas). General Scruggs yesterday entered on the duties of the office, but he desires me to remain till Major Nichols arrives. I go there in the morning to see what is to be done. He thinks the Union will be dissolved in six weeks, and that he will then return to N. O. If I thought so I would not take the trouble to go to Mason, but return to you now. I hope, however, the wisdom and patriotism of the country will devise some way of saving it, and that a kind Providence has not yet turned the current of His blessings from us. The three propositions of the President are eminently just, are in accordance with the Constitution, and ought to be cheerfully assented to by all the States. But I do not think the Northern and Western States will agree to them.

It is, however, my only hope for the preservation of the Union, and I will cling to it to the last. Feeling the aggressions of the North, resenting their denial of the equal rights of our citizens to the common territory of the commonwealth, etc., I am not pleased with the course of the "Cotton States" as they term themselves. In addition to their selfish, dictatorial bearing, the threats they throw out against the "Border States," as they call them, if they will not join them, argues little for the benefit or peace of Va. should she determine to coalesce with them. While I wish to do what is right, I am unwilling to do what is wrong, either at the bidding of the South or the North. One of their plans seems to be the renewal of the slave trade. That I am opposed to on every ground. I am glad you had the people's houses repaired. I wish to make them as comfortable as I can.

He then writes about other provision for the care and comfort of the negroes at Arlington, who under the provisions of

the will of Mr. Custis were to be set free at a special time in the future, and all of whom were given their "free papers" by General Lee at the appointed time, though it fell on the period when he was absorbed in his duties as commander-in-chief of the Army of Northern Virginia. He concludes this letter as follows:

Pay all debts as soon as possible. You could not have done otherwise than leave the money in bank. We must all take the risks of affairs, and lessen them to the extent of our means.

I think you do right in holding on to your bonds. I am sorry to hear that the U. S. Treasury is low. I used to look upon it as a strong string to my bow, and a sure resource when other things failed. But God's will be done! Give a great deal of love to your mother, sisters, and all friends. I am glad to see by the letter from the faculty of the University that Robert has been so attentive to his studies. Truly your father,

R. E. Lee.

The following letters express his feelings on the eve of the great struggle upon which the two sections of the country were soon to enter:

Fort Mason, Texas, January 23, 1861.

I received Everett's "Life of Washington" which you sent me, and enjoyed its perusal. How his spirit would be grieved could he see the wreck of his mighty labors! I will not, however, permit myself to believe, until all ground of hope is gone, that the fruit of his noble deeds will be destroyed, and that his precious advice and virtuous example will so soon be forgotten by his countrymen. As far as I can judge by the papers, we are between a state of anarchy and civil war. May God avert both of these evils from us! I fear that mankind will not for years be sufficiently Christianized to bear the absence of restraint and force. I see that four States have declared themselves out of the Union; four more will apparently follow their example. Then, if the Border States are brought into the gulf of revolution, one-half of the country will be arrayed against the other. I must try and be patient and await the end, for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it.

The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. I feel the aggression, and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend

for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will.* It was intended for "perpetual union," so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution, or the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government, by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriots of the Revolution. . . . . Still, a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved, and the Government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and save in defense will draw my sword on none.

The 29th of January, 1861, he wrote from Fort Mason, Texas, to his son "Rooney":

My dear Son: I have received your letter of the 6th inst., giving me the pleasing account of your quiet and happy Christmas, the presence of Rob, the visit of Mr. D., and the christening of your boy. So he is called after grandpapa, the dear little fellow. I would wish him a better name, and hope he may be a wiser and more useful man than his namesake. Such as it is, however, I gladly place it in his keeping and feel that he must be very little like his father if it is not elevated and ennobled by his bearing and course in life. You must teach him, then, to

*Colonel Lee, of course, here confounds the Constitution of the United States with the "Articles of Confederation." This latter document expresses the purpose of forming "a perpetual Union," but when eleven States seceded from the Confederation, formed the Union and adopted a new Constitution, no such phrase was used in the preamble or in any part of that document.

love his grandpapa, to bear with his failings, and avoid his errors, to be to you as you have been to me, and he may then enjoy the love and confidence of his father which I feel for you, greater than which no son has ever possessed. But what is the matter with my precious Chass? I fear her house is not warm enough for her in this cold and snowy weather. She must be very careful not to take cold, but to go out every day. Tell her I want to see her very much and love her more and more.

In a letter to his son under date of Fort Mason, January 30, he writes in great perplexity as to how to invest some surplus funds of the Custis estate, and of his own, because of the troublous times, and then thus playfully refers to Mrs. Lee and his daughters, and then to the sad condition of the country:

The *Mim,* the dear *Mim,* considers herself a great financier; consult her, but do not let her take it shopping, or you will have to furnish her with an equal amount to complete her purchases. She has such a fine eye for bargains. Neither need you put it in the hands of those girls, or you would never see it again. I should like to make a good investment for the estate, and of a large pile, even if it pinched me a little. The interest would be a help, and this is the first time it has had a surplus for a long time. We are all on short allowance out here. No pay, no money, and waiting for the turn of events. The country seems to be in a lamentable condition, and may have been plunged into civil war. May God rescue us from the folly of our acts. Save us from selfishness, and teach us to love our neighbors as ourselves.

I have nothing new or interesting. I have just had a report of an Indian raid below us, and have sent a party in pursuit. Our horses are grazing four miles out and have been sent for. Give much love to everybody. I wrote to Agnes yesterday, and refer to her for domestic items.

As ever, your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

G. W. Custis Lee.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

Breaking out of the war—Ordered to "report to the Commander-in-Chief at Washington"—Not a secessionist, but an ardent Virginian—The supreme command of the United States Army in the field tendered him, and his refusal—Statement of Mr. Blair—Scott's opinion of Lee—Statement of Hon. Simon Cameron, Mr. Lincoln's first Secretary of War—General Lee's letter on the subject to Senator Reverdy Johnson—The struggle it cost him to leave the United States Army—His letter to General Scott, and his letter of resignation—Letters to his sister and to his brother, Captain Lee of the Navy—He goes to Richmond and accepts the command of the Virginia forces—Letters to Mrs. Lee—Letters from Hon. Wm. C. Rives and Bishop Meade—Labor of organizing the raw recruits—General McDowell's kind letter to Mrs. Lee—Lee's West Virginia campaign—His letters at the period—Capt. Robert E. Lee's recollections—The failure of the West Virginia campaign—"Newspaper generals"—His service on the South Carolina and Georgia coast, and able preparation for the defense of Charleston and Savannah—Family letters.

It is not my purpose to discuss in this book the causes, conduct, or results of the great war between the States, except simply to show the relation which "Robert E. Lee, the great Soldier and Man," bore to it, and to give this in the briefest outline consistent with clearness. It has been seen from quotations already made from his letters that Colonel Lee was not an "original Secessionist," but was ardently attached to the Union, and anxious for its preservation. But he had also written, "A Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness has no charm for me."

He was ardently attached to the Army, his brother officers, and especially to General Scott, who most warmly reciprocated his friendship, and never hesitated to express the highest opinion of Lee's ability as a soldier.

In February, 1861, Colonel Lee received orders to "report to the Commander-in-Chief at Washington," and there can be little doubt that the real object of this order was that he might be influenced to "stand by the old flag" in the conflict which was so evidently impending.

He watched the events which followed so rapidly with most intense interest, and fully sympathized with his native Virginia in the efforts she made to preserve the Union by refusing to join the seceding States, and calling a Peace Conference which assembled at Washington, and made every effort to settle the points at issue between the sections.

There can be but little doubt that Mr. Lincoln could have prevented war, kept the "Border States" in the Union, and in the course of time have probably brought back the seceded States had he adopted the policy suggested by General Scott, and said to them, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace"—a policy which was at the time warmly indorsed by Horace Greeley, and other leading Republicans of the North, as well as by Northern Democrats generally.

But he pursued a different course, and, despite the promise of his Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward, to the Southern Commissioners, that "Fort Sumter would be evacuated in six days," sent a large flotilla to provision, and reinforce the fort, and thus compelled the Confederate authorities to fire on and capture this citadel, which the State of South Carolina had originally ceded to the General Government for the defense of Charleston but which was now about to be converted into an engine for her destruction. Immediately on the fall of Sumter, President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops to coerce the States which had passed ordinances of secession, and calling on the Border States to furnish their quota of these. With more or less emphasis the Governors of Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia refused to obey the call. Governor Letcher of Virginia, who had been one of the leaders of the "Union party," which had elected an overwhelming majority of the members of

the State Convention then in session, replied to the requisition of President Lincoln, "You have chosen to inaugurate civil war, and you can get no troops from Virginia for any such wicked purpose."

The convention at once (on the 17th day of April, 1861) passed an ordinance of secession, and the old Commonwealth, which had done so much to establish the Union and promote its prosperity, and which had on bended knee pleaded for its preservation, threw herself into the breach, well knowing that her territory would be the Flanders of the war, and her people the greatest sufferers in the fratricidal contest. The war had begun and there could be but little doubt on which side the sword of Robert Lee would be drawn. He was the son of "Light Horse Harry," and a Virginian of the Virginians. He remembered that his father had said, in a debate on the famous resolutions of 1798-99, drawn by Mr. Madison, "Virginia is my country; her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." And he recollected that when his father was Governor of Virginia in 1792 and Mr. Madison wrote to ask him if he would resign his office to accept the command of an army to be organized for the defense of the Western frontier, he replied, "Were I called upon by the President to command the next campaign, my respect for him would induce me to disregard every trifling obstruction which might oppose my acceptance, such as my own repose, the care of my children and the happiness I enjoy in attention to their welfare, and in execution of the duties of my present station. As a citizen, I should hold myself bound to obey the will of my country in taking any part her interests may demand from me. Therefore, I am, upon this occasion, in favor of obedience to any claim which may be made on me. Yet I should require some essential stipulations—only to secure a favorable issue to the campaign." After speaking of how formidable the enemy was he added, "One objection I should only have (the above conditions being acceded to), and that is, the abandoning of my native State, to whose goodness I am so much indebted; no

consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into disregard or faithlessness to this Commonwealth."

Reared in this school and under these influences, Robert Edward Lee regarded his allegiance to the sovereign State of Virginia as paramount to all other, and that he must obey her voice at whatever sacrifice of feeling, or of personal interest.

He regarded any attempt to "pin the States in the Union with the bayonet" as a violation of the fundamental principles for which the fathers fought in 1776. Hon. John B. Baldwin, the able Union leader of the Virginia Convention, well voiced the sentiment of the party when, in reply to a letter from a Northern friend asking, "What will the Union men of Virginia do now?" he wrote, "We have no 'Union' men in Virginia *now*, but those who *were* 'Union' men will stand to their guns and make a fight which shall shine out on the page of history as an example of what a brave people can do after having exhausted every means of pacification." Colonel Lee had at this time the strongest temptation submitted to him ever offered to an ardent and ambitious soldier. The supreme command of the Federal forces in the field was tendered him, and General Scott and others of his army friends brought every possible influence to bear upon him to induce him to accept the tempting offer, Scott begging him "not to throw away the great opportunity of his life."

As it has been denied in certain quarters that any such offer was ever made to Lee it is proper to add that the proof is beyond all cavil. Lee himself never published it, and it was not generally known even to his intimate associates until after the war. Hon. Montgomery Blair, who got it from his father, published the fact that Mr. Lincoln, at General Scott's suggestion, had sent his father, Hon. Francis Preston Blair, to Colonel Lee with an offer of the supreme command of the army that was to take the field against the seceded States. Mr. Blair stated that Colonel Lee listened attentively to the proposition and then replied that while he recognized no necessity for

the state of things then existing,—that if the four millions of slaves in the South belonged to him he would free them with a stroke of his pen to avert the war,—yet as the war had actually begun and he must decide on which side he would draw his sword he could not hesitate—he could not fight against his native State, his home, and his children. Mr. Blair said that all of his arguments and powers of persuasion failed to move Colonel Lee from his position. Immediately after this interview with Mr. Blair, Lee went to General Scott, and told him of the offer made him, and his decision.

The high opinion which Scott had of Lee has already been noted, but the following proofs of it may be added.

When, soon after General Scott's return from Mexico, a committee from Richmond waited on him to tender him a public reception in the capital of his native State, he said, "You seek to honor the wrong man. Captain R. E. Lee is the Virginian who deserves the credit of that brilliant campaign."

The late Gen. William Preston, of Kentucky, said that General Scott told him that he regarded Lee "as the greatest living soldier in America," and that in a conversation not long before the breaking out of the war, General Scott said with emphasis, "I tell you that if I were on my death-bed tomorrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and asked my advice as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, let it be Robert E. Lee."

I have been allowed to copy the following autograph letter of General Scott, which illustrates this point:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, May 8, 1857.

HON. J. B. FLOYD,
Secretary of War.

SIR: I beg to ask that one of the vacant second lieutenancies may be given to W. H. F. Lee, son of Brevet Col. R. E. Lee, at present on duty against the Comanches.

I make this application mainly on the extraordinary merits of the father, the very best soldier I ever saw in the field; but the son is himself a very remarkable youth, now about twenty, of a fine

stature and constitution, a good linguist, a good mathematician, and about to graduate at Harvard University. He is also honorable and amiable, like his father, and dying to enter the Army. I do not ask the commission as a favor, though if I had influence I should be happy to exert it in this case. My application is in the name of national justice, in part payment (and but a small part) of the debt due to the invaluable services of Colonel Lee.

I have the honor to be, with high respect,

Your obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

In a public address delivered in Baltimore soon after the death of General Lee, Hon. Reverdy Johnson said that he "had been intimate with General Scott, and had heard him say more than once that his success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted energy of Lee. It was a theme upon which he [General Scott] liked to converse, and he stated his purpose to recommend him as his successor in the chief command of the Army. I was with General Scott in April, 1861, when he received the resignation of General Lee, and witnessed the pain it caused him. It was a sad blow to the success of that war, in which his own sword had as yet been unsheathed. Much as General Scott regretted it, he never failed to say that he was convinced that Lee had taken that step from an imperative sense of duty. General Scott was consoled in a great measure by the reflection that he would have as his opponent a soldier worthy of every man's esteem, and one who would conduct the war upon the strictest rules of civilized warfare. There would be no outrages committed upon private persons or property which he could prevent."

A prominent banker of New York, who was very intimate with General Scott, gave me a number of incidents illustrating Scott's high opinion of Lee. On one occasion, a short time before the war, this gentleman asked him, in the course of a private interview, "General, whom do you regard as the greatest living soldier?" General Scott at once replied, "Col. Robert E. Lee is not only the greatest soldier of America, but the greatest now living in the world. This is my deliberate

conviction, from a full knowledge of his extraordinary abilities, and if the occasion ever arises, Lee will win this place in the estimation of the whole world."

The General then went into a detailed sketch of Lee's services and a statement of his ability as an engineer, and his capacity not only to plan campaigns, but also to command large armies in the field, and concluded by saying, "I tell you, sir, that Robert E. Lee is the greatest soldier now living, and if he ever gets the opportunity, he will prove himself the greatest captain of history."

In May, 1861, this gentleman and another obtained a passport from General Scott to go to Richmond, to see if they could do anything to promote pacification. In the course of the interview, General Scott spoke in the highest terms of Lee as a soldier and a man, stated that he had rejected the supreme command of the United States Army, and expressed his confidence that Lee would do everything in his power to avert war, and would, if a conflict came, conduct it on the highest principles of Christian civilization. He cheerfully granted the passport and said, "Yes, go and see Robert Lee. Tell him for me that we must have no war, but that we must avert a conflict of arms until the sober second thought of the people can stop the mad schemes of the politicians."

In the interview which these gentlemen had with General Lee, he most cordially reciprocated the kindly feelings of General Scott, and expressed his ardent desire to avert a war, and his willingness to do anything in his power to bring about a settlement of the difficulties. But he expressed the fear that the passions of the people North and South had been too much aroused to yield to pacific measures, and that every effort at a peaceful solution would prove futile. Alluding to Mr. Seward's boast that he would conquer the South in "ninety days," and to the confident assertions of some of the Southern politicians that the war would be a very short one, General Lee said with a good deal of feeling, "They do not know what they say. If it comes to a conflict of arms, the

war will last at least four years. Northern politicians do not appreciate the determination and pluck of the South, and Southern politicians do not appreciate the numbers, resources, and patient perseverance of the North. Both sides forget that we are all Americans, and that it must be a terrible struggle if it comes to war. Tell General Scott that we must do all we can to avert war, and if it comes to the worst we must then do everything in our power to mitigate its evils."

Hon. Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Mr. Lincoln's first Secretary of War, in an interview with a correspondent of the *New York Herald,* on the occasion of his 88th birthday, said:

Of all my experiences with public men and events, none were so interesting as those which brought the country to the settlement of the slavery question on the field of battle. There was a great deal of by-play in the beginning that has not been heard of yet. It is true that Gen. Robert E. Lee was tendered the command of the Union Army. It was the wish of Mr. Lincoln's Administration that as many as possible of the Southern officers then in the Regular Army should remain true to the nation which had educated them. Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston were then the leading Southern soldiers. Johnston was Quartermaster-General and Lee a colonel of cavalry.

In the moves and counter moves in the game of war and peace then going on, Francis P. Blair, Sr., was a prominent figure. The tender of the command of our forces was made to General Lee through him. Mr. Blair came to me expressing the opinion that General Lee could be held to our cause by the offer of the chief command of our forces. I authorized Mr. Blair to make the offer. I then dismissed the matter from my mind as nearly as I could such an important subject, for I supposed from what Mr. Blair had said, that General Lee would certainly accept. I labored under this impression up to the time that his resignation was received. Whether General Lee ever seriously considered the matter I do not personally know. From what Senator Blair said to me I never had any doubt at the time but that he did. My surprise was very great when the resignation was received and General Lee went South.

But strange to say, in view of the above statement of Mr. Cameron, when he was a member of the United States Senate, in February, 1865, he stated in debate that Lee had

sought the supreme command of the United States Army, and failing to obtain it had gone South for higher command than he could get in the Union Army.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson, then Senator from Maryland, denied the accuracy of Mr. Cameron's statement, and said that so far from *seeking* it, the supreme command of the United States Army *had been tendered* Lee, and had been positively declined by him.

This elicited from General Lee, then President of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, the following letter, a copy of which I found in his letter-book after his death and had the privilege of publishing for the first time. It settles the matter beyond all controversy, as no one ever dared to doubt a statement made by Lee on any question of his own knowledge.

LEXINGTON, VA., 25th February, 1868.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON,
U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to the official report of the debate in the Senate of the United States on the 19th inst., in which you did me the kindness to doubt the correctness of the statement made by the Hon. Simon Cameron, in regard to myself. I desire that you may feel certain of my conduct on the occasion referred to, so far as my individual statement can make you.

I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States Army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, the Hon. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and as I understood at the instance of President Lincoln.

After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me, to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and as courteously as I could, that though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.

I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott; told him of the proposition that had been made to me, and my decision.

Upon reflection after returning to my home I concluded that I ought no longer to retain any commission I held in the United States Army, and on the second morning thereafter, I forwarded

my resignation to General Scott. At the time I hoped that peace would have been preserved; that some way would have been found to save the country from the calamities of war; and I then had no other intention than to pass the remainder of my life as a private citizen.

Two days afterwards, upon the invitation of the Governor of Virginia, I repaired to Richmond; found that the convention then in session had passed the ordinance withdrawing the State from the Union; and accepted the commission of commander of its forces, which was tendered me.

These are the simple facts of the case, and they show that Mr. Cameron has been misinformed.

I am with great respect,

Your obt. svt.,

R. E. Lee.

I received from Mrs. Lee once a very vivid account of the struggle it cost her husband to sever the ties which bound him to the Union and to the United States Army. She said that after his last interview with General Scott he returned to Arlington deeply affected by the circumstances which surrounded him, and anxious to decide what was his present duty. The night his letter of resignation was written, he asked to be left alone for a time, and while he paced the chamber above, and was heard frequently to fall on his knees and engage in earnest prayer for divine guidance, she waited and watched and prayed below. At last he came down calm, collected, almost cheerful, and said, "Well, Mary, the question is settled. Here is my letter of resignation, and a letter I have written General Scott."

The letters were as follows:

Arlington, Va., April 20, 1861.

General:

Since my interview with you on the 18th inst. I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the Army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to meet your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

Save in defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me,

Most truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

Arlington, Washington City P. O., April 20, 1861.

Hon. Simon Cameron,

Secretary of War.

Sir: I have the honor to tender the resignation of my commission as colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

Colonel 1st Cavalry.

Under the same date he wrote as follows to his sister, Mrs. Marshall, in Baltimore, whose husband adhered to the Union cause:

My dear Sister:

I am grieved at my inability to see you. I have been waiting for a more "convenient season," which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. We are now in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the Army, and save in defense of my native State—with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed—I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword.

I know you will blame me; but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send you a copy of my letter of resignation. I have no time for more.

May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you everlasting blessings, is the prayer of

Your devoted brother,

R. E. Lee.

And on the same day he thus wrote to his brother:

Arlington, Va., April 20, 1861.

My dear Brother Smith:

The question which was the subject of my earnest consultation with you on the 18th inst. has in my own mind been decided. After the most anxious inquiry as to the correct course for me to pursue, I concluded to resign, and sent in my resignation this morning. I wished to wait till the ordinance of secession should be acted upon by the people of Virginia; but war seems to have commenced, and I am liable at any time to be ordered on duty which I could not conscientiously perform. To save me from such a position, and to prevent the necessity of resigning under orders, I had to act at once, and before I could see you again on the subject, as I had wished. I am now a private citizen, and have no other ambition than to remain at home. Save in the defense of my native State, I have no desire ever again to draw my sword. I send you my warmest love. Your affectionate brother,

R. E. Lee.

At the earnest request of the Virginia authorities he repaired to Richmond, where, upon their cordial invitation, though against all of his own feelings, he appeared before the convention, and had a great ovation. Besides members of the convention, the Governor of the State, the Advisory Council, Vice-President A. H. Stephens (who had come as a Commissioner to induce Virginia to join the Confederacy), and other distinguished men were present.

The president of the convention, Hon. John Janney, addressed him in an eloquent speech, which he concluded as follows:

Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convictions that you are at this day among the living citizens of Virginia,

"first in war." We pray to God most fervently that you may so conduct the operations committed to your charge that it will soon be said of you that you are, "first in peace;" and when that time comes you will have earned the still prouder distinction of being "first in the hearts of your countrymen." I will close with one more remark.

When the Father of his Country made his last will and testament he gave swords to his favorite nephews, with an injunction that they should never be drawn from their scabbards except in self-defense, or in defense of the rights and liberties of their country; and that, if drawn for the latter purpose, they should fall with them in their hands rather than relinquish them.

Yesterday your mother, Virginia, placed her sword in your hand, upon the implied condition, that we know you will keep to the letter and in spirit, that you will draw it only in defense, and that you will fall with it in your hand, rather than the object for which it was placed there shall fail.

In reply to this address, General Lee, who was all unused to the arts of the orator, and had indeed never made a speech before in his life, said in clear tones of simple eloquence:

"Mr. President and gentlemen of the Convention: Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred that your choice had fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the services of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

Alexander H. Stephens has thus described this scene, and spoken of a subsequent interview with him in which Mr. Stephens, as Commissioner of the Confederate States, sought the influence of Lee to induce Virginia to join the Confederacy:

As he stood there, fresh and ruddy as a David from the sheepfold, in the prime of his manly beauty, and the embodiment of a line of heroic and patriotic fathers and worthy mothers, it was thus I first saw Robert E. Lee. I had preconceived ideas of the rough soldier with no time for the graces of life and by companionship almost compelled to the vices of his profession. I did not know then that he used no stimulants, was free even from the use of tobacco, and that he was absolutely stainless in his private life. I

did not know then, as I do now, that he had been a model youth and young man; but I had before me the most manly and entire gentleman I ever saw.

That this seeming modesty was genuine, that this worth in which his compatriots believed was real, that his character was unselfish, I was to know as the shades of evening fell upon that day and he sat in my room at the Ballard House, at my request, to listen to my proposal that he resign, without any compensation or promise thereof, the very honor and rank he had that same morning received. . . . .

General Lee heard me quietly, understood the situation at once, and saw that he alone stood between the Confederacy and his State. The members of the convention had seen at once that Lee was left out of the proposed compact that was to make Virginia one of the Confederate States, and I knew that one word, or even a look of dissatisfaction, from him would terminate the negotiations with which I was entrusted. North Carolina would act with Virginia, and either the Border States would protect our lines or the battlefield be moved at once down to South Carolina and the borders of Georgia.

General Lee did not hesitate for one moment, and, while he saw that it would make matters worse to throw up his commission, he declared that no personal ambition or emolument should be considered or stand in the way. I had admired him in the morning, but I took his hand that night at parting with feelings of respect and almost reverence never yet effaced. I met him at times later, and he was always the same Christian gentleman.

Virginia became one of us and the battlefield, as all men know, and General Lee took subordinate positions which for a time placed him nearly out of sight. The magnitude of his sacrifice of the position of commander-in-chief of the Union Army—if Mr. Blair is right in saying it was offered him—is already appreciated. But the greatness of his self-abnegation in the surrender of the sword of Virginia will not yet be seen unless I show what it at once involved. It is not the man on the battlefield I wish to draw, but a higher thing than a mere sword-flourisher—personal character.

Nominally, General Lee lost nothing; but practically, for the time being, he lost everything. The Government moved to Richmond, and Mr. Davis directed General Lee to retain his command of the Virginia troops, which was really to make him recruiting and drill-inspector. . . . . .

I can never forget that I saw Colonel Lee for the first time when he was on his way from Arlington to Richmond to

offer his stainless sword to the land he loved so well. It was at the little village of Louisa Court House, Virginia, on a beautiful day in April, 1861, when a large crowd, animated by the excitement of the hour, had assembled at the depot to gather "the news from the North." On the arrival of the train it was at once whispered that "Col. R. E. Lee is on board," and there were enthusiastic calls for him. At last there appeared at the window of the mail car the noblest looking man I had ever gazed upon, clean shaven except a moustache as black as the raven wing, black hair except here and there a silvery thread, erect carriage and manly bearing, and one of the handsomest faces I ever saw, in which gentleness was mingled with firmness of purpose. As he bowed gracefully to the crowd who cheered him to the echo, and the train moved off, I remarked to a friend, "There is one of our great leaders who will make his mark in this war." General Lee entered at once upon the discharge of his important duties and great responsibilities, organizing and equipping the raw recruits who rushed to arms at the first call of their Mother State. There was no lack of men. The people of Virginia had voted by an overwhelming majority in favor of the Union, and had elected a large majority of "Union men" to their Convention, and these men had firmly held the old Commonwealth in her allegiance to the Union, and did everything in their power to keep the peace, and preserve "the Union and the Constitution" as the fathers of the Republic made them.

But now all was changed. The "inalienable right" of self-government had been violated, the President of the United States (without even the constitutional requisite of Congressional approval) had declared war against sovereign States which had only exercised their constitutional rights, and Virginia was called on to furnish her quota of the 75,000 men called for by Mr. Lincoln to coerce these States. Horace Greeley in the *New York Tribune* was ably advocating the right of the Southern States to peaceably withdraw from the Union, and pointing out the folly of the claim that the General

Government had any right to coerce them. Among other things he said: "If the Cotton States shall become satisfied that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless." Again: "We hope never to live in a republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets." And again: "If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of 3,000,000 colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of 5,000,000 Southerners from the Federal Union in 1861."

The *New York Herald* of November 23, 1860, said: "Coercion, in any event, is out of the question. A Union held together by the bayonet would be nothing better than a military despotism."

After the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, the *Commercial,* of Cincinnati, one of the ablest Republican papers in the country, said: "We are not in favor of blockading the Southern coast. We are not in favor of retaking by force the property of the United States now in possession of the seceders. We would recognize the existence of a government formed of all the slaveholding States and attempt to cultivate amicable relations with it."

If leading men at the North held this position, how natural it was that the policy of coercion adopted should have produced a complete revolution in the sentiments of even the strongest Union men in Virginia. No one who did not witness the scenes then enacted can appreciate them. Women prepared the equipments, buckled on the swords, and sent to the front sons, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts. The farmer left his plow in the furrow, the mechanic his job unfinished, the merchant his books unposted, the lawyer his brief unargued, and the doctor his patient unattended. The teacher closed his school, the professor left his chair in the college, the student exchanged his "midnight lamp" for the camp-fires of the boys in gray, and the preacher left his pulpit, leading with him the able-bodied

men of his flock. From her blue mountains to the shores of her resounding seas, from Alleghany to Chesapeake, from the Potomac to the North Carolina line the tramp of her sons is heard, and there rush to defend the Old Dominion the very flower of her youth and manhood.

General Lee went vigorously to work to organize, drill, and discipline these high-spirited volunteers, and it was soon seen that a master-hand was at the helm. Virginia soon united her fortunes to those of the Southern Confederacy; an order of the Secretary of War, L. P. Walker, put Lee in command of all Confederate troops that should congregate in Virginia, the Confederate Congress in session at Montgomery, Alabama, adjourned to meet in Richmond, and on the 29th of May President Jefferson Davis reached Richmond, and the capital of the "Old Dominion" thus became the capital of "the Confederate States of America." I quote the following from Gen. Fitz Lee's Memoir as bringing out clearly the inner views and feelings of the great commander at this eventful period of his life.

A letter from General Lee to his wife, who was still at Arlington, April 30, 1861, tells her that he is "glad to hear all is well and as yet peaceful. I fear the latter state will not continue long. I think, therefore, you had better prepare all things for removal from Arlington—that is, plate, pictures, etc., and be prepared at any moment. Where to go is the difficulty. When the war commences no place will be exempt; in my opinion, indeed, all the avenues into the State will be the scene of military operations. I wrote to Robert [his son] that I could not consent to take boys from their schools and young men from their colleges and put them in the ranks at the beginning of the war when they are not needed. The war may last ten years. Where are our ranks to be filled from then?"

And again he writes: "I am very anxious about you. You have to move, and make arrangements to go to some point of safety which you must select. The Mount Vernon plate and pictures ought to be secured. War is inevitable, and there is no telling when it will burst around you. Virginia yesterday, I understand, joined the Confederate States. What policy they may adopt I cannot conjecture." And Mrs. Lee, from Arlington, May 5, 1861, sent the following note to General Scott in Washington:

"My dear General: Hearing that you desire to see the account of my husband's reception in Richmond, I have sent it to you. No honors can reconcile us to this fractricidal war which we would have laid down our lives freely to avert. Whatever may happen, I feel that I may expect from your kindness all the protection you can in honor afford. Nothing can ever make me forget your kind appreciation of Mr. Lee. If you knew all you would not think so hardly of me. Were it not that I would not add one feather to his load of care, nothing would induce me to abandon my home. Oh, that you could command peace to our distracted country!

"Yours in sadness and sorrow,

"M. C. Lee."

Occasionally this wife and mother's heart would beat with happiness at the stories of successful compromise between the sections and then sink in despair at the continued prospects of war. From Richmond, May 13, 1861, her husband wrote her: "Do not put faith in rumors of adjustment. I see no prospect for it. It cannot be while passions on both sides are so infuriated. Make your plans for several years of war. If Virginia is invaded, which appears to be designed, the main routes through the country will, in all probability, be infested and passage interrupted. I agree with you in thinking that the inflammatory articles in the papers do us much harm. I object particularly to those in the Southern papers, as I wish them to take a firm, dignified course, free from bravado and boasting. The times are indeed calamitous. The brightness of God's countenance seems turned from us, and its mercy stopped in its blissful current. It may not always be so dark, and He may in time pardon our sins and take us under his protection. Tell Custis* he must consult his own judgment, reason, and conscience as to the course he may take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes or example. If I have done wrong, let him do better. The present is a momentous question which every man must settle for himself and upon principle. Our good Bishop Meade has just come to see me. He opens the convention tomorrow, and, I understood him to say, would preach his fiftieth anniversary sermon. God bless and guard you!"

A few days before he had written:

"Richmond, May 8, 1861.

"I received yesterday your letter of the 5th. I grieve at the anxiety that drives you from your home. I can appreciate your feelings on the occasion, and pray that you may receive comfort

*His son, then a lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, U. S. Army.

and strength in the difficulties that surround you. When I reflect upon the calamity pending over the country my own sorrows sink into insignificance."

On the 2d of the same month he told her: "I have just received Custis's letter of the 30th, enclosing the acceptance of my resignation. It is stated it will take effect on the 25th of April. I resigned on the 20th, and wished it to take effect on that day. I cannot consent to its running on farther, and he must receive no pay if they tender it beyond that day, but return the whole if need be."

And again in a letter on May 16, 1861, he writes: "I witnessed the opening of the convention yesterday, and heard the good Bishop's sermon for the fiftieth anniversary of his ministry. It was most impressive, and more than once I felt the tears coursing down my cheeks. It was from the text, 'And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?' It was full of humility and self-reproach."

As showing the warm appreciation in which General Lee was held at this period by those competent to judge, I give two letters which were sent him, and which have never before been published, the one from the able and accomplished Hon. Wm. C. Rives, and the other from the venerable and beloved Bishop William Meade of Virginia.

CASTLE HILL, COBHAM P. O., 28th April, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR:

Being recently in Richmond on business for a single day, I had it very much at heart to call and pay my respects to you.

But being prevented from doing so by very urgent engagements, I hope you will allow me, in this form, to express to you the very great gratification I have felt at your appointment to the chief command of our military and naval forces. The moment is one of so much exigency as to call for a combination of qualities rarely found united in the same character.

In you we feel that we possess them all in their highest development. The confidence and heart of the whole State are with you; and while in so general an acclamation of approbation and congratulation, no one voice can have much value, I trust you will not deem it intrusive if I venture to add mine, with the assurance of the highest respect and warmest good wishes with which I am truly and faithfully, Yours,

W. C. RIVES.

MAJ.-GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

Madison Court House, May 6, 1861.

My dear Sir:

In the midst of our troubles and dangers and my own deep grief, it is a great relief to me that in the Providence of God so important a station has been assigned to you, as I believe that by natural and acquired endowments and by the grace of God you are better qualified for the same than any other of our citizens of Virginia. May those talents be guided by God himself in the execution of the high and most trying duties which devolve upon you. My heart dictates these words, and I cannot repress the desire to utter them. I expect to be in Richmond during the next week and then hope to see you. Most sincerely your friend,

William Meade.
Bishop of the P. E. C. of Va.

P. S.—Richmond, Tuesday evening.

I unexpectedly find myself here this evening and shall remain until Thursday morning. If you will mention any time in which you will be disengaged or less engaged in your numerous arduous duties and cares, I will call and see you for a few moments.

Very truly,
W. Meade.

General Lee remained in Richmond in the active discharge of his duties until after the first battle of Manassas, which was fought on the 21st of July, 1861. It was largely his judgment which selected the points of defense in Virginia and assigned the commanders: Norfolk, commanded by General Huger; Yorktown, General Magruder; Aquia Creek, General Holmes; Manassas Junction, General G. T. Beauregard; Harper's Ferry, Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, and Northwestern Virginia, Gen. Robert Garnett.

He was constantly embarrassed by lack of arms, ammunition, equipment of every description, transportation,—*everything* that an army needs,—but he labored with energy, skill, and marvelous success to supply these deficiencies.

Arlington was occupied by Federal troops on the 24th of May, 1861, Mrs. Lee and her daughters having left some days before. In response to a letter from Mrs. Lee, asking that the Federal commander respect her private property, and protect

her home, Gen. Irvin McDowell made the following response, which is very creditable to that able soldier and high-toned gentleman:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT NORTHEASTERN VIRGINIA,
ARLINGTON, May 30, 1861.

MRS. R. E. LEE.

MADAM: Having been ordered by the Government to relieve Major-General Sanford in command of this Department, I had the honor to receive this morning your letter of today addressed to him at this place. With respect to the occupation of Arlington by the United States troops, I beg to say it has been done by my predecessor with every regard for the preservation of the place. I am here temporarily in camp on the grounds, preferring this to sleeping in the house, under the circumstances which the painful state of the country places me with respect to these properties. I assure you it will be my earnest endeavor to have all things so ordered that on your return you will find things as little disturbed as possible. In this I have the hearty concurrence of the courteous, kind-hearted gentleman in the immediate command of the troops quartered here, and who lives in the lower part of the house to insure its being respected. Everything has been done as you desire with respect to your servants, and your wishes, so far as they have been known or could have been understood, have been complied with. When you desire to return every facility will be given you for doing so. I trust, madam, you will not consider it an intrusion when I say I have the most sincere sympathy for your distress, and, so far as compatible with my duty, I shall always be ready to do whatever may alleviate it. I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

I. MCDOWELL.

P. S.—I am informed it was the order of the general-in-chief if the troops on coming here should have found the family in the house, that no one should enter it, but that a guard should be placed for its protection.

July 12, 1861, in a letter from Richmond to Mrs. Lee, General Lee wrote:

You know that Rob has been captain of Company A, of the University. He has written for a sword and sash, which I have not yet been able to get for him. I shall send him a sword of mine, but cannot procure him a sash. I am very anxious to get into the field, but am detained by matters beyond my control. I have never heard

of the assignment to which you allude—of commander-in-chief of the Southern Army—nor have I any expectation or wish for it. President Davis holds that position. I have been laboring to prepare and get into the field the Virginia troops to strengthen those from other States, and the threatened commands of Johnston, Beauregard, Huger, Garnett, etc. Where I shall go, I do not know, as that will depend upon President Davis.

Soon after the battle of Manassas, General Lee wrote to his wife:

That, indeed, was a glorious victory, and has lightened the pressure upon us amazingly. Do not grieve for the brave dead, but sorrow for those they left behind—friends, relatives, and families. The former are at rest; the latter must suffer. The battle will be repeated there in greater force. I hope God will again smile on us and strengthen our hearts and arms. I wished to participate in the former struggle, and am mortified at my absence. But the President thought it more important that I should be here. I could not have done as well as has been done, but I could have helped and taken part in a struggle for my home and neighborhood. So the work is done, I care not by whom it is done. I leave tomorrow for the army in western Virginia.

It seems very clear now that after the great victory at Manassas the Confederates ought to have pressed on, and captured Washington, and President Davis, who arrived on the field soon after the rout began, gave an order to press on at once, but was induced to withdraw it by the remonstrance of Johnston and Beauregard, who were not aware of the extent of the Federal disaster, and insisted that lack of transportation, the weariness of their troops, the lack of provisions and other causes rendered a vigorous pursuit unadvisable.

The President now wanted to send General Johnston to West Virginia, but as he declined to go, or rather remonstrated against going, he determined to send General Lee, and he promptly went a few days after the battle of Manassas (Bull Run, as it is called by Northern writers). There had been Confederate disasters in northwestern Virginia, and McClellan had won successes which, though small in themselves, had given him large reputation, and secured his appointment to the com-

mand of the Army of the Potomac, while Rosecrans was sent to command the Department of West Virginia. Lee found in the character of the country, the condition of the roads, the sickness of the troops, and the want of harmony among subordinate commanders almost insuperable difficulties, and some of his plans, which seemed almost certain of brilliant success, miscarried by the failure of others.

Mr. Davis said that on his return to Richmond he gave him a detailed account of the campaign, which showed clearly that but for the failure of subordinates, victory would have perched on his banners, but begged the President not to speak of it, saying, "I would rather rest under unjust censure myself than to injure those who are doing what they can for the cause."

His private letters during this period were of deep interest. From Huntersville, under date of August 4, 1861, he wrote Mrs. Lee:

I reached here yesterday to visit this portion of the army. The points from which we can be attacked are numerous, and the enemy's means unlimited, so we must always be on the alert; it is so difficult to get our people, unaccustomed to the necessities of war, to comprehend and promptly execute the measures required for the occasion. General Jackson, of Georgia, commands on the Monterey line, General Loring on this line, and General Wise, supported by General Floyd, on the Kanawha line. The soldiers everywhere are sick. The measles are prevalent throughout the whole army. You know that disease leaves unpleasant results and attacks the lungs, etc., especially in camp, where the accommodations for the sick are poor. I traveled from Staunton on horseback. A part of the road I traveled over in the summer of 1840 on my return to St. Louis after bringing you home. If any one had told me that the next time I traveled that road would have been my present errand, I should have supposed him insane. I enjoyed the mountains as I rode along. The views were magnificent. The valleys so peaceful, the scenery so beautiful! What a glorious world Almighty God has given us! How thankless and ungrateful we are!

And from Valley Mountain, August 9, 1861, he writes:

I have been three days coming from Monterey to Huntersville. The mountains are beautiful, fertile to the tops, covered with the richest sward and blue grass and white clover. The enclosed fields wave with a natural growth of timothy. This is a magnificent grazing country, and all it wants is labor to clear the mountainsides of timber. It has rained, I believe, some portion of every day since I left Staunton. Now it is pouring. Colonel Washington, Captain Taliaferro and myself are in one tent, which as yet protects us. I have enjoyed the company of our son ["Rooney"] while I have been here. He is very well and very active, and as yet the war has not reduced him much. He dined with me yesterday and preserves his fine appetite. Today he is out reconnoitering, and has the full benefit of this fine rain. I fear he is without his overcoat, as I do not recollect seeing it on his saddle. I told you he had been promoted to a major in the cavalry, and he is the commanding cavalry officer on this line at present. He is sanguine, cheerful, and hearty as ever. I sent him some cornmeal this morning, and he sent me some butter—a mutual exchange of good things. The men are suffering from measles and so on, as elsewhere, but are cheerful and light-hearted. Send word to Miss Lou Washington that her father is sitting on his blanket sewing a strap on his haversack. I think she ought to be here to do it.

And on September 1, from the same place, he tells her:

We have had a great deal of sickness among the soldiers, and those now on the sick list would form an army. The measles is still among them, but I hope is dying out. The constant cold rains, mud, etc., with no shelter or tents, have aggravated it. All these drawbacks, with impassable roads, have paralyzed our efforts.

He thus writes to his son Custis:

VALLEY MT., 3d September, 1861.

MY DEAR SON:

I was very glad to receive your letter of the 27th ulto., and to learn something of your whereabouts. I did not know what had become of you, and was very anxious to learn. You say nothing of your health, and I will hope you are well and able to do good service to the cause so dear to us all. I trust you may be able to get a position and field agreeable to you; and know that wherever you may be placed you will do your duty. That is all the pleasure, all the comfort, all the glory we can enjoy in this world. I have been able to do but little here. Still I hope I have been of some

service. Things are better organized. I feel stronger, we are stronger. The three routes leading east are guarded. The men have more confidence, our people a feeling of security. The enemy has been driven back, and made to haul in his horns, and to find he cannot have everything his own way. This has been done without a battle, but by a steady advance of positions. Now to drive him farther a battle must come off, and I am anxious to begin it. Circumstances beyond human control delay it, I know for good, but I hope the Great Ruler of the Universe will continue to aid and prosper us, and crown at last our feeble efforts with success. Rain, rain, rain, there has been nothing but rain. So it has appeared to my anxious mind since I approached these mountains. It commenced before, but since has come down with a will. The cold too has been greater than I could have conceived. In my winter clothing and buttoned up in my overcoat, I have still been cold. This state of weather has aggravated the sickness that has attacked the whole army, measles and typhoid fever. Some regiments have not over 250 for duty, some 300, 500, or about half, according to its strength. This makes a terrible hole in our effectives. Do not mention this, I pray you. It will be in the papers next. The rains and constant travel have cut these dirt turnpikes so deep, the soil being rich mould in most parts, that wagons can only travel with double teams. But there is a change in the weather. The glorious sun has been shining these four days. The drowned earth is warming. The sick are improving, and the spirits of all are rising. F. is anxious to get his buffalo robe. Did you ever get my letter concerning it? It was directed to be sent to the Spotswood to me. I asked you to put it up securely, and get Colonel Myers to send it to me at Huntersville. I have heard nothing of it. F. feels the want of it every night. He is very well, hearty, and sanguine. I am glad to hear of Gen. A. S. Johnston's approach and Captain Garnett's arrival. The disaster at Cape Hatteras was a hard blow to us, but we must expect them, struggle against them, prepare for them. We cannot be always successful and reverses must come. May God give us courage, endurance, and faith to strive to the end. Good-by, my dear son. F. has just come in. He sends his love and Colonel W. and Captain T. their regards. Give my kind remembrances to everybody. Your fond father,

R. E. Lee.

Capt. G. W. Custis Lee.

In a letter to Mrs. Lee, dated Valley Mountain, September 17, 1861, the General writes:

I had hoped to have surprised the enemy's works on the morning of the 12th, both at Cheat Mountain and on Valley River. All the attacking parties with great labor had reached their destination over mountains considered impassable to bodies of troops, notwithstanding the heavy storm that had set in the day before and raged all night, in which they had to stand till daylight; their arms were then unserviceable, and they in poor condition for a fierce assault. After waiting till ten o'clock for the assault on Cheat Mountain, which did not take place, and which was to be the signal for the rest, they were withdrawn, and after waiting three days in front of the enemy, hoping he would come out of his trenches, we returned to our position at this place. I cannot tell you my regret and mortification at the untoward events that caused the failure of the plan. I had taken every precaution to insure success, and counted on it; but the Ruler of the Universe willed otherwise, and sent a storm to disconcert the well-laid plan. We are no worse off now than before, except the disclosure of our plan, against which they will guard. We met with one heavy loss which grieves me deeply: Colonel Washington accompanied Fitzhugh [his son] on a reconnoitering expedition. I fear they were carried away by their zeal and approached within the enemy's pickets. The first they knew there was a volley from a concealed party within a few yards of them. Three balls passed through the Colonel's body, three struck his horse, and the horse of one of the men was killed. Fitzhugh mounted the Colonel's horse and brought him off. I am much grieved. He was always anxious to go on these expeditions. This was the first day I assented. Since I had been thrown in such immediate relations with him, I had learned to appreciate him very highly. Morning and evening have I seen him on his knees praying to his Maker. "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; the merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come." May God have mercy on us all!

On the 26th of the same month he writes from his camp on Sewell Mountains:

I told you of the death of Colonel Washington. I grieve for his loss, though I trust him to the mercy of our Heavenly Father. It is raining heavily. The men are all exposed on the mountains, with the enemy opposite to us. We are without tents, and for two nights I have lain buttoned up in my overcoat. Today my tent came up and I am in it, yet I fear I shall not sleep for thinking

of the poor men. I have no doubt the socks you mentioned will be very acceptable to the men here and elsewhere. If you can send them here, I will distribute to the most needy.

The following was addressed to his son Maj. W. H. F. Lee:

SEWELL MT., 12th October, 1861.

MY DEAR FITZHUGH:

I am grieving over your absence and fear you are not comfortable. Tell me how you are. I learn that the baby is doing very well and getting quite fat. Your poor mother, who was in Charlottesville Saturday, was going to Richmond to join Charlotte and accompany her to the White House. I hope they will enjoy the quiet of the place and each other's company. Annie and Agnes are in Richmond, on their way to Cedar Grove. They have been to Uncle Carter's, and are well satisfied with their visit. The enemy in strong force threatened us for a week. I was in hopes they would attack, but after some sharp skirmishing with their reconnoitering parties last Saturday night they retired and by daybreak next morning their rear-guard was fifteen miles off. We followed the first day without provisions, and had to return at night in a drenching rain. We have only lived from day to day and on three-fourths rations at that. It is the want of supplies that has prevented our advancing, and up to this time there is no improvement. The strength of the enemy is variously reported by prisoners and civilians at from 17,000 to 24,000. General Floyd puts him down at 18,000. I think their numbers are much overrated, but that they are much stronger than we are. I believe they have crossed the Ganley and will not return this winter. God bless you, my dear son. Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

Capt. Robert E. Lee thus speaks of this period in his "Recollections of My Father":

When my father returned in the spring of 1861 and resigned from the United States Army, I was at the University of Virginia. When the war commenced I was, in common with every student, wild to enter the Army. I wrote my father that I was afraid the war would be over before I had a chance to serve my State as a soldier. His reply was that I need have no fear of that contingency; that I must study hard and fit myself to be useful to my State, when I became old enough to be of real service to her.

So, very properly, I was not allowed to have my way then. I did not preserve my father's reply to my letter, but find an allusion to it in a letter from him to my mother, dated April 30, 1861:

"I wrote to Robert that I could not consent to take boys from their schools and young men from their colleges, and put them in the ranks at the beginning of a war, when they are not wanted, and when there were men enough for the purpose. The war may last ten years. Where are our ranks to be filled from then? I was willing for his company to continue at their studies, to keep up its organization, and to perfect themselves in their military exercises, and to perform duty at the college, but not to be called into the field. I therefore wished him to remain. If the exercises at the college are suspended, he can then come home."

We had formed two military companies at the University, and it is to them that my father alluded. We had asked the Governor of Virginia to be mustered in the war, but he had declined our offer. So I stayed on at college till the end of that session and returned the next. In the summer vacation I took my mother to the Hot Springs of Virginia. This I did at the express desire of my father. I think it was to keep me out of the war. But the fever raged there and everywhere in the South. We all took it; there was no escape.

In a letter from Sewell Mountain, October 7, 1861, he writes Mrs. Lee that when her last letter was received—

. . . The enemy was threatening an attack, which was continued till Saturday night, when under cover of darkness and our usual mountain mist, he suddenly withdrew. Your letter, with the socks, was handed to me when I was preparing to follow. I could not at the time attend to either, but I have since; and as I found Perry [his colored servant from Arlington] in desperate need, I bestowed a couple of pairs on him as a present from you; the others I have put in my trunk, and suppose they will fall to the lot of Meredith [a colored servant from the White House], into the state of whose hose I have not yet inquired. Should any sick man require them first he shall have them, but Meredith will have no one near to supply him but me, and will naturally expect that attention. The water is almost as bad here as in the mountains I left. There was a drenching rain yesterday, and as I left my overcoat in camp, I was thoroughly wet from head to foot. It has been raining ever since, and is now coming down with a will; but I have my clothes out on the bushes, and they will be well washed. The force of the enemy, estimated by prisoners captured, is put down at from 17,000

to 20,000—General Floyd thinks 18,000. I do not think it exceeds 9,000 or 10,000, but it exceeds ours. I wish he had attacked, as I believe he would have been repulsed with great loss. The rumbling of his wheels, etc., were heard by our pickets; but as that was customary at night in moving and placing his cannon, the officer of the day, to whom it was reported, paid no particular attention to it, supposing it to be a preparation for an attack in the morning. When day appeared the bird had flown, and the misfortune was that the reduced condition of our horses for want of provender, exposure to cold rains in these mountains, and want of provisions for the men, prevented the vigorous pursuit of following up that had been prepared. We can only get up provisions from day to day, which paralyzes our operations. I am sorry, as you say, that the movements of the armies cannot keep pace with the expectations of the editors of papers. I know they can regulate matters satisfactory to themselves on paper. I wish they could do so in the field. No one wishes them more success than I do, and would be happy to see them have full swing. General Floyd has three editors on his staff. I hope something will be done to please them.

The allusion to the editors reminds us of a story of General Lee told by Hon. B. H. Hill of Georgia. "'We made a great mistake, Mr. Hill, in the beginning of our struggle, and I fear, in spite of all we can do, it will prove to be a fatal mistake,' he said to me, after General Bragg ceased to command the Army of Tennessee, an event Lee deplored.

"'What mistake is that, General?'

"'Why, sir, in the beginning we appointed all our worst generals to command the armies, and all our best generals to edit the newspapers. As you know, I have planned some campaigns and quite a number of battles. I have given the work all the care and thought I could, and sometimes, when my plans were completed, as far as I could see, they seemed to be perfect. But when I have fought them through, I have discovered defects and occasionally wondered I did not see some of the defects in advance. When it was all over, I found by reading a newspaper that these best editor generals saw all the defects plainly from the start. Unfortunately, they did not communicate their knowledge to me until it was too late.' Then, after a pause, he added, with a beautiful, grave expression I can

never forget: 'I have no ambition but to serve the Confederacy, and do all I can to win our independence. I am willing to serve in any capacity to which the authorities may assign me. I have done the best I could in the field, and have not succeeded as I could wish. I am willing to yield my place to these best generals, and I will do my best for the cause editing a newspaper.' "

In the same strain he once remarked to one of his generals, "Even as poor a soldier as I am can generally discover mistakes *after it is all over.* But if I could only induce these wise gentlemen who see them so clearly *beforehand* to communicate with me *in advance,* instead of waiting until the evil has come upon us, to let me know that *they knew all the time,* it would be far better for my reputation, and—what is of more consequence—far better for the cause." Certain it is that some of these *newspaper generals* were very severe on General Lee because of the result of the West Virginia campaign. They ridiculed his "West Point tactics," and made it appear that he had made so conspicuous a failure, that when he was ordered to take charge of the seacoast defenses of South Carolina and Georgia, there was sent up to the President a protest signed by nearly every officer on duty there. Mr. Davis quietly replied, "If Lee is not a general, then I have none that I can send you."

It can be only stated here that General Lee's service on the South Atlantic coast was of the utmost value, and the works which he planned were a most important element in the superb defense which, under their able commanders and brave troops, Charleston and Savannah subsequently made.

His letters at this period were of especial interest, as witness the following specimens:

COOSAWHATCHIE, S. C., December 22, 1861.

I shall think of you on that holy day more intensely than usual, and shall pray to the great God of Heaven to shower His blessings upon you in this world and to unite you all in His courts in the world to come. With a grateful heart I thank Him for his preservation of you thus far, and trust to His mercy and kindness for the

future. O, that I were more worthy and more thankful for all that He has done and continues to do for me!

And again on Christmas day he wrote:

I cannot let this day of grateful rejoicing pass without some communion with you. I am thankful for the many among the past that I have passed with you, and the remembrance of them fills me with pleasure. As to our old home, if not destroyed it will be difficult ever to be recognized. Even if the enemy had wished to preserve it, it would almost have been impossible. With the number of troops encamped around it, the change of officers, the want of fuel, shelter, etc., and all the dire necessities of war, it is vain to think of its being in a habitable condition. I fear, too, the books, furniture, and relics of Mount Vernon will be gone. It is better to make up our minds to a general loss. They cannot take away the remembrances of the spot, and the memories of those that to us rendered it sacred. That will remain to us as long as life will last and that we can preserve. In the absence of a home I wish I could purchase Stratford. It is the only other place I could go to now acceptable to us, that would inspire me with pleasure and local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place, but we could make enough corn-bread and bacon for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes. You must not build your hopes on peace on account of the United States going to war with England. The rulers are not entirely mad, and if they find England is in earnest, and that war or a restitution of the captives* must be the consequence, they will adopt the latter. We must make up our minds to fight our battles and win our independence alone. No one will help us.

In still another letter from the same place the General writes Mrs. Lee:

I am truly grateful for all the mercies we enjoy, notwithstanding the miseries of war, and join heartily in the wish that the next year may find us in peace with all the world. I am delighted to hear that our little grandson is improving so fast and is becoming such a perfect gentleman. May his path be strewn with flowers and his life with happiness. I am very glad to hear also that his dear papa is promoted. It will be gratifying to him, I hope, and increase his means of usefulness. While at Fernandina I went over to Cumberland Island and walked up to Dungeness, the

*Mason and Slidell.

former residence of General Greene. It was my first visit to the house, and I had the gratification at length of visiting my father's grave. He died there, you may recollect, on his way from the West Indies, and was interred in one corner of the family cemetery. The spot is marked by a plain marble slab, with his name, age, and date of his death. Mrs. Greene is also buried there, and her daughter, Mrs. Shaw, and her husband. The place is at present owned by Mr. Nightingale, nephew of Mrs. Shaw, who married a daughter of Mrs. James King. The family have moved into the interior of Georgia, leaving only a few servants and a white gardener on the place. The garden was beautifully enclosed by the finest hedge of wild olive I have ever seen.

To his daughter he writes:

SAVANNAH, 22d November, 1861.

MY DARLING DAUGHTER:

I wish I could see you, be with you, and never again part from you. God only can give me that happiness. I pray for it night and day. But my prayers, I know, are not worthy to be heard . . . I am much pleased at your description of Stratford and your visit there. It is endeared to me by many recollections, and it has always been the desire of my life to be able to purchase it. Now that we have no other home, and the one we so loved has been forever desecrated, that desire is stronger with me than ever. The horse-chestnut you mention in the garden was planted by my mother. I am sorry the vault is so dilapidated. You do not mention the spring, one of the objects of my earliest recollections. How my heart goes back to those happy days! . . . This is my second visit to Savannah. I have been down the coast as far as Amelia Island to examine the defenses. They are poor indeed, and I have laid off work to employ our people a month. I hope our enemy will be polite enough to wait for us. It is difficult to get our people to realize their position. Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

The following is one of a number of letters he wrote to the wife of his son, Wm. H. F. Lee. These letters, in affectionate playfulness, tender love, and chaste English, are, in my judgment, absolutely unsurpassed as specimens of letters in all the "Literature of letters."

COOSAWHATCHIE, S. C., December 29, 1861.

You have no occasion to inform me, you precious *Chass*, that you have not written to me for a long time. That I already knew, and *you* know that the letters I am obliged to write do not prevent my reading letters from you.

If it requires fits of *indignation* to cause you to ventilate your paper, I will give occasion for a series of spasms, but in the present case I am innocent, as my proposition was for you to accompany your mama to Fayetteville, and not to run off with her son to Fredericksburg. I am afraid the enemy will catch you, and besides there are too many young men there. I only want you to visit the old men—your grandpapa and papa. But what has got into your heads to cause you to cut off of them your hair? If you will weave some delicate fabrics for the soldiers of the family out of it, I will be content with the sacrifice. Or if it is an expression of a penitential mood that has come over you young women I shall not complain. Poor little A., somebody told me that a widower had been making sweet eyes at her through his spectacles. Perhaps she is preparing for caps. But you can tell her not to distress herself. Her papa is not going to give her up in that way. I am, however, so glad that you are all together that I am willing you should indulge in some extravagances if they do not result in serious hurt, as they will afford a variety to the grave occupation of knitting, sewing, spinning, and weaving. You will have to get out the old wheels and looms again, else I do not know where we poor Confederates will get clothes. I have plenty of old ones for the present, but how are they to be renewed? And that is the condition of many others. I do not think there are manufactories sufficient in the Confederacy to supply the demand, and as the men are all engrossed by the war, the women will have to engage in the business. Fayetteville or Stratford would be a fine manufactory. When you go to see your grandpa, consult him about it. I am glad to hear that he is well, and hope he will not let these disjointed times put him out of his usual way or give him inconvenience. I would not advise him to commence building at Broadneck until he sees whether the enemy can be driven from the land, as they have a great fondness for destroying residences when they can do it without danger to themselves . . . Do not let them get that precious baby, as he is so sweet that they would be sure to eat him. . . . Kiss Fitzhugh for me and the baby. That is the sweetest Christmas gift I can send them. I send you some sweet violets. I hope they may retain their fragrance till you receive them. I have just gathered them for you. The sun has set, and

my eyes plead for relief, for they have had no rest this holy day. But my heart with all its strength stretches toward you and those with you, and hushes in silence its yearnings. God bless you, my daughter, your dear husband and son. Give much love to your mama, and may every blessing attend you all, prays,

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

Could anything be more beautiful than the following Christmas letter to one of his daughters?

Coosawhatchie, S. C., December 25, 1861.

My dear Daughter:

Having distributed such poor Christmas gifts as I had to those around me, I have been looking for something for you. Trifles even are hard to get these war-times, and you must not therefore expect more. I have sent you what I thought most useful in your separation from me, and hope it will be of some service. Though stigmatized as "vile dross," it has never been a drug with me. That you may never want for it, restrict your wants to your necessities. Yet how little will it purchase! But see how God provides for our pleasure in every way. To compensate for such "trash," I send you some sweet violets that I gathered for you this morning while covered with dense white frost, whose crystals glittered in the bright sun like diamonds, and formed a brooch of rare beauty and sweetness which could not be fabricated by the expenditure of a world of money. May God guard and preserve you for me, my dear daughter! Among the calamities of war, the hardest to bear, perhaps, is the separation of families and friends. Yet all must be endured to accomplish our independence and maintain our self-government. In my absence from you I have thought of you very often, and regretted I could do nothing for your comfort. Your old home, if not destroyed by our enemies, has been so desecrated that I cannot bear to think of it. I should have preferred it to have been wiped from the earth, its beautiful hill sunk, and its sacred trees buried, rather than to have been degraded by the presence of those who revel in the ill they do for their own selfish purposes. You see what a poor sinner I am, and how unworthy to possess what was given me; for that reason it has been taken away. I pray for a better spirit, and that the hearts of our enemies may be changed. In your homeless condition I hope you make yourself contented and useful. Occupy yourself in aiding those more helpless than yourself. . . . Think always of your father,

R. E. Lee.

In a letter to his son Custis under date of December 29, 1861, he writes about a number of business matters, and then says:

The news from Europe is indeed good, but I think the U. S. Govt., notwithstanding their moral and political commitment to Wilkes's act, if it finds that England is earnest and that it will have to fight or retract, will retract. We must make up our minds to fight our battles ourselves, expect to receive aid from no one, and make every necessary sacrifice of comfort, money, and labor to bring the war to a successful close. The cry is too much for help. I am mortified to hear it. We want no aid. We want to be true to ourselves, to be prudent, just, and bold. I am dreadfully disappointed at the spirit here. They have all of a sudden realized the asperities of war. If I only had some veteran troops to take the trust, they would soon rally and be inspired with the great principle for which we are contending. The enemy is quiet, and safe in his big boats. He is threatening everywhere around, pillaging, burning, and robbing where he can venture with impunity, and alarming women and children. Every day I have reports of their landing in force, marching upon us, etc., which turns out to be some marauding party. The last was the North Edisto. I yesterday went over the whole line in that region from the Ashepro to the W. and found everything quiet and could only see them by black ships lying down the Edisto, where the water is too broad for anything we have to reach them. They will not venture as yet in the narrow waters. I went yesterday 115 miles but only 35 on horseback. I did not get back until 11 P. M. I took Greenbrier the whole distance. Take good care of Richmond. Draw his forage on my account. Send him to me if opportunity offers, if you do not want him. I have two horses now with me. Good-by, my dear son.

R. E. Lee.

In a letter to this same son, under date of January 4, 1862, he writes very fully of his desire to settle up the estate of Mr. Custis, and free the negroes at the appointed time, and then adds:

Give much love to everybody. We are all well. No news. Enemy quiet, and retired to his Islands. The main seemed too insecure for him, and he never went 400 yds. from his steamers, not even to the extent of the range of his guns. After burning some houses (three) on the river bank, and feeling our proximity unpleasant, he retreated to Port Royal again. I hope we may always be able

to keep him close. But he can move with great facility and rapidity and land anywhere he can bring his steamers, and burn, pillage, and destroy and we cannot prevent him. We lost one 12-pounder. It was drawn by mules with negro drivers, so hard are we pressed for men, who became frightened at the firing, upset the gun in a ditch, broke the carriage, and it had to be abandoned. Do you hear of any more troops coming to me, or can any be sent? The Mississippi regiment, Colonel Russell, I understand has gone to Tennessee, and I hear of none coming in its place. The South Carolina troops come very slowly. Georgia has taken her troops in the State service. Your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

Under date of the 19th of January, he writes:

I have just returned from a visit to the coast as far as Fernandina. Our defenses are growing stronger, but progress slowly. The volunteers dislike work and there is much sickness among them besides. Guns too are required, ammunition, and more men. Still, on the whole, matters are encouraging and if the enemy does not approach in overwhelming numbers, we ought to hold our ground. He is quiescent still. What he is preparing for or when he will strike I cannot discover. His numerous boats cut off all communications with the islands, where he hides himself, and his works. I saw in Fernandina Miss Matilda. I fear she is out with me. She had written me another tremendous long letter, which I had never been able to read, and it seems she wanted some companies placed near her at old Fort Carlos, which I could not do. I was also at Dungeness. The garden was beautiful. Filled with roses, etc., which had not so far been touched with frost this winter. The place is deserted. Mrs. N. and her daughters occupy a log cabin in the pines near Thebeanville, junction of Brunswick and S. & Gulf R. R's. Mr. N. is on the St. Mary's. Every one on the coast has suffered, but they bear it manfully. No civilized nation within my knowledge has ever carried on war as the U. S. Govt. has against us. I saw good old Mrs. Mackay, the young Stiles, etc., in S. Everybody inquired kindly for you. Ives is in S. helping Echols lay out intrenchments around the city. Give much love to all friends, your mother, etc., and believe me always,

Your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

Col. G. W. Custis Lee.

He wrote his wife on February 8, 1862, from Savannah:

I wrote you the day I left Coosawhatchie. I have been here ever since endeavoring to push forward the works for the defense of the city. Guns are scarce as well as ammunition. I shall have to bring up batteries from the coast, I fear, to provide for this city. Our enemies are trying to work their way through the creeks and soft marshes along the interior of the coast, which communicate with the sounds and sea, through which the Savannah flows, and thus avoid the entrance to the river, commanded by Fort Pulaski. Their boats require only seven feet of water to float them, and the tide rises seven feet, so that at high water they can work their way and rest on the mud at low tide. I hope, however, we shall be able to stop them, and my daily prayer to the Giver of all victory is to enable us to do so. We must make up our minds to meet with reverses and overcome them. But the contest must be long, and the whole country has to go through much suffering. It is necessary we should be humble and taught to be less boastful, less selfish, and more devoted to right and justice to all the world.

And again from the same place he says on February 23:

The news from Tennessee and North Carolina is not at all cheering. Disasters seem to be thickening around us. It calls for renewed energies and redoubled strength on our part. I fear our soldiers have not realized the necessity of endurance and labor, and that it is better to sacrifice themselves for our cause. God, I hope, will shield us and give us success. I hear the enemy is progressing slowly in his designs. His gunboats are pushing up all the creeks and marshes to the Savannah, and have obtained a position so near the river as to shell the steamers navigating it. I am engaged in constructing a line of defense at Fort Jackson which, if time permits and guns can be obtained, I hope will keep them out.

The following playful letter was written to one of his daughters on her attaining her sixteenth birthday:

SAVANNAH, 26th February, 1862.

And are you really sweet sixteen? That is charming, and I want to see you more than ever. But when that will be, my darling child, I have no idea. I hope after the war is over we may again all be united, and I may have some pleasant years with my children, that they may cheer the remnant of my days. I am very glad to hear that you are progressing so well in your studies, and that your reports are so favorable. Your mother wrote me

about them. You must continue to do likewise to the end of the session, when I hope you will be able to join your mother. It has been a long time since I have seen you, and you must have grown a great deal. Rob says he is told that you are a young woman. I have grown so old, and become so changed, that you would not know me. But I love you just as much as ever and you know how great a love that is. You must remember me to the P's., your cousin M., Mrs. B., the C's., etc., and tell them how obliged I am for their kindness to you. I hope you appreciate it, and that your manners and conduct are so well regulated as to make your presence and company agreeable to them.

I hope you will be admired and loved by all my friends, and acquire the friendship of all the good and virtuous. I am glad S. agrees with you so well. You know it is considered vulgar for young ladies to eat, which I suppose is the cause of your abstinence. But do not carry it too far, for you know I do not admire young women who are too thin. Who is so imprudent in Clarke as to get married? I did not think in these days of serious occurrences that any one would engage in such trivial amusements. This is a serious period, indeed, and the time looks dark, but it will brighten again, and I hope a kind Providence will yet smile upon us, and give us freedom and independence. These reverses were necessary to make us brace ourselves for the work before us. We were getting careless and confident, and required correction. You must do all you can for our dear country. Pray for the aid of our dear Father in Heaven for our suffering soldiers and their distressed families. I pray day and night for you. May Almighty God guide, guard, and protect you! I have but little time to write, my dear daughter. You must excuse my short and dull letters. Write me when you can, and love always your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

In a letter to one of his sons under date of February 16, 1862, he says:

I am very glad to hear that you are well and that you have attained such a high position by your own merit. I hope you will strive hard to show that you deserve it, and that you will go on increasing in honor and usefulness. Our country requires now every one to put forth all his ability, regardless of self, and I am cheered in my downward path in life by the onward and rising course of my dear sons.

The following I give in full, as of deep interest:

SAVANNAH, 23d February, 1862.

MY DEAR SON:

I have received your letter of the 12th and am glad you have returned safely from the Rappahannock. I hope your visit was satisfactory. I am sorry your arrangement for sending on Richmond failed, and especially for the trouble he occasioned everybody. He is a troublesome fellow and dislikes to associate with strange horses. He expresses it more in words than acts, and if firmly treated becomes quiet at last. I know his propensity to squeal on such occasions and can imagine how unacceptable he made himself to strangers. I carried him in the car with all our horses to and from western Virginia without accident or harm. He might as well wait now, and I hope you can make him useful to you. The expense of hiring a man and car to get him to me would not be indemnified by the use to me. I have two horses. Col. W. has been here, as you may have learned, and I should judge from his manner everything was agreeable to him. He took his departure two days since, and I sent by him an afghan or robe, knit for me by Miss "Tattie" Clinch, which is too pretty to have in camp. I desired him to give it to you and I wish you would send it to your mother or put it away somewhere, and ask her to keep it for me. I have heard of Mary's return from Norfolk, and I hope she is now with her mother. In these times of trouble I am always anxious about those away from me. The victories of the enemy increase and consequently the necessity of increased energy and activity on our part. Our men do not seem to realize this, and the same supineness and carelessness of their duty continue. If it will have the effect of arousing them and imparting an earnestness and boldness to their work, it will be beneficial to us. If not we shall be overrun for a time, and must make up our minds to great suffering. Here the enemy seems to be slowly making his way to the Savannah River through the creeks and marshes, and his shells now interrupt its navigation. We have nothing that floats that can contend with him, and it is grating to see his progress unopposed by any resistance we can make. The communication with Fort Pulaski is cut. That may in time be reduced, but I am constructing batteries at Fort Jackson which, if our men will fight, will give him trouble to get to the city. His batteries are so numerous and strong that I know they are hard to resist, but if we have the time and guns they ought if vulnerable to be beaten off. Their barges and reconnoitering boats are even clad with iron, so that our musket and rifle balls are harmless. The work pro-

gresses slowly and it is with the utmost difficulty that it is pushed ahead. I had until lately supposed Charleston would have been first attacked, but now it seems they are concentrating here. We are stronger in C. than here. The creeks that intersect the marshes through with the waters of Port Royal Harbor to the north and Warsaw Sound on the south are a great element of weakness, and indeed the facilities the arms or branches of these waters afford for approach and investment in all directions make it one of the hardest places to defend I ever saw, against light draft boats. The tide rises seven and eight feet, so it is easy to propel their boats over the mud. This will be plain to you who know the topography of the place. Your friends here are all well and frequently inquire after you. Mrs. Wm. H. Stiles has come down, since Mrs. Lord's return to her children. I now hear that Mr. Lord is released on parole in Baltimore. I do not know if it is true. Remember me to all friends, my dear son, and give much love to your mother, Fitzhugh, and all the girls. I hope you will be able to attend to the business matters without distress to yourself or neglect of your duty. All must be sacrificed to the country. May God protect you and shield you from all harm.

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

Col. G. W. Custis Lee.

CHAPTER VI

THE SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR

"Military adviser of the President"—Question of rank, in which Lee took no part—The Confederate disasters of the spring of 1862—The situation at Richmond—The *Merrimac* (*Virginia*) and the *Monitor*—Jackson's Valley campaign and its results—Battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks)—Jos. E. Johnston wounded and Lee put in command of the Army—The situation at Richmond—Lee's strategy—Seven days' battles around Richmond and their results—Letters to his family—Second Manassas campaign—Battle of Cedar Run—Pope's orders—General Lee's letters—A description of his war-horse "Traveler"—The battle of second Manassas—Capture of Harper's Ferry—Battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam)—Death of his daughter Anne, and how he bore it—Family letters—Removal of General McClellan—Battle of Fredericksburg—Family letters—General Long's incidents—Capt. Robert E. Lee's recollections—General orders—Letter from an English officer.

About the middle of March, 1862, General Lee was summoned to Richmond as the "Military Adviser of the President," practically commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies.

Some time before he had been made full general, the five generals appointed ranking as follows: S. Cooper, Albert Sydney Johnston, R. E. Lee, Jos. E. Johnston, and G. T. Beauregard.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston earnestly resented this assignment, claiming that as he was Quartermaster-General in the United States Army, with rank of brigadier-general, he was entitled, under the Confederate law, to the first place among the generals, as the rest had only been colonels. But the President's reply was that *Quartermaster-General* was only a staff appointment, and simply entitled General Johnston to outrank any one *on the staff;* that he was entitled to be Adjutant and Inspector-General, Commissary-General, or Quartermaster-General if he

desired one of those positions, but that if he went into the field he must have the same relative rank that he had before he was made Quartermaster-General, and be outranked by Cooper, Sydney Johnston, and Lee, who outranked him in the line.

The controversy was very bitter, but Lee took no part in it, and was accustomed to say, "Oh, I care nothing about rank. I am willing to serve *anywhere* that I can be most useful."

Indeed, when the Virginia troops were transferred to the Confederacy, and he did not understand that he was to retain his proper rank, he was quietly making his arrangements to enlist as a private soldier in his son's cavalry company. The outlook for the Confederacy in the early spring of '62 was dark indeed. The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson in the West necessitating the evacuation of Nashville and a large part of Tennessee, the capture of New Orleans, the capture of Roanoke Island, and other points had cast a gloom over the Confederate cause which could not be concealed from its most enthusiastic adherents. The truth is, that after the splendid victory of first Manassas the Confederates thought that their independence was practically won; that by the spring England and France would recognize the independence of the Confederacy and the war would cease. As a result the soldiers had, many of them, gone home, and the people had quit praying and gone to speculating.

On the other hand, the Government and people at the North had made the most herculean efforts to prepare for opening the campaign, and they put into the field overwhelming numbers, superbly equipped, and a naval force of unexampled strength in vessels, guns, and equipment.

In Virginia, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, who had been put in command of the Army of the Potomac, advanced on Manassas in such overwhelming force that Johnston fell back behind the Rappahannock.

It becoming evident that McClellan would now transfer his army to Fortress Monroe and advance up the Peninsula, Johnston concentrated his army at Yorktown, where Gen. John

B. Magruder had made a brave defense. After delaying McClellan for about a month, Johnston fell back to the defenses of Richmond. When the Confederates captured the Navy Yard at Portsmouth Bay they found that the old *Merrimac,* the finest steamship in the service, had been scuttled and sunk by the Federal authorities. The Confederates raised her, and under a plan submitted by Capt. John M. Brooke, who had been M. F. Maury's accomplished assistant in the Observatory at Washington, converted her into an ironclad, and named her the *Virginia.* About noon of March 8, 1862, the *Virginia* steamed out from Norfolk into Hampton Roads, and made at once for the *Cumberland* near Newport News at the mouth of the James River. The *Cumberland* made a heroic fight, but her solid shot struck harmlessly on the iron sides of the *Virginia,* which soon crashed into her with her beak, and sunk her. The *Cumberland* went down with all on board, her flag still fluttering from the masthead above the water, while her hull lay in a careened position on the bottom. The *Virginia* next destroyed the *Congress,* and continued the fight until after night with the shore batteries, and the frigates *Minnesota, Roanoke,* and *St. Lawrence,* and would no doubt have destroyed these vessels also had they not hugged the shore in shoal water where the *Virginia* could not get at them.

That night the *Virginia* (with the *Patrick Henry,* the *Jamestown,* the *Teazer,* and the *Raleigh,* small wooden boats which were her consorts), anchored off Sewell's Point, her wounded, including her commander, Commodore Buchanan, having been sent to Norfolk on the *Beaufort.*

Early the next morning the *Virginia,* now commanded by Lt. Catesby Jones, steamed from Sewell's Point straight for the *Minnesota,* when she encountered the ironclad *Monitor,* which was the invention of Capt. Ericsson, and had arrived the night before. Then ensued the first battle between ironclads that had ever been witnessed. The *Virginia* was much the larger, and more clumsy, and her machinery was not at all equal to that of her beautifully constructed antagonist, but neither could

penetrate the armor of the other. The *Virginia* failed to sink the *Monitor* as her ram had been broken off in the *Cumberland,* and the battle continued until the *Monitor* ran into shoal water where the *Virginia* could not get at her. After waiting for some time, and failing to induce her antagonist to come out again, the *Virginia* steamed up to Norfolk for necessary repairs.

On the 11th of April, as soon as these repairs were made, Commodore Tattnall, who had now been put in command of the *Virginia* and her consorts (the wooden vessels mentioned above), steamed down to Hampton Roads and offered battle to the Federal fleet, which consisted of the *Monitor,* the *Naugatuck* (a small ironclad), and a large number of wooden vessels, including the powerful *Vanderbilt,* which had been especially prepared to "run down and sink the *Merrimac";* but instead of accepting the proffered battle, the Federal fleet took refuge under the guns of Fortress Monroe, not venturing out, even when the *Jamestown* captured two vessels at Newport News. The Confederate fleet held possession of the Roads for several days without inducing the Federal fleet to come out from its refuge and without being able to get at them, because of shoal water and torpedoes that the Federals had planted in the channel.

On the 8th of May the Federal fleet (now reinforced by the ironclad *Galena* and other vessels) took advantage of the absence of the *Virginia* at Norfolk, and began to bombard Sewell's Point; but the *Virginia* promptly moved down to meet them, and as soon as her smoke was seen the Federal fleet precipitately fled to their refuge under the guns of Fortress Monroe. Indeed, the commander of the *Monitor* had positive orders from the Navy Department at Washington, after the first engagement, not to fight the *Virginia* (*Merrimac*) unless forced to do so; and the *Virginia* "ruled the wave" in Hampton Roads and protected Norfolk and the waterway to Richmond until the evacuation of Norfolk, when the pilots decided, at the last moment, that she drew too much water (twenty-three

feet) to be carried up the James, and she was destroyed off Craney Island, May 10, 1862. She would never have been able to go to Washington, far less to New York, as she drew too much water for the river, and would not have been equal to a sea voyage; but she unquestionably revolutionized the naval warfare of the world, and, while many improvements have since been made, the real inventor of ironclads was the modest gentleman and great scientist, Capt. John M. Brooke, who planned the *Virginia.*

There can be little doubt that the great battleships of today are planned after the model of Brooke's *Virginia,* and not after Ericsson's *Monitor.*

The claim of the crew of the *Monitor,* which perished in a storm off Cape Hatteras, for prize money on the ground that the *Monitor* had defeated the *Virginia,* and prevented her from going to Washington, Baltimore, or even New York, was referred to a committee of the House of Representatives. This committee made a full investigation of the whole question, examining carefully the official reports and all competent witnesses they could secure, and on May 4, 1884, through their chairman, Mr. Ballentine, made a report adverse to this claim on the ground that it had been clearly established, "(1) that the *Monitor,* after her engagement with the *Merrimac* (*Virginia*), on the 9th of March, never again dared encounter her though offered frequent opportunities; (2) that so much doubt existed in the minds of the Federal authorities as to her power to meet the *Merrimac* (*Virginia*) that orders were given her commander not to fight her voluntarily; (3) that the *Merrimac* (*Virginia*), so far from being seriously injured in her engagement, efficiently protected the approaches to Norfolk and Richmond until Norfolk was evacuated; (4) that the *Merrimac* could not have gotten to Washington or Baltimore in her normal condition; (5) that she could not have gone to sea at all; (6) and that although she could have run by the Federal fleet and Old Point (barring torpedoes in the channel) and threatened McClellan's base at Yorktown, in exceptionably good

weather, yet to do this she would have had to leave the James River open."

I published this report in full in "Southern Historical Papers" (Vol. XIII, pp. 90-119), and it conclusively settles the questions at issue. I have stated the facts in reference to the battle between the *Virginia* (*Merrimac*) and the *Monitor* thus fully because they are so generally misstated in the books.

After the advance of the Federal army to the Chickahominy this was the situation: McClellan had 105,000 men intrenched around Richmond, 40,000 at Fredericksburg to move down on his flank, and 10,000 in reserve at Fortress Monroe. But just then the plan of attack was disturbed by Stonewall Jackson's brilliant Valley campaign. Defeating Fremont's advance at McDowell, and returning to drive Banks down the Valley and across the Potomac, he so alarmed the authorities at Washington that on the 24th of May Mr. Lincoln telegraphed McDowell at Fredericksburg as follows:

> General Fremont has been ordered by telegraph to move from Franklin to Harrisonburg to relieve General Banks and capture or destroy Jackson's or Ewell's forces. You are instructed, laying aside for the present the movement on Richmond, to put 20,000 men in motion at once for the Shenandoah, moving on the line in advance of the Manassas Gap Railroad.

The same day McDowell telegraphed the Secretary of War:

> The President's order has been received, is in process of execution. *This is a crushing blow to us.*

Jackson eluded the two columns sent to "crush" him, fought them in detail at Cross Keys and Port Republic, defeating Fremont, and routing Shields, and remained master of the situation.

In thirty days he had marched over 400 miles, skirmishing almost daily; fought five battles, defeated three armies, two of which were completely routed, captured twenty pieces of artillery, 4,000 prisoners, and immense stores of all kinds, and had done all this with a loss of fewer than 1,000 men killed, wounded, and missing, and with a force of only 15,000 men,

while there were at least 60,000 men in all opposed to him. He had spread consternation throughout the North, and had neutralized McDowell's 40,000 men at Fredericksburg, who were about to march on Richmond to aid McClellan in investing the city.

After the destruction of the *Virginia* there was nothing to prevent the Federal fleet from coming up the James to Richmond save an unfinished earthwork at Drewry's Bluff, nine miles below Richmond, and some obstructions in the river at that point.

On the morning of May 15 Commander Rogers with the *Galena,* the *Monitor,* the *Aroostook,* the *Port Royal,* and the *Naugatuck,*—the first two being ironclads,—made an attack on Drewry's Bluff ("Fort Darling"), and there was naturally great alarm felt in Richmond. But the fort was held by the crew of the *Virginia,* and other brave artillerists, President Davis and General Lee were there in person to encourage the men by their presence, and a gallant and successful defense was made. The *Galena* was very much cut up, others of the vessels were injured, and Commander Rogers reported a loss of thirteen killed and eleven wounded. The Confederates lost seven killed and eight wounded. The vessels withdrew out of range and dropped down the river, and Richmond was saved.

The battles of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks were fought on the 31st of May and 1st of June. General Johnston endeavored to crush the wing of McClellan's army south of the Chickahominy, and on the first day did drive them from several lines of works and inflict on them very heavy loss. It seemed that the whole of that wing would be destroyed as there was a freshet in the river at the time, and reinforcements could not be easily brought from the north side. But General Sumner, with great energy, succeeded in bridging the river, and throwing over his command, who checked the farther advance of the victors. There was some confusion among the Confederates owing to misapprehension of orders. General

Johnston was severely wounded, the battle was not vigorously pressed the next day, and both sides resumed their old lines.

On the afternoon of the second day (June 1) Gen. R. E. Lee, by order of President Davis, was assigned to the command of all of the Confederate troops in Virginia.

The military career of Lee in the Confederate Army really began to show itself after this assignment. He had previously rendered most important service, but the world had no opportunity of judging what a soldier he was.

He at once set himself to work to prepare an attack which should drive McClellan from before Richmond, and if possible crush his army. That gallant trooper J. E. B. Stuart, being sent with 1,200 picked cavalry to reconnoiter McClellan's right flank, rode entirely around his army and returned to Richmond with large captures of stores and prisoners, and precisely the information which General Lee wanted.

Lee had written Jackson, "You can have what forces you need to advance down the Valley again, but you must first come and help me drive these people away from Richmond."

McClellan had 105,000 men intrenched with all the strength that complete appliances and engineering skill could provide, and he only waited for McDowell to come down from Fredericksburg to complete the investment and secure the capture of the "Rebel Capital." But Lee sent reinforcements to Jackson so ostentatiously that the Federal authorities promptly heard of it, and inferred that Jackson was to advance down the Valley again and threaten Washington. Under instructions from Lee, Jackson covered his front with a cordon of cavalry pickets, and did everything to convince the Federals that he intended to advance down the Valley, so that at the very moment that McClellan was expecting the advance of McDowell he received notice from Washington that McDowell had been united with the forces of Banks and Fremont "to defend the National Capital." At the appointed hour Jackson took up his line of march for Richmond and conducted his movement so secretly that at the very hour that he was thundering on McClellan's

flank on the Chickahominy, Banks and Fremont were fortifying in the lower Valley against an expected attack from him, and McDowell was getting ready to support them. After Lee had brought Jackson to his help, and had gathered all of the troops he could from other points, he had only 80,000 troops (the largest army he ever commanded), with which to attack McClellan's 105,000 in their strong intrenchments. And yet he did not hesitate. He had a conference with Jackson, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and D. H. Hill, gave them their instructions, and calmly awaited the issue.

I cannot describe in detail the seven days' battles, but can merely indicate in outline the trend of events.

McClellan had been awaiting the cooperation of McDowell to begin his long-contemplated attack on the main lines defending Richmond, and now that he found that he was to be deprived of McDowell's help, he determined to wait no longer, but to begin the attack. Accordingly, on the morning of the 25th of June he sent forward Hooker's division of Heintzelman's corps on both sides of the Williamsburg road, sent other troops to reinforce them, and made quite a spirited attack on the Confederate position; but the attack was finally repulsed, the Federal loss being 516 and the Confederate loss a little over 400, and both sides resumed their old positions. McClellan had waited too long to assume the offensive, for it now began to dawn upon him that Lee was about to attack him, and the question now was not whether he could capture Richmond, but whether he could successfully retreat.

On the afternoon of the 26th of June A. P. Hill, with his famous "Light Division," crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, and moved down on Mechanicsville, driving off the Federal force, and opening the way for Longstreet and D. H. Hill to cross at that point. He next moved on the very strong position at Ellison's Mill, but was stoutly and successfully resisted until night put an end to the contest, and early the next morning Jackson flanked the position, and it was abandoned by its brave defenders. There followed the next day

the battle of Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor, in which Gen. Fitz-John Porter made a heroic defense against the assaults of A. P. Hill, Longstreet, Jackson, and D. H. Hill, but was finally driven from every position, and compelled to cross the Chickahominy to join the rest of the army on the south side. The positions at Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill (substantially the same battlefield) were naturally strong, and after being fortified with all the art which engineering skill and ample material could produce, and being manned with the most improved guns and the best troops, they were so formidable that a commander of less nerve than Lee would have hesitated to attack them, and less heroic troops would have recoiled before the withering fire which the brave defenders poured into their ranks. Even Stonewall Jackson said, when looking at one of the positions the next day which seemed absolutely impregnable, "The men who carried this position were soldiers indeed."

The brave and able Gen. Fitz-John Porter commanded this wing of McClellan's army and was reinforced from the south side of the Chickahominy as his needs required. A. P. Hill, with his gallant "Light Division," opened the battle a little after noon, and Longstreet, Jackson, and D. H. Hill took up the attack until the battle raged fiercely along the whole Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor lines. About sundown a final charge was made by the Confederates, which swept everything before them, carried every position on Porter's line, and drove him across the Chickahominy, the timely arrival of fresh troops enabling him to make good his retreat and destroy his bridges behind him.

General Lee thus announced the result of this battle:

HEADQUARTERS, June 27, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY, PRESIDENT DAVIS.

MR. PRESIDENT: Profoundly grateful to Almighty God for the signal victory granted to us, it is my pleasing task to announce to you the success achieved by this army today.

The enemy was this morning driven from his strong position behind Beaver Dam Creek, and pursued to that behind Powhite Creek, and finally, after a severe contest of five hours, entirely repulsed from the field.

Night put an end to the contest. I grieve to state that our loss in officers and men is great.

We sleep on the field, and shall renew the contest in the morning.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

R. E. Lee.
General.

General McClellan sent the following telegram to President Lincoln:

June 28, 1862, 12.20 A. M.

I now know the full history of the day. On this side of the river (the right bank) we repulsed several strong attacks. On the left bank our men did all that men could do—all that soldiers could accomplish, but they were overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, even after I brought my last reserves into action. Had I 20,000 or even 10,000 fresh troops to use tomorrow, I could take Richmond; but I have not a man in reserve, and shall be glad to cover my retreat and save the material and personnel of the army. If we have lost the day, we have yet preserved our honor, and no one need blush for the Army of the Potomac. I have lost this battle because my force was too small. . . . I still hope to retrieve our fortunes. . . . I know that a few thousand men more would have changed this battle from a defeat to a victory.

To this Mr. Lincoln replied:

June 28, 1862.

Save your army at all events. . . .

General McClellan during the whole of these operations labored under a very strange delusion as to the strength of the Confederate army opposed to him. With the great help of "intelligent contrabands" and the estimates of his "Secret Service" corps he placed General Lee's force at the beginning of these battles at 200,000 men, nearly twice as many as he had under his immediate command. Yet the figures given above (80,000) are absolutely the correct strength of Lee's army, as verified by the most careful study of the official figures.

What McClellan *might* have done had he not labored under this delusion of Lee's superior numbers—whether after the battle of the 27th he would have made a bold attempt to cut

through the Confederate lines and go into Richmond, and what would have been the result—it is useless now to speculate. What he actually *did* was to retreat to a new base on James River, Westover, or Harrison's Landing, twenty miles below Richmond.

That this was a mere "change of base" which had been determined on some time before, and not a forced retreat, is abundantly refuted by McClellan's own confidential dispatches to the authorities at Washington as published in the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and by the testimony of various officers of his army. The truth is that after Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor, McClellan was only intent on *saving his army,* as Mr. Lincoln had advised.

He had very great advantage over Lee in the beginning of his retreat, because the Confederate commander could not determine whether he would make another attack on his lines, or retreat, and if the latter whether he would retreat to the York, or the lower James. Thus McClellan gained twenty-four hours' start, and was further favored by the character of the country and the ease with which the roads could be obstructed. But Lee's pursuit, when he ascertained that McClellan was retreating to the James, was skilful and vigorous. At Savage Station on the 29th of June, and at White Oak Swamp, and Frazier's Farm (Glendale) on the 30th of June there were severe battles and decisive Confederate victories. But at White Oak Swamp there were failures on the part of Lee's subordinates which not only made his victory dearly bought, but which prevented the crushing of a large part of McClellan's army, which would have rendered the battle of Malvern Hill unnecessary and in fact impossible.

Col. Wm. Allan, who was Jackson's chief of ordnance and proved one of the ablest and most accurate of our military writers, in his really superb book on the "Army of Northern Virginia in 1862," thus concludes his account of this battle:

As we have seen, only the column under Longstreet and A. P. Hill did anything—the others accomplished nothing. They did

not even prevent reinforcements from going to the Federal center. It is impossible to deny that General Lee was very poorly served on this occasion by his subordinates. Holmes was so imposed upon by Porter's demonstration that he was not only paralyzed for the day, but continued inactive during the great struggle at Malvern Hill on the morrow. He is, also, responsible for keeping Magruder out of the fight, who spent the afternoon in marching and countermarching because of Holmes's request for reinforcements. Huger's feeble operations were the most disappointing of all. He was nearest to Longstreet, and he was almost on the edge of the battlefield, yet he did nothing, while Slocum in his front reinforced Kearny, and thus held Longstreet's left wing at bay. Nor is it possible to free from blame on this occasion a greater soldier than Holmes or Huger. Jackson, ignorant of the country, had in the swamp and Franklin's veterans substantial causes of delay, but they were not such obstacles as usually held Jackson in check. Vigorous demonstrations at the fords above and below as well as at White Oak Swamp bridge would probably have secured a crossing at one point or another, and the tremendous prize at stake was such as to justify any efforts. Jackson's comparative inaction was a matter of surprise at the time, and has never been satisfactorily explained. Some have attributed it to physical exhaustion, and the demands of the campaign had been severe; but it is best to set it down as one of the few great mistakes of his marvelous career.

Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney, who was on Jackson's staff at the time, and wrote his biography, concurs in this view of Colonel Allan, but attributes Jackson's failure to force the crossing of White Oak Swamp to his utter physical exhaustion. It is proper to say on the other hand that Colonel Henderson, in the able biography of Jackson, defends him from the charge of failure on this occasion and quotes statements from several members of his staff in proof. And I remember that one day at Beauvoir, not long before his death, President Jefferson Davis discussed this question very earnestly, and showing me the map insisted that the impassability of the swamp and the position of Franklin, and not any tardiness or fault on the part of Jackson, caused his delay in crossing, and his inaction during the battle. At Malvern Hill on July 1 McClellan crowned the heights with his artillery, and made a skilful and heroic stand to save his

army. He handsomely repulsed several attacks (disjointed and in small force because of misapprehension of orders) which were made upon him before night put an end to the contest. Lee made all of his dispositions to renew the contest the next morning, but McClellan wisely and skilfully retreated that night to the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing—Turkey Bend.

It is said that General Magruder, who had not been fortunate in his attack that day, sought General Lee at night and said, "General, I came to ask that you give me permission to assault those heights at daybreak with my Division, and if you will allow me to do so I pledge you my honor as a soldier that I will carry them at the point of the bayonet." "I have no doubt you could do so *now,*" replied Lee, "but I have one serious objection to your making the attempt." "What is that?" said Magruder; "what is that?" hoping to remove the objection and seeing honor and glory before him. "I am afraid," quietly replied General Lee, "that you would *hurt my friend Major Kidder Meade of the Engineer Corps.* The enemy left about an hour ago and he is over there reconnoitering."

General Lee put his columns in motion to follow up the Federal army, and it is difficult to see how its utter annihilation or surrender could have been prevented, but for an unfortunate mistake of J. E. B. Stuart, "the Flower of Cavaliers," who was ever at the front and always eager for the fight. Pushing forward his cavalry, Stuart occupied Evelington Heights, which completely commanded the Westover Plantation on which McClellan's army was huddled in great confusion. Had Stuart been content to quietly hold these heights until the infantry could come up and fortify them, the artillery could have so swept every part of the Federal camps that surrender or the annihilation of all of McClellan's army who were unable to escape on the transports would inevitably have followed. But Stuart—thinking that Longstreet was near at hand—brought up his horse artillery under "the gallant Pelham," and began a vigorous shelling of the camps, which produced a wild panic

among them, but showed McClellan that he must at once occupy and fortify those heights or his army would be destroyed. Accordingly, he pushed forward a heavy column. Stuart held out heroically as long as possible, but his ammunition being exhausted, and learning that Longstreet had been misled by his guide, and was six miles distant, he galloped away from the heights, and left the Federal troops to occupy and strongly fortify this key to their position.

On reaching the ground the next morning Longstreet, as Jackson's senior, decided not to attack until General Lee could be consulted.

Lee carefully reconnoitered the position at Harrison's Landing, but found it so strong—the river and the gunboats protecting McClellan's flanks—that he reluctantly decided that it would not be wise for him to attack. While McClellan had not been annihilated (as Lee designed and would probably have accomplished had his orders been carried out by certain of his subordinates), yet the so-called siege of Richmond had been raised, McClellan's beaten and shattered army had taken refuge under cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing thirty miles below Richmond, and the Federal Government, instead of now expecting the capture of Richmond, were seriously alarmed for the safety of Washington. The Confederate loss in the battles was 15,765—being the attacking party and constantly charging strong works their loss was naturally larger in proportion—and that of the Federals, 16,365. Lee captured fifty-one pieces of artillery, upwards of 35,000 stand of small arms, a large number of flags, and immense stores of every description, though there were far larger quantities of these destroyed than were captured. The demoralization of McClellan's army was so great that he wrote Secretary Stanton, on the 3d of July, "I doubt whether there are today more than 50,000 men with their colors;" and the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, after hearing the testimony of many officers, reported that "nothing but a heavy rain, thereby preventing the enemy from bringing up their artillery, saved the army from destruction."

The following orders from General Lee, and from President Davis, who was constantly with the army during the seven days' battles, give their views and feelings at the close of these great battles:

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, July 7, 1862.

General Orders,
No. 75.

The General Commanding, profoundly grateful to the Giver of all victory for the signal success with which He has blessed our arms, tenders his warmest thanks and congratulations to the army by whose valor such splendid results have been achieved.

On Thursday, June 26, the powerful and thoroughly equipped army of the enemy was intrenched in works vast in extent and most formidable in character, within sight of our Capital.

Today the remains of that confident and threatening host lie upon the banks of the James River, thirty miles from Richmond, seeking to recover, under the protection of his gunboats, from the effects of a series of disastrous defeats.

The battle beginning on the afternoon of the 26th of June, above Mechanicsville, continued until the night of July 1, with only such intervals as were necessary to pursue and overtake the flying foe. His strong intrenchments and obstinate resistance were overcome, and our army swept resistlessly down the north side of the Chickahominy, until it reached the rear of the enemy, and broke his communication with the York, capturing or causing the destruction of many valuable stores, and, by the decisive battle of Friday, forcing the enemy from his line of powerful fortifications on the south side of the Chickahominy, and driving him to a precipitate retreat. This victorious army pursued, as rapidly as the obstructions placed by the enemy in his rear would permit, three times overtaking his flying column, and as often driving him with slaughter from the field, leaving his numerous dead and wounded in our hands in every conflict.

The immediate fruits of our success are the relief of Richmond from a state of siege, the rout of the great army that so long menaced its safety, many thousand prisoners, including officers of high rank, the capture or destruction of stores to the value of millions, and the acquisition of thousands of arms and fifty-one pieces of superior artillery.

The service rendered to the country in this short but eventful period can scarcely be estimated, and the General Commanding cannot adequately express his admiration of the courage, endurance, and soldierly conduct of the officers and men engaged.

These brilliant results have cost us many brave men; but while we mourn the loss of our gallant dead, let us not forget that they died nobly in defense of their country's freedom, and have linked their memory with an event that will live forever in the hearts of a grateful people.

Soldiers, your country will thank you for the heroic conduct you have displayed—conduct worthy of men engaged in a cause so just and sacred, and deserving a nation's gratitude and praise.

By command of General Lee,

R. H. CHILTON,
A. A. General.

RICHMOND, July 5, 1862.

To the Army in Eastern Virginia.

SOLDIERS: I congratulate you on the series of brilliant victories which, under the favor of Divine Providence, you have lately won; and, as the President of the Confederate States, do heartily tender to you the thanks of the country whose just cause you have so skilfully and heroically served. Ten days ago an invading army, greatly superior to you in numbers and in the material of war, closely beleaguered your Capital and vauntingly proclaimed its speedy conquest; you marched to attack the enemy in his intrenchments; with well-directed movements and death-defying valor you charged upon him in his strong positions, drove him from field to field over a distance of more than thirty-five miles, and, despite his reinforcements, compelled him to seek safety under cover of his gunboats, where he now lies cowering before the army so lately derided and threatened with entire subjugation. The fortitude with which you have borne toil and privation, the gallantry with which you have entered into each successive battle, must have been witnessed to be fully appreciated; but a grateful people will not fail to recognize your deeds and to bear you in their loved remembrance. Well may it be said of you that you have "done enough for glory," but duty to a suffering country and to the cause of constitutional liberty claims from you yet further effort. Let it be your pride to relax in nothing which can promote your future efficiency—your one great object being to drive the invader from your soil, and, carrying your standards beyond the outer boundaries of the Confederacy, to wring from an unscrupulous foe the recognition of your birth-right—community independence.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Colonel Allan makes so clear a summary of this campaign that I quote it in full as follows:

The foregoing statements, all from Federal sources, as to the character of the retreat need no comment. They serve to illustrate, also, the frank statement of General Lee that, "under ordinary circumstances the Federal army should have been destroyed." Prompt information on the morning of June 28 as to McClellan's designs would have enabled Lee to concentrate his army one day sooner on the south side of the Chickahominy, and might have rendered the escape of the Federal army far more difficult. Again on the afternoon of the 30th, had Huger and Holmes thrown their divisions against the enemy with half the vigor of Longstreet and A. P. Hill, or had Jackson, with the skill and audacity which characterized his Valley campaign, forced Franklin from White Oak Swamp, that day would have been fatal to a large portion of the Federal army. Of Malvern Hill, General Hunt, who commanded the Federal artillery, which was the principal agent in the repulse of the Confederates, says: "The battle was desperately contested, and frequently trembled in the balance. The last attack was nearly successful, but we won from the fact that we had kept our reserves in hand for such an attack." Lastly, had the Confederates pursued vigorously to Westover, the complete overthrow of the Federal army might have been their reward.

But if such were the unattained possibilities of this campaign, the very existence of these possibilities was due to the skill and courage of the Confederate army and its leader. The task they undertook was a bold and difficult one, and they accomplished it in a way deserving of admiration. The Federal army in their front was the largest, best organized, and best appointed force on this continent. It outnumbered the Confederates in the proportion of five to four, and its superiority in equipment was far greater. It had changed its defensive role of the previous autumn to one of aggression; it had transferred the seat of war from the vicinity of Washington to that of Richmond. Its advance had been slow, but unbroken, and now with both the York and James rivers at command as avenues of supply, and all its preparations complete, it was about to strike the final blow for the capture of Richmond. Eighty thousand Confederates had attacked this army of 105,000 men in its chosen position, and had driven it from Mechanicsville and Cold Harbor across the Chickahominy, and thence to James River, where, half disorganized, it had sought safety from destruction under cover of the fleet of gunboats in the river, it was left amid the swamps and lowlands of the river, under a mid-summer sun, to the ravages of disease more depleting than Confederate arms. The so-called siege of Richmond was ended, and a few weeks later we are to see McClellan holding the fortifications of Washington against the victorious advance of Lee.

I saw General Lee during the battle of Cold Harbor for the first time since that day on which he came from Washington to Richmond. I had been serving in "Jackson's Foot Cavalry" in his famous Valley campaign and had come down from the mountains on that march which was so secretly conducted that neither friend nor foe knew our exact destination until, on the evening of the 26th of June, we heard A. P. Hill's guns open at Mechanicsville and made the woods echo and re-echo with shouts of anticipated victory. My regiment—the famous old Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, whose first field officers were the afterwards gallant Generals A. P. Hill, James A. Walker and J. E. B. Terrill—had the advance of Jackson's corps, and as we were moving to take position on the left of Lee's line I noticed a group of officers dismounted under a tree and in seeming eager consultation. I had no difficulty in recognizing among them our commander-in-chief, for although time and care had whitened his hair and full beard, and his uniform of simple gray had on the collar of his coat only the three stars which any Confederate colonel was entitled to wear, yet the erect carriage and knightly bearing of the man, as well as the respect and deference shown him by all who came into his presence, marked him at once as a king among men, and made one feel that he was in the presence of a great soldier. As a staff officer galloped up and brought some message, and Lee mounted Traveler (his favorite and famous horse), and rode off attended by his staff, I thought that he was beyond question the finest horseman and grandest looking man I had ever seen.

I saw a number of our most famous leaders that day, but none of them could compare in appearance to "Marse Robert," as the men began to call him.

President Davis was on the field, and almost constantly with Lee, but I did not chance to see him that day. He told me once a very amusing incident which occurred at the battle of Frazier's Farm. The President rode out a little in advance of the lines and overtook General Lee, who was carefully reconnoitering the position of the enemy, and said to him, "Why,

General, this is no place for you. Some shell or some bullet might deprive the army of its commander." "Excuse me, Mr. President," was the reply, "but this is very emphatically no place for you, as we might lose our Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of the Confederacy by some stray shot."

But they became absorbed in a discussion of the plan and prospects of the battle and soon forgot all about any personal danger to President or General.

Soon after A. P. Hill—"Glorious little Powell Hill," as Mr. Davis called him—galloped up and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, this is no place for either of you, I beg you to go to the rear. In fact, as commander of this part of the army, I *order* you to the rear!" "We will obey orders," was the reply, and they moved back a short distance, and again became so absorbed in their talk that they were oblivious of the shot and shell that were falling dangerously near them.

Hill now galloped up again and exclaimed, "Did I not order you to the rear, and did you not promise to obey me? Why, a single shot from that battery over yonder may deprive the Confederacy of its President, and the Army of Northern Virginia of its commander." With much persuasion he finally induced them to retire.

The people of Richmond had heard the firing and many of them had been eyewitnesses of these great battles, and now wellnigh every home was a hospital and every woman a tender nurse of the wounded. Whenever the great commander rode into Richmond he was the observed of all observers, and a great ovation awaited him. Lee had risen from the cloud under which his West Virginia campaign had placed him, and was henceforth the idol of his soldiers and the admiration of his people, indeed, of the world.

Mrs. Lee and her daughters had gone from Arlington to the White House, where they remained until McClellan advanced up the Peninsula, when they came to Richmond, and during the remainder of the war occupied rented rooms there. Mrs. Lee left on the front door of the White House the following request:

Northern soldiers, who profess to reverence Washington, forbear to desecrate the home of his first married life, the property of his wife, now owned by her descendants.

A Granddaughter of Mrs. Washington.

One of McClellan's officers wrote beneath this, "A Northern officer has protected your property in sight of the enemy, and at the request of your overseer."

But unfortunately the "protection" did not last long, for during McClellan's "change of base" the house was burned to the ground, and "not a blade of grass left to mark the culture of more than a hundred years."

General Lee's letters to his family during this period are of deepest interest, and I make no apology for freely quoting them. He thus writes to the wife of his son W. H. F. Lee:

Richmond, 26th April, 1862.

I have just received your note of Thursday night, dearest Chass, and write to say that I *have* taken time to read it and enjoy it too, and shall always do so as long as I live, so do not hesitate to write. I want to see you very much, and am always thinking of you. It is very hard, I think, for you to say that you did not want to come to me. I hope, at least, F. will be able to go to you, and if he does you must tell him to kiss you for me double and treble. Do not accuse your mama, you told me yourself. You are such a little sieve, you cannot retain anything. But there is no harm, you sweet child, and I love you all the more for it, and so does F.

I am glad you get such delightful tidings of him. C. left him yesterday, very indignant at some of his pickets having been captured. I hope he will get them back, and indemnify himself with many of the enemy. He is very well, but sent no particular messages. I am glad you rejoice in the good service he is doing his country. Encourage him to continue to the end. We have received some heavy blows lately, from the effects of which I trust a merciful God will deliver us. I fear New Orleans has fallen, though nothing certain has yet been received. The last accounts received prepared me for its fall. Remember me to your grandpapa and all at Hickory Hill. Kiss my grandson for me, and tell him you are mistaken. I want to do so for myself very much, but do not know when I can have that pleasure. I must confess that I desire more to kiss his mother, but I catch that from Fitzhugh. Good-by, my sweet daughter. May Heaven guard and protect you and yours, prays Your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

NEAR RICHMOND, 2d June, 1862.

You may have heard that a battle has been fought near Richmond, my darling Chass, and be uneasy about your husband. I write, therefore, to inform you that he is well. The cavalry was not engaged, and of course he was not exposed. . . . I am sorry to say that General Johnston was wounded Saturday evening, not seriously, I am told; but when I left Richmond yesterday the extent of his wound was not known. . . . I am now in the field again. The wound of General Johnston obliging him to leave, it rendered it necessary, in the opinion of the President, that I should take his place. I wish his mantle had fallen upon an abler man, or that I were able to drive our enemies back to their homes. I have no ambition and no desire but for the attainment of this object, and, therefore, only wish for its accomplishment by him that can do it most speedily and thoroughly. I saw F. Friday. Was at his camp. . . . He is well and so is *Shiloh,* Moses, etc. I told him about you, and gave him your address. He said he would write. I hear nothing of your poor mama, or the White House. Kiss Agnes for me, also your fine boy. I wrote to both of you some days since,—but I can do nothing but think of you. God bless you both and all, and keep you for himself now and forever, Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

MRS. CHARLOTTE LEE.

DABBS, June 22, 1862.

I must take a part of this holy day, my dearest Chass, to thank you for your letter of the 14th. I am very glad that my communication after the battle reached you so opportunely and relieved your anxiety about your Fitzhugh. He has, since that, made a hazardous scout, and been protected by that Divine Providence which, I trust and pray, may always smile on, as I know it will ever watch over you and yours. I sent you some account of this expedition in a former letter, as well as the order of General Stuart, on the subject. It was badly printed, but may serve to show you that he conducted himself well. The General deals in the flowering style, as you will perceive if you ever see his report in detail; but he is a good soldier, and speaks highly of the conduct of the two Lees, who, as far as I can learn, deserve his encomiums. Your mama is very zealous in her attentions to your sick brother. He is reported better. I think he was a few evenings since, when I saw him, and a note this morning from her states that he slowly improves. I hope he will soon be well again. He is much reduced, and looks very feeble. I suppose he will be obliged to go to the "N. C. White Sulphur" to keep you young women company. How

will you like that? And now I must answer your inquiries about myself. My habiliments are not as comfortable as yours, nor so suited to this hot weather, but they are the best I have. My coat is of gray, of the regulation style and pattern, and my pants of dark blue, as is also prescribed, partly hid by my long boots. I have the same handsome hat which surmounts my gray head (the latter is not prescribed in the regulations) and shields my ugly face, which is masked by a white beard as stiff and wiry as the teeth of a card. In fact, an uglier person you have never seen, and so unattractive is it to our enemies that they shoot at it whenever visible to them, but though age with its snow has whitened my head, and its frosts have stiffened my limbs, my heart, you well know, is not frozen to you, and summer returns when I see you. Having now answered your questions, I have little more to say. Our enemy is quietly working within his lines, and collecting additional forces to drive us from our Capital. I hope we shall be able yet to disappoint him, and drive him back to his own country. I saw F. the other day. He was looking very well in a new suit of gray. . . . .

And now I must bid you farewell. Kiss your sweet boy for me, and love always, Your devoted papa,

R. E. Lee.

Mrs. Wm. H. Fitzhugh Lee.

July 9, 1862, he writes to his wife from Dabbs farm on the Nine Mile road:

I have returned to my old quarters, and am filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for all the mercies He has extended to us. Our success has not been as great or complete as we should have desired, but God knows what is best for us. Our enemy has met with a heavy loss, from which it must take him some time to recover before he can recommence his operations.

Gen. Henry Clitz had been wounded and was a prisoner in Richmond. General Lee answered a letter in reference to him and other wounded prisoners:

Headquarters, July 15, 1862.

My dear Fitz:

I have just received your letter of the 13th. I am very sorry to hear of the sufferings of the wounded prisoners, and wish I could relieve them. I proposed to General McClellan on Tuesday, before the battle of that day, to parole and send to him all his wounded if he would receive them. Since that the arrangement

has been made, and the sick and wounded are now being conveyed to him. This will relieve them very much, and enable us to devote our attention to those retained. In addition, the enemy has at last agreed to a general exchange of all prisoners of war, and Generals Dix and D. H. Hill are to meet tomorrow to commence the negotiations. I hope in this way much relief will be afforded; at first the hospitals were overtaxed, men could not be had to bury the dead, and the sufferings of all were increased. Friend Clitz ought to recollect that this is a matter of his own seeking, and he has only to blame himself. I will still be happy to do for him all I can, and will refer your letter to the director of the hospital if I can find him. Your loving uncle,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. Fitz Lee.

The situation after the seven days' battles around Richmond was simply this: McClellan was strongly posted at Harrison's Landing recruiting and resting his army. General Lee must either attack him in his strong position, wait for McClellan to attack him, or so maneuver as to transfer the seat of war to northern Virginia, and relieve Richmond of the threatened attack upon her. He chose the latter plan, sent Jackson to hold Gen. John Pope in check, and followed as soon as it was made safe for him to do so by the ordering of McClellan's troops to join Pope. Jackson attacked the advance of Pope, under Banks, at Cedar Run, near Slaughter's Mountain, eight miles from Culpeper, on August 9, and gained a decided victory over him. When it was ascertained that Banks was in command in front of Jackson, some wag of the "foot cavalry" (as Jackson's men were called) passed the word down the line, "Make out your requisitions, boys—make them full, put in everything you want in the way of quartermaster's stores. Our old friend 'Quartermaster Banks' has come with a full supply to 'issue,' and we will just go in and 'draw' whatever we want."

This fight decided the character of the campaign. McClellan was ordered to reinforce Pope, and Lee hastened to add the rest of his army to Jackson's advance. Gen. Fitz Lee quaintly says, "It was now a race who should get to Pope first—the

Army of Northern Virginia or the Army of the Potomac." Lee was anxious to strike Pope before McClellan could reinforce him.

Pope had made himself very obnoxious to the Confederates, his orders and conduct being just the opposite of those of McClellan, who had as far as possible protected private citizens quietly pursuing their business. Pope ordered that all male citizens who would not take "the oath" should be sent beyond his lines, and treated as spies if caught within them again; that prominent citizens should be seized and held as hostages for soldiers captured by "roving bands of rebels;" that citizens should be held responsible for damage done to railways or telegraph lines within their vicinage; and that his army should "live on the country."

He also rendered himself an object of ridicule by the following bombastic order which he issued to his troops:

WASHINGTON, July 14, 1862.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia:

By special assignment of the President of the United States I have assumed command of this army.

I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

I have come from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when found; whose policy has been attack and not defense.

In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western army in a defensive attitude.

I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you.

I constantly hear of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us dismiss such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy.

Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear. Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

JOHN POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

Even Lee could not refrain from a little quiet humor at Pope's expense. In a letter to his wife he says:

When you write to Rob again [his youngest son, who was a private in the Rockbridge Artillery in Jackson's corps] tell him to catch Pope for me, and also to bring in his cousin, Louis Marshall, who I am told is on his staff. I could forgive the latter for fighting against us, but not for his joining Pope.

The Confederate Government warmly resented these orders of General Pope, and directed General Lee to inform the Federal authorities that unless they were rescinded General Pope and his officers would not, if captured, be treated as prisoners of war. Fortunately, Pope's orders were repudiated at Washington and the retaliation threatened was not enforced.

Lee wrote this pleasant letter to his brother, Sydney Smith Lee, of the Navy:

31st July, 1862.

MY DEAR SMITH:

I send by General Martin your overcoat. It was a great comfort to me and kept me very warm, but it is not waterproof. I was out till 12 that night. Upon my return I found Fitzhugh's promotion, which I had applied for some days before. I consider him one of our best cavalry officers. He, of course, knew nothing of my application, and when his promotion was announced to him he could find but one objection, viz., his fear he might be mistaken for the other General Lee, and that they would be so mixed up together they would not be able to tell one from the other. I pity him if he is mistaken for me. With much love and affection.

Your brother,
R. E. LEE.

CAPT. S. S. LEE.

The fear which Fitz Lee, his nephew, jocularly expressed of being "mixed up with the other General Lee," when he was made brigadier-general, recalls a pleasing incident which "our gallant Fitz" told on himself. Just after the surrender Fitz Lee and some of his staff were riding along a country road, when they were hailed by a plain old farmer and asked "the news." They told him that there was "no news, except that General Lee has surrendered." "That is a lie," the old man retorted. "You can't make me believe any such stuff." They assured him that it was true, when the old man replied, "No, it cannot be true. 'Marse Robert' would never surrender. But I'll tell you how the report got out. It is that fellow Fitz Lee who has surrendered. He was all the time cavorting around where he had no business, and the Yankees have surrounded and captured *him*. But *General* Lee has not surrendered, and never will." There were roars of laughter at the expense of "General Fitz," and he greatly enjoyed telling the joke afterwards.

As General Lee was about to leave his camp near Richmond for his army in Orange County he wrote the following:

My dear Custis:

I write a line to say good-by to you and Mary. I had hoped to be able to come in and see you both tonight, but I find it impossible to enjoy that pleasure. I have had much to do, which with preparation for my departure renders it impossible. Good-by, my dear children. May God bless and guard you both. Tell your mother when she arrives that I was unable to stop to see her. I go to Gordonsville. My after movements depend on circumstances that I cannot foresee.

Truly and aff'y., your father,

R. E. Lee.

Col. G. W. Custis Lee.

P. S.—I send in my straw-hat, to which please give house room, also a summer under-jacket which I find out of my trunk. If you have the key put it in, or ask your mother to mend it and keep it for me.

R. E. Lee.

From "Camp near Orange Court House," August 17, 1862, he wrote:

Here I am in a tent instead of my comfortable quarters at Dabbs's [his headquarters in front of Richmond]. The tent, however, is very comfortable, and of that I have nothing to complain. General Pope says he is very strong, and seems to feel so, for he is moving apparently up to the Rapidan. I hope he will not prove stronger than we are. I learn since I have left that General McClellan has moved down the James River with his whole army. I suppose he is coming here too, so we shall have a busy time. Burnside and King from Fredericksburg have joined Pope, which, from their own report, has swelled Pope to 92,000. I do not believe it, though I believe he is very big. Johnny Lee saw Louis Marshall after Jackson's last battle, who asked him kindly after his old uncle, and said his mother was well. Johnny said Louis looked wretchedly himself. I am sorry he is in such bad company, but I suppose he could not help it.

Louis Marshall was General Lee's nephew, the son of the sister who lived in Philadelphia, and Johnny Lee was his nephew who met his cousin under the flag of truce which the Federals had to bury their dead just after the battle of Cedar Run.

At this period General Lee was certainly one of the most superb looking soldiers whom the world ever saw. I had first seen him on the day on which he came to offer his sword to the State that gave him birth—the home of his love. Then he had a smooth face, save a moustache, and his hair had only a few silver threads in it. Now he had a full beard, and that and his hair were as white as the driven snow, but his graceful, knightly bearing, his eagle eye, and the very expression of his countenance all betokened mingled firmness and gentleness, and showed the true soldier.

But when mounted he sat his horse with easy grace, seemed indeed a part of the horse, and was the finest horseman I ever saw. His famous charger Traveler, which Capt. Gordon McCabe once said "always stepped as if conscious that he bore a king upon his back," was as well known in the army as his master, and I am glad to give the following description of him, which I quote from General Long:

In connection with this West Virginia campaign we may revert to another matter of considerable interest, that relating to Lee's favorite horse Traveler, a noble animal which attained almost as

much celebrity in the Army of Northern Virginia as the gallant form which he bore through so many fields of battle. He was purchased during this campaign, and served his master royally throughout the whole duration of the war and for several years afterwards. We are fortunately able to give a history and description of this celebrated charger from Lee himself. It was dictated to his daughter Agnes, with corrections in his own handwriting, apparently in response to some artist who had asked for a description of the animal. The enthusiasm with which the General speaks of his companion of so many days of peril and hardship shows the spirit of a true horseman and a nature capable of kindly affection and companionship for every creature with which he came into intimate relations:

"If I was an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveler, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and suffering through which he has passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity, affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night-marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist, and can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since, to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days' battles around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange till its close around Petersburg the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65 on the long line of defenses from the Chickahominy north of Richmond and Hatcher's Run south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865 he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House.

"You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favorite is the

American saddle from St. Louis.* Of all his companions in toil, Richmond, Brown Roan, Ajax, and quiet Lucy Long, he is the only one that retained his vigor to the last.† The first two expired under their onerous burden, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait."

To General Lee's description of his noble horse may be added some few further particulars of his appearance and history. He was sixteen hands high, of a dark iron-gray color, and when purchased, about five years old. He was strong and active, but perfectly docile, and as calm as his master under fire. General Lee had always a strong affection for him, which he manifested on many occasions. Six years after the war Traveler had become almost milk-white, having grown hoary with age and honors. He died very soon after the decease of his master, his death arising from lockjaw caused by his treading on a nail which penetrated his foot and could not be withdrawn.

Lee now entered actively on a campaign to strike Pope before his reinforcements reached him.

On August 23 J. E. B. Stuart ("Jeb," he was familiarly and affectionately called) made a raid with his cavalry on Catlett's Station, where he captured Pope's headquarters wagons, a large sum of money, immense stores of every description, and very valuable papers. Among the captures was Pope's personal baggage, including his dress uniform. Stuart a short time before had lost his hat in escaping from a party of Federal Cavalry, and he now wrote Pope by flag of truce, "If you will send me back my hat, I will send you your coat."

Another amusing incident of this raid was that Fitz Lee came very near capturing his cousin Louis Marshall, who made his escape, in the darkness of the night, by rushing out of the rear of his tent, leaving his toddy untouched.

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*This saddle has its story, which is worth relating. When Colonel Lee resigned from the United States Army and repaired to Richmond to offer his services to his native State, his baggage, which had just reached New York, was seized by the authorities. Among his effects was a saddle of peculiar form which he preferred to all others. He immediately wrote to St. Louis, to the maker, desiring to have another like it if he was willing to take the risk of receiving his pay. The saddle was at once sent, and the soldier did not let the busy occupation of war make him forget to send the full price to the maker through a safe channel. He rode this saddle all through the war and throughout his after-life.

†The horse ridden by Lee in the Mexican war was named "Grace Darling."

Lee had purposed crossing the Rappahannock at Warrenton White Sulphur Springs, and throwing his whole army to Pope's rear at Warrenton, but as a heavy rain rendered the river past fording and prevented this movement, he rested his troops on Sunday, the chaplains preaching to immense congregations, despite the bursting of shell near and the falling of an immense shell in the center of the congregation to which I preached. At "early dawn" the next morning—the men used to say, "Old Jack always starts at 'early dawn,' except when he starts the night before"—Lee sent Jackson on that famous flank move which captured Manassas Junction and the immense stores accumulated there, and planted himself full in Pope's rear.

Pope attempted to crush Jackson before Lee and the rest of his army could get up. This attempt was a failure, for, though he was very largely outnumbered, "Stonewall" stood every attack, his brave men held their position with heroic pertinacity—some of them actually using rocks when their ammunition was exhausted—and for two days beat off every attack until Lee, with Longstreet's corps, having forced his way through the pass at Thoroughfare Gap, came up, the Army of Northern Virginia was reunited, and the victory was assured.

On August 30 Pope advanced on Jackson again,—still laboring under the delusion that Longstreet was not up,—when he was heavily repulsed, and Lee made a counter attack with his whole force and drove Pope pell-mell, and in great confusion, across Bull Run.

Pope seemed to think that he had only Jackson in his front, and preferred charges against gallant Fitz-John Porter, and actually succeeded in having him cashiered, for not attacking Jackson in flank and rear at a time when, as a matter of fact, he would have had to whip the whole of Longstreet's corps in order to get at Jackson's flank. Pope took position at Centerville, after his crushing defeat on the 30th, where he received a reinforcement of at least 42,000 men, but Lee moved on his flank, and he retreated again, fighting the battle of Ox Hill only to save his trains and his army, and was soon within the forti-

fications of Washington. He was now relieved of his command, and sent to the West to fight Indians, and was not heard of again during the war. He had indeed realized that "shame and disaster lurk in the rear."

General Pope had actually engaged in the battles of Manassas 74,578 men with large reinforcements coming up, while General Lee's force was barely 50,000. Pope's loss was over 30,000. Lee's loss was 7,244. Lee's captures were over 9,000 prisoners, thirty pieces of artillery, upwards of 20,000 stand of small arms, numerous colors, and a large amount of stores, besides Jackson's captures at Manassas Junction. The authorities now felt obliged to put McClellan in command again, although he was under the ban of the Government. General Lee determined that he would cross into Maryland, and thus flank the heavy fortifications of Washington, give Confederate sympathizers a chance to join his standard, and if opportunity offered win a battle that would give him Washington and Baltimore.

Accordingly, he crossed the Potomac on the 7th of September, and massed his army at Frederick, Maryland. Harper's Ferry was not evacuated, and Lee determined to capture it, and then concentrate his army for battle with McClellan. One of his confidential orders was lost and fell into the hands of McClellan, who at once laid aside his usual caution and hastened forward to break through the mountain passes, raise the siege of Harper's Ferry, and attack Lee's army in detail. But Jackson moved on Harper's Ferry so rapidly and pushed the attack so vigorously, and the Confederates held the passes of South Mountain with such heroic pertinacity, that before McClellan succeeded in breaking through the garrison surrendered.

The surrender of Harper's Ferry occurred September 15, and embraced 11,500 prisoners, 13,000 stand of small arms, seventy-three pieces of artillery, and large quantities of stores and provisions of every description. Lee rapidly concentrated his army at Sharpsburg, or Antietam as it is called by Northern writers, where, before a large part of his troops got up, he was attacked by McClellan at early dawn the 17th of September,

and a fierce conflict raged all day until night put an end to it. Although McClellan had 87,000 men and Lee only 35,000 after all of his troops had gotten up,—his army having been depleted by the fearful marches of his ragged, barefooted men,—the Confederates not only held their ground, but considerably advanced their lines on a part of the field.

It was one of the bloodiest battles of the war, the Federals losing 12,400 men and the Confederates 8,000. General Lee remained in line of battle all day the 18th, "expecting and indeed hoping for another attack" (as he himself once expressed it in conversation with me), but as the attack was not made, and he had information that McClellan was being largely reinforced, he withdrew that night to the south side of the Potomac—the movement being made without molestation on the part of the enemy, in good order, and without loss of men or material.

On the 20th McClellan attempted to follow, and Sykes's division crossed the Potomac at Boteler's Ford, under cover of the heavy artillery fire, from guns which crowned the heights on the north bank and commanded the southern approaches. But A. P. Hill fell upon them with his famous "Light Division," and literally drove them into the river with fearful slaughter.

Then followed a season of rest and recuperation, much needed by both armies, and only interrupted by a brilliant raid of "Jeb" Stuart, who crossed the Potomac above Williamsport on October 10th with 1,800 of his troopers, and a second time made the entire circuit of McClellan's army, then recrossed the river at White's Ford with his prisoners and captures, having lost only one man wounded and two captured. The feeling at the North on the safe return of General Lee's army to Virginia was well voiced by the *New York Tribune,* which said:

He leaves us the debris of his late camps, two disabled pieces of artillery, a few hundred of his stragglers, perhaps two thousand of his wounded, and as many more of his unburied dead. Not a sound field-piece, caisson, ambulance, or wagon; not a tent, box of stores, or a pound of ammunition. He takes with him the supplies gathered in Maryland, and the rich spoils of Harper's Ferry.

Certain of the newspapers were very severe on McClellan for not pursuing and destroying "Lee's beaten army," but McClellan knew better, and was too good a soldier to yield to this clamor or even to the pressure brought to bear on him by the Administration. What General Lee thought of the campaign is best told in the following order which he issued to his army:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, October 2, 1862.
General Orders,
No. 116.

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the Commanding General cannot withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle, and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march.

Since your great victories around Richmond, you have defeated the enemy at Cedar Mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and, after a conflict of three days, utterly repulsed him on the plains of Manassas, and forced him to take shelter within the fortifications around his Capital. Without halting for repose, you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than 11,600 men, and captured upward of seventy pieces of artillery, all of their small arms, and other munitions of war. While one corps of the army was thus engaged another insured its success by arresting at Boonsboro the combined armies of the enemy, advancing under their favorite general to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted from daylight until dark the whole army of the enemy, and repulsed every attack along his entire front of more than four miles in extent.

The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning without molestation across the Potomac.

Two attempts subsequently made by the enemy to follow you across the river have resulted in his complete discomfiture and his being driven back with loss. Achievements such as these demanded much valor and patriotism. History records few examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited, and I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms.

Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens us with invasion, and to your tried valor and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety. Your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

R. E. Lee,
General Commanding.

Col. Walter H. Taylor, Lee's adjutant-general, in his admirable book, "Four Years with Lee" (which settles the question of relative numbers in all of the battles), tells this incident, which is so characteristic of our great subject that I quote it in full:

Tidings reached General Lee soon after his return to Virginia from Maryland of the serious illness of one of his daughters, the darling of his flock. For several days apprehensions were entertained that the next intelligence would be of her death. One morning the mail was received, and the private letters were distributed, as was the custom, but no one knew whether any home-news had been received by the General. At the usual hour he summoned me to his presence to know if there were any matters of army routine upon which his judgment and action were desired. The papers containing a few such cases were presented to him; he reviewed and gave his orders in regard to them. I then left him, but for some cause returned in a few moments, and with my accustomed freedom entered his tent without announcement or ceremony, when I was startled and shocked to see him overcome with grief, an open letter in his hands. That letter contained the sad intelligence of his daughter's death. . . .

His army demanded his first thought and care; to his men, to their needs, he must first attend, and then he could surrender himself to his private, personal affairs. Who can tell with what anguish of soul he endeavored to control himself and to maintain a calm exterior, and who can estimate the immense effort necessary to still the heart filled to overflowing with tenderest emotions and to give attention to the important trusts committed to him, before permitting the more selfish indulgence of private meditation, grief, and prayer? "Duty first" was the rule of his life, and his every thought, word, and action was made to square with duty's inexorable demands.

I give here several of General Lee's private letters. And first one to Mrs. W. H. F. Lee:

JEFFERSONTON, 26th August, 1862.

I arrived at my tent last night, my dear Chass, and to my delight found your Fitzhugh. It was the first time I had seen him since the battles around Richmond. He is very well, and the picture of health. He could not stay very long, as he had to return to his camp about four miles distant. In the recent expedition to the rear of the enemy, (with a view of cutting off their R. R. communication) he led his regiment, during a terrible storm at night, through the camp of the enemy to Catlett's Station, capturing several hundred prisoners and some valuable papers of General Pope. His cousin, Louis Marshall, is said to have escaped at the first onset, leaving his toddy untouched. I am so grateful to Almighty God for preserving, guiding, and directing him in this war! Help me pray to Him for the continuance of His signal favor. Fitzhugh left me a letter of M. L.'s to read. It is so full of sympathy, piety, and affection that I enclose it to you. I sent you several messages in a letter to your mother yesterday. Kiss her for me. I have heard from neither of you since I left Richmond. Give much love to everybody and believe me, my dear child,

Aff'ly, your father,

R. E. LEE.

In a letter to his wife not long after the battle of Sharpsburg he says:

I have not laid my eyes on Rob since I saw him in the battle of Sharpsburg going in with a single gun of his battery for the second time after his company had been withdrawn in consequence of three of its guns having been disabled. Custis has seen him, and says he is very well and apparently happy and content. My hands are improving slowly, and with my left hand I am able to dress and undress myself, which is a great comfort. My right is becoming of some assistance, too, though it is still swollen, and sometimes painful. The bandages have been removed. I am now able to sign my name. It has been six weeks today since I was injured, and I have at last discarded the sling.

In a letter dated October 26, 1862, he thus writes Mrs. Lee about the death of his daughter, of which Colonel Taylor spoke in the incident already given:

I cannot express the anguish I feel at the death of our sweet Annie. To know that I shall never see her again on earth, that her place in our circle, which I always hoped one day to enjoy, is forever vacant, is agonizing in the extreme. But God in this, as in all things, has mingled mercy with the blow in selecting that one best prepared to leave us. May you be able to join me in saying, "His will be done!" When I reflect on all she will escape in life, brief and painful at the best, and all we may hope she will enjoy with her sainted grandmother, I cannot wish her back. I know how much you will grieve, and how much she will be mourned. I wish I could give you any comfort, but beyond our hope in the great mercy of God, and the belief that He takes her at the time and place when it is best for her to go, there is none. May that same mercy be extended to us all, and may we be prepared for his summons.

In a letter to his son, after writing of some business matters, he says:

CAMP CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, 10th November, 1862.

MY DEAR CUSTIS:

Fitzhugh reached here yesterday morning from the Valley and joined his brigade now in my front. I have nothing new to relate beyond my public dispatches. I am operating to baffle the advance of the enemy and retain him among the mountains until I can get him separated that I can strike at him to advantage. His force will be thus diminished and disheartened. His sick and stragglers must be going back. He is along the Manassas R. R. near Piedmont. His advance cavalry along the line of the Rappahannock River. Give much love to your dear mother, Agnes and Charlotte, not forgetting my granddaughter. I wish you were with me. Truly and aff'y, your father,

R. E. LEE.

COL. G. W. CUSTIS LEE.

In another letter to his son, Col. Custis Lee, who was now serving on President Davis's staff, he mentions a number of business matters requiring attention, sends a passport for some ladies who desired to go within the enemy's lines, but advises them against going, and then says:

Give much love to your mother, Chass, and Agnes. I hope all will continue well. Remember me to all friends. God grant that our armies may sustain the confidence reposed in them by our

people, and I trust that the prayers offered up in their behalf may be answered. But the people must help themselves, or Providence will not help them.

He wrote the following to a daughter within the enemy's lines:

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, November 24, 1862.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I have just received your letter of the 17th, which has afforded me great gratification. I regretted not finding you in Richmond, and grieve over every opportunity of seeing you that is lost, for I fear they will become less and less frequent. I am glad, however, that you have been able to enjoy the society of those who are so well qualified to render you happy, and who are so deservedly loved and admired. The death of my dear Annie was indeed to me a bitter pang. But the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. In the hours of night, when there is nothing to lighten the full weight of my grief, I feel as if I should be overwhelmed. I had always counted, if God should spare me a few days of peace after this cruel war was ended, that I should have her with me. But year after year my hopes go out, and I must be resigned. I write with difficulty, and must be brief. Fitzhugh and Rob are near me and well. Nephew Fitz has laid aside his crutches, and I hope will soon join me. Your mother, I presume, informs you of the rest. General Burnside's whole army is apparently opposite Fredericksburg, and stretches from the Rappahannock to the Potomac. What his intentions are he has not yet disclosed. I am sorry he is in position to oppress our friends and citizens of the "Northern Neck." He threatens to bombard Fredericksburg, and the noble spirit displayed by its citizens, particularly the women and children, has elicited my highest admiration. They have been abandoning their homes night and day, during all of this inclement weather, cheerfully and uncomplainingly, with only such assistance as our wagons and ambulances could afford—women, girls, and children, trudging through the mud, and bivouacking in the open field. . . .

Believe me always your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

The daughter whose death is so touchingly alluded to in the above letter was Miss Annie Carter Lee, who died at Warren White Sulphur Springs, North Carolina, the 20th of October, 1862. At the close of the war citizens of the county erected

over her grave a handsome monument, which was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. In response to an invitation to be present, General Lee wrote the following characteristic letter:

ROCKBRIDGE BATHS, July 25, 1862.

LADIES:

I have read with deep emotion your letter of the 17th inst., inviting myself and family to witness the erection of a monument over the remains of my daughter at Warren White Sulphur Springs on the 8th of next month.

I do not know how to express to you my thanks for your great kindness to her while living, and for your affectionate remembrance of her since dead.

My gratitude for your attention and consideration will continue through life, and my prayers will be daily offered to the throne of the Most High for His boundless blessings upon you.

I have always cherished the intention of visiting the tomb of her who never gave me aught but pleasure; but, to afford me the satisfaction which I crave, it must be attended with more privacy than I can hope for on the occasion you propose.

But there are more controlling considerations which will prevent my being present. Her mother, who for years has been afflicted with a painful disease, which has reduced her to a state of helplessness, is this far on her way to the mineral springs which are considered the best calculated to afford her relief. My attendance is necessary to her in her journey, and the few weeks I have now at my disposal is the only time which can be devoted to this purpose.

Though absent in person, my heart will be with you, and my sorrow and devotions will be mingled with yours.

I hope my eldest son and daughter may be able to be present with you, but, as they are distant from me, I cannot tell under what circumstances your invitation may find them. I feel certain, however, that nothing but necessity will prevent their attendance.

I enclose, according to your request, the date of my daughter's birth, and the inscription proposed for the monument over her tomb. The latter are the last lines of the hymn which she asked for just before her death.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

MRS. JOSEPH S. JONES, MRS. THOMAS CARROLL, MISS BROWNLOW, MISS M. ALSTON, MRS. J. M. HECK, MRS. LUCINDA JONES, Committee.

The date of the following letter gives it additional interest. The movements of Burnside were developing themselves, and the sanguinary battle of Fredericksburg was about to open; but the charger of the great captain must "wait at his tent-door" while from a heart as tender as that of the gentlest woman he sends these lines of affectionate sympathy to the bereaved mother:

CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, December 10, 1862.

I heard yesterday, my dear daughter, with the deepest sorrow, of the death of your infant. I was so grateful at her birth. I felt that she would be such a comfort to you, such a pleasure to my dear Fitzhugh, and would fill so full the void still aching in your hearts. But you have now two sweet angels in heaven. What joy there is in the thought! I can say nothing to soften the anguish you must feel, and I know you are assured of my deep and affectionate sympathy. May God give you strength to bear the affliction he has imposed, and produce future joy out of your present misery, is my earnest prayer.

I saw Fitzhugh yesterday. He is well, and wants much to see you. When you are strong enough, cannot you come up to Hickory Hill, or your grandpa's, on a little visit, when he can come down and see you? My horse is waiting at my tent-door, but I could not refrain from sending these few lines to recall to you the thought and love of Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

MRS. WM. H. FITZHUGH LEE.

Gen. A. L. Long, who was at this time serving with great ability on Lee's staff, gives in his Memoirs several incidents of this period, which are so characteristic that I quote them as follows:

Throughout the late campaign the duty of selecting a place for headquarters usually devolved upon the writer. The General would say, "Colonel Long has a good eye for locality; let him find a place for camp." It was not always so easy to find a desirable situation, but as the General was easily satisfied, the difficulties of the task were greatly lightened. Only once, to my recollection, did he object to the selection made for headquarters; this was on reaching the neighborhood of Winchester. The army had preceded the General and taken possession of every desirable camping-place. After a long and fatiguing search a farm-house was dis-

covered, surrounded by a large shady yard. The occupants of the house with great satisfaction gave permission for the establishment of General Lee, not only in the yard, but insisted on his occupying a part of the house. Everything being satisfactorily settled, the wagons were ordered up, but just as their unloading began the General rode up and flatly refused to occupy either yard or house. No one expected him to violate his custom by occupying the house, but it was thought he would not object to a temporary occupation of the yard. Being vexed at having to look for another place for headquarters, I ordered the wagons into a field almost entirely covered with massive stones. The boulders were so large and thick that it was difficult to find space for the tents. The only redeeming feature the location possessed was a small stream of good water. When the tents were pitched, the General looked around with a smile of satisfaction, and said, "This is better than the yard. We will not now disturb those good people."

While occupying this camp we were visited by several distinguished British officers, among them, Colonel Garnet Wolseley, who has since become prominent in history. Subsequently, one of the number published the following account of General Lee and his surroundings:

"In visiting the headquarters of the Confederate generals, but particularly those of General Lee, any one accustomed to see European armies in the field cannot fail to be struck with the great absence of all the pomp and circumstance of war in and around their encampments.

"Lee's headquarters consisted of about seven or eight pole tents, pitched, with their backs to a stake-fence, upon a piece of ground so rocky that it was unpleasant to ride over it, its only recommendation being a little stream of good water which flowed close by the General's tent. In front of the tents were some three or four army wagons, drawn up without any regularity, and a number of horses turned loose about the field. The servants—who were, of course, slaves—and the mounted soldiers called couriers, who always accompany each general of division in the field, were unprovided with tents, and slept in or under the wagons. Wagons, tents, and some of the horses were marked 'U. S.,' showing that part of that huge debt in the North has gone to furnishing even the Confederate generals with camp equipments. No guard or sentries were to be seen in the vicinity, no crowd of aides-de-camp loitering about, making themselves agreeable to visitors and endeavoring to save their generals from receiving those who had no particular business. A large farm-house stands close by, which in any other army would have been the general's residence *pro tem;*

but, as no liberties are allowed to be taken with personal property in Lee's army, he is particular in setting a good example himself. His staff are crowded together, two or three in a tent; none are allowed to carry more baggage than a small box each, and his own kit is but very little larger. Every one who approaches him does so with marked respect, although there is none of that bowing and flourishing of forage caps which occurs in the presence of European generals; and, while all honor him and place implicit faith in his courage and ability, those with whom he is most intimate feel for him the affection of sons to a father. Old General Scott was correct in saying that when Lee joined the Southern cause it was worth as much as the accession of 20,000 men to the 'rebels.' Since then every injury that it was possible to inflict the Northerners have heaped upon him. Notwithstanding all these personal losses, however, when speaking of the Yankees he neither evinced any bitterness of feeling nor gave utterance to a single violent expression, but alluded to many of his former friends and companions among them in the kindest terms. He spoke as a man proud of the victories won by his country and confident of ultimate success under the blessing of the Almighty, whom he glorified for past successes, and whose aid he invoked for all future operations."

Notwithstanding the ruggedness of this encampment, it proved unusually lively. Besides the foreign friends, we had numerous visitors from the army, also ladies and gentlemen from Winchester and the neighborhood, all of whom had some remark to make upon the rocky situation of our camp. This the General seemed to enjoy, as it gave him an opportunity of making a jest at the expense of Colonel Long, whom he accused of having set him down there among the rocks in revenge for his refusing to occupy the yard. Although there were no habitual drinkers on the General's staff, an occasional demijohn would find its way to headquarters. While at this place one of the officers received a present of a jug of fine old rye. Soon after its advent Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, with Sweeney and his banjo, arrived—not on account, however, of the jug, but, as was his wont, to give us a serenade. The bright campfire was surrounded by a merry party, and a lively concert commenced. After a while the General came out, and, observing the jug perched on a boulder, asked with a merry smile, "Gentlemen, am I to thank General Scott or the jug for this fine music?"

By this time the men had come to know their leader. The brilliant campaigns through which he had led them had inspired them with love and confidence, and whenever he appeared among them his approach was announced by "Here comes Marse Robert!" and

he would be immediately saluted with the well-known Confederate yell, which called forth in other quarters the exclamation, "There goes Marse Robert—ole Jackson, or an ole hare."

It ought to be added in this connection that "the jug" had no attractions for the gallant "Jeb" Stuart, as he never drank so much as a glass of wine; nor for "Marse Robert," who was noted for his disapproval of the drinking usages of the army, and his abstinence from the use of intoxicants.

He once called his staff around a jug that he had received, telling them that he had a nice "treat" for them, and remarking, "I know where this came from, and that it is the very best that this goodly land produces." He then filled the drinking vessels to the brim with *fresh buttermilk*, which he presented to each one present.

McClellan had incurred the severest censure of his Government and of many of the Northern newspapers for not "pressing and crushing Lee's beaten army," and after he had finally crossed the river east of the mountains, and concentrated his army about Warrenton, Virginia, on the night of November 7th, he received orders from Washington displacing him from the command, and putting Gen. A. E. Burnside at the head of the army. While he had obvious faults as a soldier, there can be but little doubt that McClellan was the ablest and most accomplished commander that the Army of the Potomac ever had, unless General Meade was the exception, and that his removal was due to partisan or political rather than military reasons.

There can be little doubt that the following letter written on the 7th of July, 1862 (while he was at Harrison's Landing just after "Seven Days around Richmond"), in response to a request from President Lincoln that he should give his views on the proper "Conduct of the War," had a great deal to do with his retirement from active service:

> This rebellion has assumed the character of a war; as such it should be regarded, and it should be conducted upon the highest principles known to Christian civilization. It should not be a war looking to the subjugation of the people of any State in any event. It should not be at all a war upon population, but against armed

forces and political organization. Neither confiscation of property, political executions, territorial organizations of States, nor forcible abolition of slavery should be contemplated for a moment. In prosecuting the war all private property and unarmed persons should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessity of military operations. All private property taken for military use should be paid or receipted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes; all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited, and offensive demeanor by the military toward citizens promptly rebuked. Military arrests should not be tolerated, except in places where active hostilities exist, and oaths not required by enactments constitutionally made should be neither demanded nor received. Military government should be confined to the preservation of public order and the protection of political right. Military power should not be allowed to interfere with the relations of servitude, either by supporting or impairing the authority of the master, except for repressing disorder, as in other cases. Slaves contraband under the Act of Congress, seeking military protection, should receive it. The right of the Government to appropriate permanently to its own service claims to slave-labor should be asserted, and the right of the owner to compensation therefor should be recognized.

This principle might be extended upon grounds of military necessity and security to all the slaves of a particular State, thus working manumission in such State; and in Missouri, perhaps in Western Virginia also, and possibly even in Maryland, the expediency of such a measure is only a question of time.

A system of policy thus constitutional, and pervaded by the influences of Christianity and freedom, would receive the support of almost all truly loyal men, would deeply impress the rebel masses and all foreign nations, and it might be humbly hoped that it would commend itself to the favor of the Almighty.

Unless the principles governing the future conduct of our struggle shall be made known and approved, the effort to obtain requisite forces will be almost hopeless. A declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies.

The policy of the Government must be supported by concentrations of military power. The national forces should not be dispersed in expeditions, posts of occupation, and numerous armies; but should be mainly collected into masses and brought to bear upon the armies of the Confederate States. These armies thoroughly defeated, the political structure which they support would soon cease to exist.

In carrying out any system of policy which you may form, you will require a commander-in-chief of the Army—one who possesses your confidence, understands your views, and who is competent to execute your orders, by directing the military forces of the nation to the accomplishment of the objects by you proposed. I do not ask that place for myself. I am willing to serve you in such positions as you may assign me, and I will do so as faithfully as ever subordinate served superior. I may be on the brink of eternity, and, as I hope forgiveness from my Maker, I have written this letter with sincerity toward you, and from love for my country.

The policy inaugurated immediately by General Pope and the subsequent policy of the Government, as well as the fact that McClellan's army was taken from him and given to Pope; that he was reinstated for a season only because of Pope's great disaster, and that he was removed so soon after the Maryland campaign, all go to prove that this frank, conservative and statesman-like letter had a good deal to do with his removal.

General Lee had a high opinion of General McClellan. General Long quotes a relative of General Lee as saying that her father, an old gentleman, "asked General Lee which, in his opinion, was the ablest of the Union generals; to which he answered, bringing his hand down on the table with emphatic energy, 'McClellan, by all odds!'"

I found in General Lee's private letter-book after his death a letter from him to a distinguished Federal general who, among other questions, had asked his opinion of General McClellan. The General's reply was one of those beautiful specimens of "how not to say it," for which he had marked talent, but in response to the question he said: "I always had a high opinion of General McClellan, and have no reason to suppose that he failed to accomplish anything that he was able to do."

McClellan seems to have been the idol of his army, which he had organized and disciplined, and there was general regret when he left the command. Burnside changed McClellan's plans, and moved on Fredericksburg only to find the advance of Lee confronting him, on November 17, the Confederate chief seeming to read his designs by intuition.

On the 11th of December Burnside bombarded the town with 143 guns, posted on Stafford Heights on the north side of the Rappahannock River. But when, after a stout resistance from Barksdale's brigade of gallant Mississippians, he succeeded in laying his pontoons and crossing the river he found that Lee had resisted his crossing at all only to gain time to concentrate his troops and form his lines on the hills beyond the valley, extending from near the river above the town to Hamilton's Crossing below. With 113,000 men and 307 guns (147 of them posted on Stafford Heights so as to sweep the battlefield) Burnside attacked Lee, who with 78,000 men, only 20,000 of whom were actually engaged, occupied a strong natural position. A part of the line was strengthened by hastily constructed earthworks for the artillery and rifle-pits for the infantry. The result was that Burnside received a bloody defeat both at Marye's Hill near Fredericksburg, and in Jackson's front near Hamilton's Crossing. The Federal troops were brave, heroic, but no troops of any army could have carried the position against the Confederates who held it, and every renewal of the effort only resulted in more fearful slaughter.

As Lee from his position near the center of his lines watched the combat and witnessed the repulse of the enemy he is said to have exclaimed, "It is well that this is so terrible, or else we might grow fond of it."

Lee awaited the renewal of the contest, and husbanded his resources for the severer battle which he supposed would come, and for which he felt fully prepared, since not one-third of his army had been actually engaged.

And Burnside was anxious to renew the attack, but his subordinate generals were so unanimous in "protesting against further slaughter" that he abandoned his purpose, and availed himself of a dark and stormy night on the 15th, and recrossed the river to a position where his strong works and heavy artillery rendered him safe from a counter-attack by Lee.

Burnside's retreat was a great disappointment both to Lee and his men, as they were confident of a still more complete vic-

tory if the battle should be renewed. The Federal loss in this battle was 12,631, while the Confederate loss was only 5,322.

Much greater damage would have been inflicted upon Burnside's army had not General Lee forbidden his artillery to fire on the town of Fredericksburg, into which Burnside's shattered legions were crowded.

Two incidents which illumined the battle of Fredericksburg may be given. John Pelham, "the boy artillerist" of Stuart's horse artillery, with one gun, took position in the plain below Hamilton's Crossing, enfiladed the Federal line with such effect as to halt Franklin's advance on Jackson for an hour, and held his position with such heroic persistency as to extort from General Lee the commendation, "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young."

The cries of the Federal wounded between the lines in front of Marye's Hill so excited the sympathies of Richard Kirkland, a sergeant in the Second South Carolina Regiment, that he obtained permission from his general, Kershaw, and at the imminent risk of his life carried water to the famishing enemy and did everything else in his power to help them. He was afterwards killed, while bravely doing his duty at the battle of Chickamauga, but he deserves to be known in history as "the humane hero of Fredericksburg."

This closed the campaign of 1862 in Virginia, except that on the 26th of December the able and indefatigable Stuart took 1,800 of his troopers, under Hampton and the Lees, and made a most successful raid to the enemy's rear, making large captures, sending a telegram to the Federal Quartermaster-General complaining of the bad quality of the mules he furnished Burnside, and making a circuit through Loudoun and Fauquier counties before returning to Culpeper.

Lee was the unquestioned victor of the campaign and master of the situation, as he was the idol of his soldiers and of his people, and the admiration of the world. General Long gives some very pleasant incidents of Lee's life in camp after the battle of Fredericksburg, and I quote the following:

We were frequently visited by distinguished personages from Richmond and elsewhere. Among those deserving of especial mention were Colonel Freemantle of the British Army, and Captain Scheibert of the Prussian engineers. Scheibert remained with us for some time; he was present at the battle of Chancellorsville, and accompanied us to Gettysburg, where Colonel Freemantle was also present. Both of these officers were highly esteemed at headquarters.

Having for some time been reduced to very meagre fare, we were rejoiced to receive a present of a lot of chickens. One of the hens so distinguished herself as to be worthy of a place in history. Bryan, the steward of General Lee's mess, having discovered that she daily contributed an egg, spared her life. She proved to be a very discriminating hen, for she selected the General's tent to make her daily deposit. Instinct seemed to teach her that he was fond of fowls and domestic animals. Every day she would walk to and fro in front of his tent, and when all was quiet walk in, find a place under his bed, and deposit her egg, then walk out with a gratified cackle. Appreciating her partiality for him, he would leave his tent-door open for her to come in. This she kept up daily for weeks, Bryan always securing her contribution for the General's breakfast. She chose a roosting-place in the baggage-wagon, and on breaking up camp to meet Hooker at Chancellorsville, Bryan found room in the wagon for the hen. During the battle she seemed too much disturbed to lay, but as soon as the engagement was over she fell at once into her regular routine. She accompanied the army to Gettysburg. One night, when preparing for retreat, with the wagon loaded and everything ready, the question was raised, "Where is the hen?" By that time everybody knew her and took an interest in her; search was made in every direction, even General Lee joining in it. She was found at last perched on the wagon, where she had taken her place of her own accord. She accompanied the army in all its marches and countermarches for more than a year, and finally came to rather an unsentimental end. In the winter of 1864, General Lee's headquarters was near Orange Court House. The hen had become rather fat and lazy, and on one occasion, when the General had a distinguished visitor to dine with him, Bryan finding it extremely difficult to procure material for a dinner, very inhumanly killed the hen, unknown to any of the staff. At the dinner the General was very much surprised to see so fine a fowl; all enjoyed it, not dreaming of the great sacrifice made upon the altar of hospitality. When she was missed and inquiry made, Bryan had to acknowledge that he had killed her in order to provide something for the gentleman's dinner.

Several highly interesting letters written by General Lee to his wife and daughters at the period considered in the present chapter have been kindly handed to the writer with permission to publish them. As they possess both a personal and public significance, with some amusing comments upon army matters, he takes pleasure in laying them before the reader. General Lee's devotion to his family, his religious faith, and his sense of humor are all here strongly displayed. No better introduction can be offered than a sentence from a letter written by Miss Mildred Lee in reference to these letters: "In them one has glimpses of a great war raging mercilessly, while the chief actor sits down, to the sound of shot and cannon, and pours out his heart in affection to his 'little daughter.'"

From a letter to his daughter Mildred, written on Christmas, 1862, we make the following extract:

"I cannot tell you how I long to see you when a little quiet occurs. My thoughts revert to you, your sisters and mother; my heart aches for our reunion. Your brothers I see occasionally. This morning Fitzhugh rode by with his young aide-de-camp (Rob) at the head of his brigade, on his way up the Rappahannock. You must study hard, gain knowledge, and learn your duty to God and your neighbor; that is the great object of life. I have no news, confined constantly to camp and my thoughts occupied with its necessities and duties. I am, however, happy in the knowledge that General Burnside and his 'army will not eat their promised Xmas dinner in Richmond today.'"

On the succeeding day he writes as follows to his daughter Agnes:

"Camp Fredericksburg, 26th December, 1862.

"My precious little Agnes:

"I have not heard of you for a long time. I wish you were with me, for, always solitary, I am sometimes weary, and long for the reunion of my family once again. But I will not speak of myself, but of you. . . . .

"I have only seen the ladies in this vicinity when flying from the enemy, and it caused me acute grief to witness their exposure and suffering. But a more noble spirit was never displayed anywhere. The faces of old and young were wreathed with smiles and glowed with happiness at the sacrifices for the good of their country. Many have lost *everything*. What the fire and shells of the enemy spared, their pillagers destroyed. But God will shelter them, I know. So much heroism will not be unregarded. I can only hold oral communication with your sister, and have forbidden the scouts to bring any writing, and have taken back some that I

had given them for her. If caught it would compromise them. They only convey messages. I learn in that way she is well. . . .

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. Lee.

"To Agnes Lee."

We add two other letters, one written to his daughter Agnes, and one to Mrs. Lee:

"Camp Fredericksburg, 6th February, 1863.

"To Agnes Lee:

"I read yesterday, my precious daughter, your letter, and grieved very much when last in Richmond at not seeing you. My movements are so uncertain that I cannot be relied on for anything. The only place I am to be found is in camp, and I am so cross now that I am not worth seeing anywhere. Here you will have to take me with the three stools—the snow, the rain, and the mud. The storm of the last twenty-four hours has added to our stock of all, and we are now in a floating condition. But the sun and wind will carry all off in time, and then we shall appreciate our relief. Our horses and mules suffer the most. They have to bear the cold and rain, tug through the mud, and suffer all the time with hunger. The roads are wretched, almost impassable. I heard of Mag lately. One of our scouts brought me a card of Margaret Stuart's, with a pair of gauntlets directed to 'Cousin Robert.'

". . . . I have no news. General Hooker is obliged to do something. I do not know what it will be. He is playing the Chinese game, trying what frightening will do. He runs out his guns, starts his wagons and troops up and down the river, and creates an excitement generally. Our men look on in wonder, give a cheer, and all again subsides *in statu quo ante bellum*. I wish you were here with me today. You would have to sit by this little stove, look out at the rain, and keep yourself dry. But here come, in all their wet, the adjutant-general with the papers. I must stop and go to work. See how kind God is: we have plenty to do in good weather and bad. . . . .

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. Lee."

Extract from letter to Mrs. Lee:

"Camp Fredericksburg, 23d February, 1863.

"The weather now is very hard upon our poor bushmen. This morning the whole country is covered with a mantle of snow fully a foot deep. It was nearly up to my knees as I stepped out this morning, and our poor horses were enveloped. We have dug them out and opened our avenues a little, but it will be terrible and the roads impassable. No cars from Richmond yesterday. I fear our

short rations for man and horse will have to be curtailed. Our enemies have their troubles too. They are very strong immediately in front, but have withdrawn their troops above and below us back toward Aquia Creek. I owe Mr. F. J. Hooker no thanks for keeping me here. He ought to have made up his mind long ago what to do. 24th.—The cars have arrived, and brought me a young French officer full of vivacity, and ardent for service with me. I think the appearance of things will cool him. If they do not, the night will, for he brought no blankets.

"R. E. Lee."

I might add many of his letters written at this period, but make room for only a few.

In a letter to Mrs. Lee he says:

I tremble for my country when I hear of confidence expressed in me. I know too well my weakness, and that our only hope is in God.

On Christmas day he writes Mrs. Lee:

I will commence this holy day by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for the unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should have become of us without His crowning help and protection? Oh, if our people would only recognize it and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country! But what a cruel thing is war, to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that on this day, when only peace and good-will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace. Our army was never in such good health and condition since I have been attached to it. I believe they share with me my disappointment that the enemy did not renew the combat on the 13th. I was holding back all that day and husbanding our strength and ammunition for the great struggle for which I thought I was preparing. Had I divined what was to have been his only effort he would have had more of it. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men.

I quote again freely from Capt. R. E. Lee's charming "Recollections." He says:

In the spring of 1862 I was allowed to volunteer, and, having selected the company I wished to join, my father gave his approval, and wrote me to come to Richmond, so that he could procure me my outfit. He was as sweet and loving to me then as in the old days when I was a little fellow. I had seen so little of him during the last six years that I stood somewhat in awe of him. I soon found, however, that I had no cause for such a feeling. He took great pains in getting whatever was necessary for me. In a letter to my mother, the 15th March, 1862, he tells of my arrival in Richmond from the University:

"On returning to my quarters last night, after 11 P. M., Custis informed me Robert had arrived, and had made up his mind to go into the army. He stayed at the Spottswood, and this morning I went with him to get his overcoat, blankets, etc. There is great difficulty in procuring what is good; they all have to be made, and he has gone to the Adjutant-General's Office, of Virginia, to engage in the service. God grant it may be for his good. As He has permitted it, I must be resigned. I told him of the exemption granted by the Secretary of War to the professors and students of the University, but he expressed no desire to take advantage of it. It would be useless for him to go if he did not improve himself, nor could I wish him to go merely for exemption. As I have done all in the matter that seems proper and right, I must now leave the rest in the hands of a merciful God. I hope our son will do his duty, and make a good soldier."

The baggage of a private soldier in a Confederate field battery was not extensive. How little was actually needed, my father even at that time did not know, for, though he was very careful to provide me with the best amount he thought necessary, I soon found by experience that he had given me a great deal too much. It was characteristic of his consideration for others, and of the unselfishness of his nature, that at this time, when weighed down, harassed and burdened by the cares incident to bringing the untrained forces of the Confederacy into the field, and preparing them for a struggle, the gravity of which he so well knew, he should give so much of his time and attention to the petty details of fitting out his youngest son as a private soldier.

I think it is worthy of note that the fact of the son of the commanding general enlisting as a private in his army was not considered to be anything remarkable or unusual, and that neither my mother, family, friends, nor myself conceived of any other

course. I do not think it ever occurred to my father to give me, or rather get me, a position in the Army. I know it never occurred to me, nor did I ever hear at that time or afterwards from any one that I might have been entitled to better rank because of my father's prominence in Virginia and in the Confederacy.

With the good advice to be obedient to all authority, to do my duty in everything, great or small, he bade me good-by and sent me off to the Valley of Virginia, where the company in which I was about to enlist, the "Rockbridge Artillery," was serving under General "Stonewall" Jackson.

The day after the first battle of Cold Harbor, during the seven days' fighting around Richmond, was the first time I met my father after I joined the Army. The tremendous work Jackson's men had performed during their campaign in the Valley, their rapid march from there to Lee's left flank at Richmond, the short rations, the bad water, and the great heat had begun to tell upon them. On the morning I allude to, my battery had not moved from its bivouac grounds of the previous night, but was parked in an open field, waiting orders. Most of the men were lying down, many sleeping, myself among the latter number. To get some shade and to be out of the way, I had crawled under a caisson, and was slumbering profoundly, making up many lost hours of rest. Suddenly I was rudely awakened by some comrade prodding me with a sponge-staff, as I had failed to be aroused by his call, and was told to get up and come out, as some one wished to see me. Half awake, I staggered out, and found myself face to face with General Lee and his staff. Their fresh uniforms, bright equipments, and well-groomed horses contrasted so forcibly with the war-worn appearance of our command that I was completely dazed. It took me a minute or two to realize what it all meant. But when I saw my father's loving eyes and kind smile it all became clear to me and I knew that he had ridden by to look me up and shake me by the hand. I remember well how curiously those who were with him gazed at me, and I am sure that it must have struck them as very odd that such a dirty, ragged, unkempt youth could have been the son of this grand-looking man and victorious general.

After McClellan's change of base to Harrison's Landing on James River, the Confederate army lay inactive around Richmond, I had a short furlough on account of sickness, and was sent into town. I met my mother at the door of her house, and she did not recognize me. When she found out that this dreadful looking creature was her son, she immediately had me put in a bath, and all my clothing, including hat and shoes, burned in the back yard. I do not think I was in a worse condition than many of the other

private soldiers. Poor fellows! They all needed such treatment about that time. I saw my father frequently, for he came into Richmond whenever he could to visit my mother and sisters. He was the same loving father to us all, as kind and thoughtful of my mother, who was an invalid, and of his children, as if their comfort and happiness was all he had to care for. His great victory did not perceptibly elate him.

Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, once said: "What I had seen General Lee to be at first—childlike in simplicity and unselfishness in his character—he remained, unspoiled by praise and by success." He was the same in victory or defeat, always calm and self-contained.

When I again saw my father he was riding at the head of Longstreet's men on the field of Manassas, and we of Jackson's corps, hard pressed by Pope for two days, welcomed him and the divisions which followed him with ringing cheers of delight. Two rifle guns from our battery were detached and sent to join Longstreet's advance artillery, which was under the command of Col. Stephen D. Lee, and came into action on our right. I was No. 1 at one of these guns. We advanced rapidly, from hill to hill, firing as fast as we could, trying to keep ahead of our gallant comrades, just arrived. As we were ordered to cease firing from the last position, and the breathless cannoneers were lying down resting by their guns, General Lee and staff galloped up, and from this point of vantage scanned the movements of the enemy and of our own forces. The General reined in Traveler close by my gun, not fifteen feet from me. I looked at them for a few moments, and perceiving that I was not recognized, went up and spoke to Captain Mason of his staff. He had not the slightest idea who I was. When he found me out he was greatly amused, and introduced me to several others, whom I already knew. My appearance on this occasion was even less prepossessing than when I had met my father at Cold Harbor. I had been marching and fighting four days and nights, with no opportunity to wash even my face, much less my clothes. My face and hands were blackened with powder-sweat and my few and scanty garments were stained with red soil. The General, after a moment or two, dropped his field-glass to his side, and turned round to his staff. Then Captain Mason said: "General, here is some one who wants to speak to you." The General, seeing a much-begrimed artilleryman, sponge-staff in hand, approaching, said: "Well, my man, what can I do for you?" When I replied, "Why, General, don't you know me?" he at once recognized me. He was much amused at my appearance, but delighted to see me safe and well.

We of the said ranks had our opinions on all subjects, and freely discussed the armies, their generals, what they did, what they should do, and what they left undone. If there was one point on which the entire army was unanimous—I speak of the rank and file—it was that we were not in the least afraid of General Pope, and were perfectly sure of whipping him when we could meet him.

As one of the Army of Northern Virginia, I frequently saw the commander-in-chief on the march, or passed the headquarters close enough to recognize him and members of his staff. But a private soldier in Jackson's corps during that campaign did not have much time for visiting. Until the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) I had no further opportunity of speaking to him.

In that fight our battery was constantly engaged, losing many men and horses, three of our four guns were disabled. Late in the day we were ordered to withdraw from the front and refit. While moving back we passed General Lee and several of his staff grouped on a little knoll near the road. Having no definite orders where to go, our captain, seeing the commanding general, halted the battery, and rode over to get instructions. I, with some others, went along to see and hear. General Lee was dismounted, a courier holding his horse. Captain Poague, commanding the battery, saluted, reported our condition, and asked for instructions. The General, listening patiently, looked over us, his eyes passing by me without any sign of recognition, and then ordered Captain Poague to take the best serviceable men and horses, man the uninjured gun, and sending the disabled part of his command back to refit, to report at the front for duty.

As Captain Poague turned to go, I went up and spoke to my father, taking his hand. He immediately recognized me, and congratulated me on being well and unhurt. Then after a few words with him, I said jokingly, "General, you are not going to send us in again?" "Yes, my son," he replied with a smile, "you must do what you can to help drive these people back."

During this part of the campaign, General Lee rode much in an ambulance, and when he was obliged to mount Traveler, a courier rode by his side and led his horse. The accident which rendered this course necessary happened before he left Virginia. He had dismounted and was sitting on a fallen tree, with the bridle reins hanging over his arm. Traveler becoming frightened from some cause, suddenly dashed off, and dragged the General over the logs, spraining both hands, and breaking a small bone in one of them.

That autumn I was offered the position of lieutenant and aide-de-camp on the staff of my brother, W. H. F. Lee, just promoted

from the colonelcy of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry to the command of a brigade in the same arm of the service. I remember that my father told me when I joined the Army to do my whole duty faithfully, not to be rash about volunteering for any service out of my regular line, and always to accept promotion. After consulting him, it was decided that I should take the position offered, and he presented me with a horse and one of his swords.

My promotion necessitated my having an honorable discharge as a private from the ranks. The papers I obtained in the proper way, and carried them to General "Stonewall" Jackson, commanding the corps of which my battery was a part, to affix his signature. His adjutant-general was an old college-mate of mine, and he insisted on introducing me to the General. Having served in his command since my enlistment, I had seen him daily almost since that time, and "Old Jack," as we affectionately called him, was as familiar to me as one of the battery guns. But I never had met him in this way, and felt much awe at being ushered into his presence. This feeling, however, was groundless, for he was seemingly so embarrassed by the interview that I really felt sorry for him before he dismissed me with my discharge papers properly signed.

I had already received a letter from my father, telling me to come to him as soon as I had gotten my discharge from the battery. So I proceeded at once to the army headquarters, which were near Orange Court House, on a wooded hill, just east of the village. The General was on the point of moving his headquarters to Fredericksburg. Some of his army had already gone forward to that place. I think the camp was struck the day after I arrived. As my father's hands were not yet strong, he allowed me to ride Traveler. This horse was as well known amongst the soldiers as his master. He was a handsome iron-gray, with black points, his mane and tail very dark, sixteen hands high, and 5 years old. He was born and raised in Greenbrier County, West Virginia, and attracted the notice of the General when he was out there in 1861. He was never known to tire, was quiet and sensible, and without fear in battle.

My father had the strongest affection for this noble animal, which he showed on all occasions, and his allowing me to ride him on this long march I took as a great compliment. But possibly he wanted to give me a good "hammering" before he turned me over to the cavalry. I had all my soldier life, so far, been on foot, and had ridden nothing more lively than a tired artillery horse. I therefore mounted Traveler with some misgivings as to the comfort of my ride; still, I was very proud of my mount, by far the

best in the party. My fears were fully realized. Traveler would not walk a step. He took a short high trot,—a buck-trot, as compared with a buck-jump,—and kept it all the way to Fredericksburg, some thirty-odd miles. Though young, strong, and tough, I was glad when the journey ended. This was my first introduction to the cavalry service. I think I am safe in saying that I could have walked the distance with much less discomfort and fatigue.

My father rode "quiet Lucy Long" on this day. She had been very recently presented to him by General "Jeb" Stuart. She was gentle, young, and strong, with very easy paces, and on account of these qualities had been selected by General Stuart as a suitable mount for him until he should regain the full strength of his hands. The General found her very comfortable on that journey, and I frequently caught his eye, turned toward Traveler, who was steadily hammering me at every step, with the same old twinkle that I used to see many years before when I rode with him on my pony.

After a day with him at Fredericksburg, I was sent on to join my new command, then on the lower Rappahannock. My father's kindness had furnished me a horse, a sword, and a modest purse, sufficient to purchase me an outfit suitable to my new position.

As an officer in the cavalry and on the staff I had many more opportunities of seeing my father than had been possible when I was a private in an artillery company. In the course of duty I was sent to him to report the conditions of affairs at the front or on the flank of the army, and occasionally could pay him a visit. At such times he would take me into his tent, talk to me about my mother and sisters, my horse, myself, or the country and the people where my command happened to be stationed. I think my coming was very grateful to him, and he seemed to me always to brighten up when I came. He could unbend and relax the constant tension of mind in my presence, and it rested him.

His headquarters at this time, just before the battle of Fredericksburg, and often, were on a back road, about half-way between Fredericksburg and Hamilton's Crossing, selected on account of accessibility to all parts of his line. Although there was a good house nearby, and vacant, he lived in his tents. His camp was very unpretending, consisting of three or four wall tents, and several more common ones, situated on the edge of an old pine field, near a grove of forest trees, where he drew his supply of firewood, while the pines helped to shelter his tents and horses from the cold winds. Though from an outside view these quarters appeared rather dismal, especially through the dreary winter-time,

within they were cheerful, and all the surroundings as neat and comfortable as possible under the circumstances. In his letters at this time, written to members of his family, he tells of the noble fortitude of the inhabitants of Fredericksburg, and of their sufferings when obliged to abandon their homes; also something of his life and thoughts in camp.

General Lee issued to his army the following congratulatory order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
December 31, 1862.

General Orders,
No. 132.

The General Commanding takes this occasion to express to the officers and soldiers of the army his high appreciation of the fortitude, valor, and devotion displayed by them, which, under the blessing of Almighty God, have added the victory of Fredericksburg to the long list of their triumphs.

An arduous march performed with celerity under many disadvantages exhibited the discipline and spirit of the troops, and their eagerness to confront the foe.

The immense army of the enemy completed its preparations for the attack without interruption and gave battle in its own time, and on ground of its own selection.

It was encountered by less than twenty thousand of this brave army, and its columns crushed and broken, hurled back at every point with such fearful slaughter that escape from entire destruction became the boast of those who had advanced in full confidence of victory.

That this great result was achieved with a loss small in point of numbers, only augments the admiration with which the Commanding General regards the prowess of the troops, and increases his gratitude to Him who hath given us the victory.

The war is not yet ended. The enemy is still numerous and strong, and the country demands of the army a renewal of its heroic efforts in her behalf. Nobly has it responded to her call in the past, and she will never appeal in vain to its courage and patriotism.

The signal manifestations of Divine mercy, that have distinguished the eventful and glorious campaign of the year just closing, give assurance of hope that under the guidance of the same Almighty hand the coming year will be no less fruitful of

events that will ensure the safety, peace, and happiness of our beloved country, and add new lustre to the already imperishable name of the Army of Northern Virginia.

R. E. Lee.
General.

Thus General Lee closed the year in his camp near Fredericksburg, busy looking after the comfort of his men, promoting their discipline, and preparing in every way possible to meet the mighty combinations which he felt sure would be brought to bear against him on the opening of the next spring campaign.

CHAPTER VII

THE THIRD YEAR OF THE WAR

Resignation of General Burnside and appointment of General Hooker—Mr. Lincoln's letter—General Lee's letters to his family—Kelley's ford—The campaign and battle of Chancellorsville—Death of Stonewall Jackson—Affectionate friendship between Lee and Jackson—Their last meeting and who suggested the flank movement—Lee's order announcing Jackson's death—His letters—His order announcing the victory—The cavalry battle of Fleetwood—Family letters—The Gettysburg campaign and battle—Accounts of this battle by Gen. Fitz Lee, General Long, Col. W. H. Taylor—Colonel Henderson of the British Army and Gen. R. Taylor—Family letters—General Lee's letter proposing to resign his command and President Davis's reply—Letters—His refusal of the gift of a house from the city of Richmond—In camp along the Rapidan—Letters to his sons, his wife, and others—The great revival in the Army—Family and other letters.

General Burnside, an honorable and accomplished soldier, felt keenly his defeat at Fredericksburg, and was so anxious to retrieve that disaster that he keenly watched for an opportunity to recross the river and join battle again with his cool, alert opponent.

On the 19th of January he attempted another advance, but the roads were so horrible that the artillery and wagons literally stuck in the mud, and before a single man could cross the river the order for the advance had to be countermanded. The effort ingloriously failed, and passed into the annals of the Army of the Potomac as "the mud march."

Swinton in his very able book, "The Army of the Potomac," thus describes this last effort of General Burnside to cross the river:

> It was a wild Walpurgis night, such as Goethe paints in the Faust. Yet there was brave work done during its hours, for guns were hauled painfully up the heights and placed in their positions, and the pontoons were drawn down nearer to the river.

But it was already seen to be a hopeless task; for the clayey roads and fields, under the influence of the rain, had become bad beyond all former experience, and by daylight, when the boats should all have been on the banks ready to slide down into the water, but fifteen had been gotten up—not enough for one bridge, and five were wanted. Moreover, the night operations had not escaped the notice of the wary enemy, and by morning Lee had massed his army to meet the menaced crossing.

. . . . The night's rain had made deplorable havoc with the roads; but herculean efforts were made to bring pontoons enough into position to build a bridge or two withal. Double and triple teams of horses and mules were harnessed to each boat; but it was in vain. Long stout ropes were then attached to the teams, and a hundred and fifty men put to the task on each. The effort was but little more successful. Floundering through the mire for a few feet, the gang of Liliputians with their huge-ribbed Gulliver, were forced to give over, breathless. Night arrived, but the pontoons could not be got up, and the enemy's pickets, discovering what was going on, jocularly shouted out their intentions to "come over tomorrow and help build the bridges."

Morning dawned upon another day of rain and storm. The ground had gone from bad to worse, and now showed such a spectacle as might be presented by the elemental wrecks of another Deluge. An indescribable chaos of pontoons, vehicles, and artillery encumbered all the roads—supply wagons upset by the roadside, guns stalled in the mud, ammunition trains mired by the way, and hundreds of horses and mules buried in liquid muck. The army, in fact, was embargoed; it was no longer a question of how to go forward—it was a question of how to get back. The three days' rations brought on the persons of the men were exhausted, and the supply trains could not be moved up. To aid the return all the available force was put to work to corduroy the rotten roads. Next morning the army floundered and staggered back to the old camps, and so ended a movement, that will always live in the recollection of the army as the "mud march," and which remains a striking exemplification of the enormous difficulties incident to winter campaigning in Virginia.

General Lee was so fully prepared to meet this move and so confident of his ability to defeat it that he wrote his government that "it was fortunate for the Federals that they failed to get over the river."

In the Army of the Potomac, however, there were loud complaints among the higher and subordinate officers, and in the ranks, of the hardships of the "mud march," and against their general who had ordered it.

Chagrined and disappointed, and stung by the criticisms of some of his general officers, Burnside asked that these men be transferred to other fields, or that his own resignation be accepted. The President promptly accepted his resignation and appointed as his successor the man Burnside most disliked, and to whom he attributed a large part of his failures—Gen. Joseph E. Hooker, who was affectionately called by his soldiers "Fighting Joe."

Mr. Lincoln wrote General Hooker a very characteristic letter, which I quote as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 31, 1863.

MAJ.-GEN. HOOKER.

GENERAL: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons. And yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe that you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm.

But I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him so much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard in such a way as to believe it of your recently saying that both the Army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up for dictators. What I ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army of criticising their commander,

and withholding confidence from him will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon if he were alive again, could get any good out of any army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness! but with energy, and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories. Yours very truly,

A. Lincoln.

General Hooker went diligently to work, and had so increased the numbers, discipline, equipment, and efficiency of his command that, with pardonable pride, he pronounced it "the finest army on the planet." His field returns show that he had present for duty on the 30th of April, 1863, 137,378 men, while Lee had at that date only 53,303.

Some of General Lee's letters may be appropriately introduced at this point.

In a letter to his son dated January 5, after writing of some business matters, he says:

We have another snow-storm this morning, which promises to be deep. Our men and animals have suffered much from scarcity of food, and I fear they are destined to suffer more. I am doubtful whether I shall be able to retain my position, and may at last be obliged to yield to a greater force than that under command of General Burnside. We shall lose the moral advantages we have gained, and our men may become discouraged. Give much love to your mother, Agnes, if in Richmond, and all friends. Present me particularly to the gentlemen of the President's staff.

January 11 he writes that he is encouraged to hope, from a letter just received from his son, for "our ability to hold the Mississippi. God grant that the integrity of the Confederacy may be thus preserved."

He writes fully about plans for freeing the negroes of the Custis estate, and then says:

I heard of Mary yesterday by one of our scouts. She was well, but no written communication can pass between us now. Fitzhugh and Rob are well. I saw them on their return from the last scout. Their camp is some twenty-five miles from me. I reviewed Fitz Lee's brigade yesterday, and, though it was raining, and they had marched fourteen miles, they made a very fine appearance, and for their size presented the finest appearance of any cavalry

I have ever seen. They were all comfortably clad. Their horses and equipments in good condition and their exercises good. I want to review Fitzhugh's this week, if circumstances permit.

The following are characteristic:

CAMP, February 9, 1863.

I enclose a letter to your mother, which contains a passport for Mrs. Murdock, which it might be convenient for her to get tonight. Can you send it to her? No news. All well. Country liquid. Roads wretched. General Hooker is agitating something on the other side, or at all events is agitating his troops. Last Friday night he attempted to burn the R. R. Bridge at Rappr. Station, Orange and Alex'a R. R. He was driven off, but did it some damage. Extent not yet known. Yesterday he was marching his infantry up and down the river, etc.

On the 12th of February, 1863, he says in a letter to his son:

I am sorry to hear of your mother's suffering. I wish I could relieve her. I am also sorry to hear of the President's being unwell. I fear it will be a serious interruption to his business. As far as I can judge at this distance, the proper authorities in Richmond take the necessities of the Army generally very easy.

I hope there will be no cause to repent. But now every exertion should be made to put the Army everywhere on the strongest footing for vigorous work in the spring. Our salvation will depend on the next four months, and yet I cannot even get regular promotions made to fill vacancies in regiments, while Congress seems to be laboring to pass laws to get easy places for some favorites or constituent, or get others out of active service.

I shall feel very much obliged to them if they will pass a law relieving me from all duty and legislating some one in my place, better able to do it.

In a letter to his son, dated February 28, he speaks more freely of public matters than was his wont. He says:

I have no news. We have mud up to our eyes. River very high. Enemy seems very strong in our front. Cannot ascertain yet what he is going to do, unless it is to remain as he is, till better weather, then push his columns now at Newport News up James River. Seems to be his best plan. Must try and defeat it. To do this, will require our regiments to be filled up. Can you devise any plan to get the laggards out? Give much love to your mother and Agnes. Have not heard from my Precious Life since 1st of January.

I wrote to the President account of Fitz Lee, and Fitzhugh's handsome conduct. I am very glad to learn that he is able to attend his office again. You see the Fed. Cong. has put the whole power of their country into the hands of the President. Nine hundred millions of dollars and three millions of men. Nothing now can arrest, during the present Administration, the most desolating war that was ever practiced, except a revolution among their people. Nothing can produce revolution except systematic success on our part. What has our Congress done to meet the exigency, I may say *extremity,* in which we are placed? As far as I know, concocted bills to excuse a certain class of men from service, and to transfer another class in service, out of active service, where they hope never to do service. Among the thousand applications of Kentuckians, Missourians, Marylanders, Alabamians, and Georgians, etc., etc., to join native regiments out of this army, who ever heard of their applying to enter regiments in it, when in face of the enemy? I hope Congress will define what makes a man a citizen of a State.

For some apply for regiments of States in which they were born, when it suits their purpose, while others thus apply for regiments of States in which they live, or have married, or visited, or where they have relatives, but never when the regiments of those States are in active service. Gen. Fitz Lee has reached his camp in Culpeper with 150 prisoners, including five commissioned and ten non-commissioned officers, taken in his recent fight. Had to leave his wounded behind, six or eight (one, Sergeant Davis, Second Regiment, mortally). Gen. W. E. Jones reports that two regiments of Federal Cavalry drove in his pickets on the 26th.

He fell upon them with small force, cut them up badly, captured 200 prisoners with horses and equipments. His loss, four wounded (two mortally). Please read to the President these items. Have not time to write another letter before mail closes.

Cannot General Wigfall do something for us with Congress?

The following is to his son's wife:

CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, 3d March, 1863.

I received today, my darling daughter, your letter of the 28th, and it has furnished me such pleasing thoughts. I am glad you are so well and happy. Tell F. I know you "look very well," and more than that you look beautiful, and that he must answer all your questions, and R. must drive you out every day. You and that young bride must make fine company for each other. Affording each other so much time for fruitful thought, and when you do speak always on the same subject, your husbands. How deluded

each must appear to the other. As to Fitzhugh, the Misses H. need take no credit to themselves for perceiving his condition. It is patent to all the world and requires no Columbus to discover it. Tell him that he must look at you as much as he can, for the spring is approaching and we have a great deal before us. I am glad you have had this opportunity to be together, and hope the war with all its baneful effects will always be removed far from you. It is strange though that nobody writes to you now. You are both such good correspondents that I should think you would be overwhelmed with letters. Your mama says neither of you ever write to her. But I tell her it is the fault of the mails. Your poor mama has been a great sufferer this winter. I have not been able to see her, and fear I shall not. She talks of coming to Hickory Hill this month when the weather becomes more fixed. We are up to our eyes in mud now, and have but little comfort. Mr. Hooker looms very large over the river. Has two balloons up in the day and one at night. I hope he is gratified at what he sees. Your cousin Fitz Lee beat up his quarters the other day with about 400 of his cavalry and advanced within four miles of Falmouth, carrying off 150 prisoners with their horses, arms, etc. The day after he re-crossed the Rappahannock they sent all their cavalry after him, and even brought Sir Percy Wyndham and his three regiments from Chantilly down upon him, but the bird had flown. It was reported that they displayed 10,000 cavalry. I suppose half that number would be nearer the truth. I hope these young Lees will always be too smart for the enemy. Kiss Fitzhugh for me and give much love to Rob. I pray daily to our Heavenly Father to guard, guide, and protect you all. Tell Fitzhugh I will not write to him this time. It is so dark I can hardly see. I am obliged to him for his letter. Your devoted papa,

R. E. Lee.

The following is without date but was evidently written about this time:

My dear Fitzhugh:

I wrote you a few lines the other day and also to daughter Charlotte. Tell her she must talk quick to you. Her time is getting short and the soldiers complain of officers' wives visiting them when theirs cannot. I am petitioned to send them off. Your poor mother is I fear no better. I received yesterday a very pleasing letter from Rev. Dr. S., complimentary of Precious Life. I have mailed it to your mother. Kiss Chass for me, and tell her that daughters are not prohibited from visiting their papas. It is only objected to wives visiting their husbands. But she and Mrs.

R. are not included in the prohibition. Your Uncle Carter says that they had him with a gun and sword buckled to him, guarding a ford on James River during Stoneman's last expedition. You and Fitz must not let them capture your uncle. I wish I could have seen your review. I hope Chass did.

Aff'ly. your father,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. Wm. Fitzhugh Lee.

But the spring finally dawned, and with it opened the active campaign. As preliminary to the movement of his main army, Hooker sent 3,000 cavalry, under Averill, across the river at Kelley's ford, near Culpeper, to drive off the brigade of Fitz Lee, which could only put 800 troopers in the saddle that morning. But under their gallant and skilful leader this little force not only successfully resisted Averill, but drove him back across the river with heavy loss. It was, however, a dearly bought victory for the Confederates, inasmuch as "the gallant Pelham"—"the boy artillerist"—who commanded Stuart's horse artillery, and was the pride and idol of the whole army, was killed leading a cavalry charge. Hooker's plan was admirably conceived, and at first well executed. Sending Stoneman with 10,000 cavalry to Lee's rear to break his communications with Richmond, he sent Sedgwick across the river at Fredericksburg on the night of April 26, with 52,401 men, while he himself crossed on the night of the 28th and morning of the 29th at the upper fords. He moved out on Lee's flank with 73,124 men, it being designed that Sedgwick should hold Lee at Fredericksburg while Hooker completed his move to Lee's flank and rear. Hooker concentrated his wing of the army at Chancellorsville, and issued a congratulatory order in which he said that after the complete success of his movement the enemy would now be compelled "to ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

But he did not know the genius or the boldness of the Confederate chief. Leaving Early with his division, and Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade to watch and check Sedgwick, Lee

with the rest of his army moved on Hooker at Chancellorsville. Finding him too strongly intrenched to be attacked in front or on his left, Lee sent Stonewall Jackson around his right flank. Hooker, in the mean time, had ordered up Reynolds's corps from Falmouth, and when that reached him on the morning of the 3d of May he had in his very strong position, heavily intrenched, 92,719 men, while Lee had 14,000 in Hooker's front, and less than 30,000 in Jackson's flanking column. It is useless to speculate on what *might* have been had Hooker, with the genius and boldness of Napoleon at Austerlitz, attacked and crushed Lee's 14,000 and then turned on Jackson, but what *did occur* was that Jackson made his detour of fifteen miles so rapidly and so secretly that when at 4.10 P. M. Hooker dispatched Sedgwick, "We know the enemy is flying trying to save his trains," Jackson, guided by Fitz Lee, who had guarded the marching column, was forming his line of battle on Hooker's right and rear, and about to burst like a cyclone upon Howard's corps.

Howard was completely routed, his men fleeing in wild panic, and Jackson was moving to cut off Hooker from the United States ford, his only line of retreat, with the view of surrounding and capturing his whole army, when, returning from one of those bold reconnaissances which he was accustomed to make, his party was mistaken for the enemy, and fired on by his own men, several being instantly killed, and the great chief receiving three severe wounds.

The confusion which ensued from Jackson's fall, and the wounding of A. P. Hill, the next in command, delayed any further advance of the Confederates that night, and Hooker worked until morning with axe and spade to strengthen his position.

But the next morning Lee said, "General Jackson's plans shall be carried out. *These people shall be pressed today.*"

J. E. B. Stuart, who had been put in command of Jackson's corps after Hill was disabled, gave the ringing order, "*Charge and remember Jackson!*" and finally leading the charge in person, while his voice could be heard above the din of battle sing-

ing in clear tones, "Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the wilderness?" he swept everything before him. An eyewitness says that he "could not get rid of the impression that Harry of Navarre led the charge, except that Stuart's plume was black, for everywhere the men followed his feather with enthusiastic yells."

Lee moved forward his lines at the same time, and by 10 o'clock on the morning of May 3d the position at Chancellorsville had been won, the two wings of Lee's army reunited, and Hooker driven to another line nearer the river. Lee was arranging to attack again when he received the news that Sedgwick had defeated the small force in his front at Fredericksburg, and was rapidly advancing on the Confederate rear. Leaving Stuart with Jackson's corps to watch Hooker, Lee with Anderson's, McLaws's and Early's divisions moved on Sedgwick, routed and drove him across the river, and returned on the evening of the 5th, with the purpose of finishing Hooker the next morning. But Hooker wisely availed himself of the fearful storm that night, and under its cover retreated across the river.

Lee's loss in the Chancellorsville campaign aggregated 10,281, Hooker's, 17,197. Lee captured 5,000 prisoners besides the wounded, fourteen pieces of artillery, seventeen stand of colors, 19,500 small arms, and a large amount of ammunition.

But the Confederacy sustained an irreparable loss in the death of *Stonewall Jackson,* which occurred on the 10th of May from an attack of pneumonia, which in his enfeebled condition, from the effects of his wounds, he could not resist.

Just as Lee had carried the position at Chancellorsville and united the two wings of his army, and rode in among his victorious troops who greeted him with loud cheers, and hailed him victor of the hard-fought field, a note from Jackson was handed him in which, without mentioning his wound, he congratulated General Lee on the great victory. The commander-in-chief at once wrote his wounded lieutenant a tender, sympathizing note, in which he said:

I cannot tell you how distressed I am at your being wounded. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.

On the receipt of this letter Jackson exclaimed, "Better that ten Jacksons should fall than one Lee. But General Lee should give the glory of the victory to God, and not to me."

The last interview between Lee and Jackson, prior to the battle of Chancellorsville, and whether Lee or Jackson conceived the flank movement which resulted in the great victory is a matter of such great interest, and has been so widely discussed, that I give in full a letter on the subject which I wrote some years ago in the *Atlanta Constitution:*

I was very much interested in the account of the "last official interview between Lee and Jackson" which you published this morning, written by Captain Carlton McCarthy in the *Richmond Critic.*

It very conclusively shows that the great flank movement which resulted in the defeat of Hooker originated with Lee, and not (as has been popularly supposed) with Jackson.

But as all details concerning these great and good men and their relations to each other are of interest, I beg to give you some additional facts concerning that famous interview and the origin of that brilliant movement.

In Gen. A. L. Long's "Life of Lee" he published a letter from the gallant and accomplished engineer officer Col. T. M. R. Talcott, in which he gives the following deeply interesting account of that historic interview. Colonel Talcott says:

My recollections of the night before the battle of Chancellorsville are as follows:

About sunset General Jackson sent word to General Lee (by me) that his advance was checked, and the enemy were in force at Chancellorsville. This brought General Lee to the front, and General Jackson met him at the southeast angle of the Chancellorsville and Cathrine Forge road.

General Lee asked General Jackson if he had ascertained the position and strength of the enemy on our left, to which General

Jackson replied by stating the result of an attack made by Stuart's cavalry near Cathrine Forge about dusk. The position of the enemy immediately in our front was then discussed and Captain Boswell and myself were sent to make a moonlight reconnaissance, the result of which was reported about 10 P. M., and was not favorable to an attack in front.

At this time Generals Lee and Jackson were together, and Lee, who had a map before him, asked Jackson, "How can we get at these people?" To which Jackson replied, in effect, "You know best. Show me what to do and I will do it." General Lee looked thoughtfully at the map; then indicated on it and explained the movement he desired General Jackson to make, and closed by saying, "General Stuart will cover your movement with his cavalry." General Jackson listened attentively and his face lighted up with a smile while General Lee was speaking. Then rising and touching his cap, he said: "My troops will move at 4 o'clock."

It will be seen that this letter of Colonel Talcott is very explicit on the point that Jackson declined to make a suggestion, and Lee suggested and ordered the flank movement.

Col. Charles Marshall, who was at the time Lee's military secretary, gives a graphic and interesting account of either the same interview, or of another the same evening, as that given above by Colonel Talcott, and I quote Colonel Marshall's account as given in Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's superb address on Chancellorsville before the Army of Northern Virginia Association.

General Fitz Lee says:

The problem presented to General Lee's mind on Friday night, May 1, was to decide how best to attack Hooker's army on the morning of May 2. Time was an important element, for near Fredericksburg, in his rear, was Sedgwick largely outnumbering the Confederate force in his front under Early. During the afternoon General Lee wished to attack from his right and cut Hooker off from the United States ford, severing his communication with Sedgwick, and rode down himself and examined the lines all the way to the river, but found no way to do so. Returning at night he found Jackson, and asked him if he knew of any place to attack. Jackson said "No." Lee said, "Then we must go around on the Federal right." Jackson said he had been inquiring about roads by the furnace. Stuart came up then and said he would go down to the furnace and see what he could learn about roads. He soon returned with Rev. B. T. Lacy, who said a circuit

could be made around by Wilderness tavern, and a young man living in the country and then in the cavalry was sent for to act as guide.

Ah! what an earnest talk Lee and Jackson had on the night of May 1. At sunset they took their seats on a log, on the right or north side of the Plank road and a little distance in the woods. Colonel Marshall, the well-known aide-de-camp of General Lee, was the only other person present, having been ordered to come to the spot for the purpose of writing a letter to Mr. Davis, dictated by General Lee. Marshall sat on the end of a fallen tree within three feet of the two generals, and heard every word that passed between them, and this is what he tells me Lee and Jackson talked about on that eventful night. Jackson spoke to General Lee about what he had seen and heard during the advance, and commented upon the promptness with which the enemy had appeared to abandon his movement toward Fredericksburg when opposed and the ease with which he had been driven back to Chancellorsville, and concluded by expressing the opinion very decidedly and repeated it more than once that the enemy would recross the Rappahannock before morning. He said in substance: "By to-morrow morning there will not be any of them this side of the river." General Lee expressed the hope that General Jackson's expectations might be realized, but said that he did not look for such a result; that he did not believe the enemy would abandon his attempts so easily, and expressed the conviction that the main body of General Hooker's army was in his front, and that the real move was to be made from this direction, and not from Fredericksburg. On this point there was a great difference of opinion among our higher officers, and General Lee was the only one who seemed to have the absolute conviction that the real move of the Federal army was the one he was meeting then. In this belief he never wavered from the first. After telling General Jackson that he hoped his opinion might be proved to be correct, General Lee added, "But, General, we must get ready to attack the enemy, if we should find him here tomorrow, and you must make all arrangements to move around his right flank." General Lee then took up the map and pointed out to Jackson the general direction of his route by the Furnace and Brock roads. Some conversation took place as to the importance of endeavoring to conceal the movement from the enemy, and as to the existence of roads farther to the enemy's right by which General Jackson might pass so as not to be exposed to observation or attack. The general line of Jackson's route was pointed out, and the necessity of celerity and secrecy was enjoined upon him. The conversation was a lengthy

one, and at the conclusion of it General Lee said to Jackson that before he moved in the morning, if he should have any doubt as to whether the enemy was still in position, he could send a couple of guns to a spot close by and open fire on the enemy's position, which should speedily settle the question. From the spot referred to two of our guns had to be withdrawn that afternoon, as the infantry were suffering from the fire they were drawing from the enemy. General Jackson then withdrew, and General Lee dictated to Colonel Marshall a long letter to President Davis, giving him fully the situation. In it he regretted he would not have the assistance of Pickett's and Hood's divisions, but expressed his confidence in the good judgment that had withdrawn and kept them from him, and closed with the hope that, notwithstanding all our dangers and disadvantages, Providence would bless the efforts which he was sure his brave army would make to deserve success.

I give all this in detail to show the errors writers upon Chancellorsville have fallen into in reference to the origin of Jackson's famous flank movement.

The above statement from General Fitz Lee and Colonel Marshall fully confirms the statement of Colonel Talcott, and leaves nothing else that needs to be added.

But if stronger proof were wanted as to the origin of that movement, it is found in a letter written by Gen. R. E. Lee to Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, former Assistant Secretary of the Confederate War Department, which I found, after his death, copied into General Lee's private letter-book, in his own well-known hand-writing, and which I first published in my "Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of R. E. Lee."

Dr. Bledsoe, who was then editor of the *Southern Review*, had written to General Lee asking him the direct question whether the flank movement at Chancellorsville originated with Jackson or with himself, and in reply General Lee wrote the following letter, which settles the question beyond all controversy.

LEXINGTON, VA., October 28, 1867.

DR. A. T. BLEDSOE, Office *Southern Review*, Baltimore, Md.

MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry, I must acknowledge that I have not read the article on Chancellorsville in the last number of the *Southern Review*, nor have I read any of the books published on either side since the termination of hostilities. I have

as yet felt no desire to revive my recollections of those events, and have been satisfied with the knowledge I possessed of what transpired. I have, however, learned from others that the various authors of the life of Jackson award to him the credit of the success gained by the Army of Northern Virginia where he was present and describe the movements of his corps or command as independent of the general plan of operations and undertaken at his own suggestion and upon his own responsibility.

I have the greatest reluctance to say anything that might be considered as detracting from his well-deserved fame, for I believe no one was more convinced of his worth or appreciated him more highly than myself; yet your knowledge of military affairs, if you have none of the events themselves, will teach you that this could not have been so. Every movement of an army must be well considered and properly ordered, and every one who knew General Jackson must know that he was too good a soldier to violate this fundamental principle. In the operations around Chancellorsville, I overtook General Jackson, who had been placed in command of the advance, as the skirmishers of the approaching armies met, advanced with the troops to the Federal line of defenses, and was on the field until their whole army recrossed the Rappahannock.

There is no question as to who was responsible for the operations of the Confederates, or to whom any failure would have been charged.

What I have said is for your own information.

With my best wishes for the success of the *Southern Review*, and for your own welfare, in both of which I take a lively interest, I am, with great respect, your friend and servant.

R. E. Lee.

It is due to the memory and fame of Lee that the facts given above should be brought out—that his true character as a soldier should be clearly portrayed—and that the world should know that so far from being "slow and cautious" (as General Grant said he was), he was not one whit behind even "Stonewall" Jackson in the boldness of his conceptions and the rapidity of his execution; that President Jefferson Davis was not wrong in his estimate when he said, "Lee would attempt anything that man might dare."

And yet in this we would dishonor the memory of Lee if we should disparage in any way his great lieutenant—"Stonewall"

Jackson—whom he called his "right arm," and to whom he wrote when he was stricken down at Chancellorsville, "Could I have dictated events I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead." I had the privilege once of hearing General Lee, in his office in Lexington, pronounce a glowing eulogy on Jackson, in which he said with far more than his accustomed warmth of feeling, "He never failed me. Why, if I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg I should have won that battle, and if I had won a decided victory there we would have established the independence of the Confederacy."

It was, on the other hand, beautiful to see how Jackson reciprocated Lee's high opinion. He said, "General Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man whom I would be willing to follow blindfolded." And it was glorious to see the cheerful alacrity, the splendid skill, and the terrific energy with which he executed the orders, or even the slightest wish of his chief. Lee and Jackson were indeed *Par nobile fratrum*. "Lovely in their lives, in their death they were not divided," but sleeping side by side in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia, they live together in the hearts of a grateful people, their fame is forever linked together, and their pure spirits bask together in the sunlight of that brighter, better land, where "war's rude alarms" are never heard.

J. William Jones.

Atlanta, December 10, 1887.

The short campaign of Chancellorsville was the most brilliant of all which General Lee had hitherto conducted and stamped his fame as that of a commander of transcendent courage and ability. With 45,000 men he had met and defeated 125,000, who were equipped for this onset with everything which lavish wealth, careful discipline, and deliberate preparation could provide. He had inflicted on them a total loss nearly half of his whole army, had captured enough small arms and camp equipage to furnish perfectly every man in his command, and, in forcing a march, had hurled back the fragments of this multitudinous host to its starting point baffled and broken. His line

of defense was successfully turned on his right and left, by an advance movement; his communications severed, and his little army seemingly placed within the jaws of destruction. But with an impregnable equanimity he had awaited the full development of his adversary's designs, and thus, disregarding for the time those parts of his assaults which his wisdom showed him were not vital, had concentrated his chief strength upon the important points, and with a towering courage which no odds could affect, had assailed his gigantic adversary on his vulnerable side with resistless fury. How much of the credit of this unexampled success is due to the assistance of General Jackson has already been indicated. But the history would be incomplete if it failed to refute the statement which had been made by some of the pretended asserters of Jackson's fame—that the victories of Lee were due wholly to his military genius and ceased when he fell.

The reputation of Jackson does not need to be supported by these insidious follies.

The commander-in-chief was the first to recognize with grace and magnanimity his obligations to Jackson's valued assistance. But he fell in the midst of the struggle and Lee conducted it to its close with the same skill, genius, and happy audacity with which it was commenced. It was the glory of Virginia that, superior to the lioness which rears but one young lion, her fruitful breasts could nourish at once the greatness of more than one heroic soul.

Col. Charles Marshall, of Lee's staff, in a Memorial address, thus describes his victorious troops:

> General Lee accompanied the troops in person, and as they emerged from the fierce combat they had waged in "the depths of that tangled wilderness," driving the superior forces of the enemy before them across the open ground, he rode into their midst. The scene is one than can never be effaced from the minds of those that witnessed it. The troops were pressing forward with all the ardor and enthusiasm of combat. The white smoke of musketry fringed the front of the line of battle, while the artillery on the hills in the rear of the infantry shook the earth with its

thunder and filled the air with the wild shrieks of the shells that plunged into the masses of the retreating foe. To add greater horror and sublimity to the scene, the Chancellorsville house and the woods surrounding it were wrapped in flames. In the midst of this awful scene General Lee, mounted upon that horse which we all remember so well, rode to the front of his advancing battalions. His presence was the signal for one of those uncontrollable outbursts of enthusiasm which none can appreciate who have not witnessed them.

The fierce soldiers, with their faces blackened with the smoke of battle, the wounded, crawling with feeble limbs from the fury of the devouring flames, all seemed possessed with a common impulse. One long, unbroken cheer, in which the feeble cry of those who lay helpless on the earth blended with the strong voices of those who still fought, rose high above the roar of battle and hailed the presence of the victorious chief. He sat in the full realization of all that soldiers dream of—triumph; and as I looked on him in the complete fruition of the success which his genius, courage, and confidence in his army had won, I thought that it must have been from some such scene that men in ancient days ascended to the dignity of the gods.

His first care was for the wounded of both armies, and he was among the foremost at the burning mansion, where some of them lay. But at that moment, when the transports of his victorious troops were drowning the roar of battle with acclamations, a note was brought to him from General Jackson. It was brought to General Lee as he sat on his horse near the Chancellorsville house, and, unable to open it with his gauntleted hands, he passed it to me with directions to read it to him. The note made no mention of the wound which General Jackson had received, but congratulated General Lee upon the great victory.

I shall never forget the look of pain and anguish that passed over his face as he listened. With a voice broken with emotion he bade me to say to General Jackson that the victory was his, and that the congratulations were due to him. I do not know how others may regard this incident, but for myself, as I gave expression to the thoughts of his exalted mind, I forgot the genius that won the day in my reverence for the generosity that refused its glory.

Rev. Dr. James P. Smith, editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, Richmond, Virginia, who served gallantly on Stonewall Jackson's staff, relates the following incident illustrating Jackson's habit of prompt obedience to the smallest request of his chief.

One day when he was at Lee's headquarters the General told Captain Smith to say to General Jackson that the first time he rode in that direction he would be glad to see him on a matter of no great importance, which could await his convenience.

When the message was delivered Jackson promptly said, "I will go tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock, Captain Smith, and I wish you to accompany me." At 5 o'clock the next morning Captain Smith looked out of his tent, and finding a driving snow storm raging, took for granted that his chief would not go to General Lee's headquarters in such weather, as Lee had sent him word that it was a matter of no great importance and could await his convenience. Accordingly he went to sleep again, and was greatly enjoying his morning nap when his servant rudely awakened him by saying, "Captain Smith, de General done got he breakfast, and is gettin' ready to start."

The gallant Captain hustled out of bed, dressed while his boy was saddling his horse, and, without his breakfast, galloped after his General, whom he found it difficult to overtake, or to keep up with, as he faced the storm and rode eight miles to General Lee's quarters.

The Chief had just come out from his breakfast, and greeted his great lieutenant with the question, "Why, General, what stirred you out at this hour, and in this fearful weather? Are those people across the river moving?"

"No, not that I am aware of," replied Jackson, "but you said that you wished to see me."

"But I told Captain Smith to tell you that it was a matter of no great importance, and could await your convenience. I had no idea of bringing you out such weather as this."

Jackson promptly replied in those emphatic, crisp words so characteristic of the man, "General Lee's lightest wish is a supreme command to me, and I always take pleasure in prompt obedience."

A cordial invitation to breakfast followed. Jackson declined, as he had already been to breakfast, but Captain Smith was

only too glad to accept, and General Lee went with him into the mess tent, and waited on him himself, while he made the breakfast delightful by his pleasant chat.

Captain Smith tells another anecdote of this same period, which is equally characteristic. When Sedgwick crossed the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, Captain Smith was sent to tell General Lee of it. He found no one stirring at headquarters except Colonel Venable, who was washing his face in a basin on a stump, and told him that the General was asleep in his tent, but that he had better go in at once and wake him. The Captain found the great Chieftain sleeping so sweetly that he hesitated for a minute to awaken him, but finally called him and he arose and asked what was wanted. The young aid replied that he had some very important information—that the enemy had crossed the river.

"Well, come and sit on the side of my couch, and tell me all about it," Lee said with his usual kindly smile.

After listening to the details the General said, "You are sure that the enemy has crossed the river? I did not know but that a certain colonel on your staff had heard firing in the direction of *Moss Neck*, and had gone down there on a reconnoitering expedition."

The pleasant allusion was to Col. A. S. Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, who was then paying devoted attention to Miss Corbin of Moss Neck, whom he married not long afterwards.

General Lee then reflected for a few minutes and said, "Well, you wish me to give you some message for your General, do you not? Tell General Jackson that he knows as well what to do with the enemy as I do. Tell him to dispose of them as he finds best, and I will come down after a while to see how he is getting along." And with other kind words and good wishes for his young friend, Lee dismissed him, and Captain Smith galloped back to tell Jackson what Lee had said.

Jackson's death was regarded as a great calamity. General Lee thus announced it to the army.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
May 11, 1863.

General Orders,
No. 61.

With deep grief the Commanding General announces to the army the death of Lieut.-Gen. T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th inst. at 3 P. M. The daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier, by the decree of an All Wise Providence, are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage, and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let his officers and soldiers emulate his invincible determination to do everything in the defense of our beloved country.

R. E. LEE,
General.

General Lee wrote Mrs. Lee from camp near Fredericksburg, May 11, 1863:

In addition to the death of friends and officers consequent upon the late battle, you will see we have to mourn the loss of the good and great Jackson. Any victory would be dear at such a price. His remains go to Richmond today. I know not how to replace him, but God's will be done. I trust He will raise some one in his place.

To his son Custis he wrote:

You will have heard of the death of General Jackson. It is a terrible loss. I do not know how to replace him. Any victory would be dear at such a cost. But God's will be done. . . . .

I quote again from General Fitz Lee:

General Lee had been accustomed to expose himself unnecessarily on the field of battle, and about this time his son W. H. F. Lee wrote to him: "I hear from every one of your exposing yourself. You must recollect, if anything should happen to you the cause would be very much jeopardized. I want very much to see you. May God preserve you, my dear father, is the earnest prayer of your devoted son." Lee remarked upon one occasion, when remonstrated with about endangering his life, "I wish some one would tell me my proper place in battle. I am always told I should not be where I am." On May 20, 1863, from camp near Fredericksburg, the General writes to Mrs. Lee in Richmond:

"I learn that our poor wounded are doing very well. General Hooker is airing himself north of the Rappahannock and again threatening us with a crossing. It was reported last night that he had brought his pontoons to the river, but I heard nothing of him this morning. I think he will consider it a few days. He has published a gratulatory order to his troops, telling them they have covered themselves with new laurels, have destroyed our stores, communications, thousands of our choice troops, captured prisoners in their fortifications, filling the country with fear and consternation. 'Profoundly loyal and conscious of its own strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interests or honor may demand. It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own honor.' All of which is signed by our friend S. Williams, A. A. G. It shows at least he is so far unhurt, and is so far good, but as to the truth of history I will not speak. May the great God have you all in His holy keeping and soon unite us again!"

On the 31st of May, two days before he began his campaign, he writes:

CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, May 31, 1863.

General Hooker has been very daring the past week, and quite active. He has not said what he intends to do, but is giving out by his movements that he designs crossing the Rappahannock. I hope we may be able to frustrate his plans in part if not in whole. He has General Heintzelman's corps now, on whom the Northern papers seem to place great reliance. I pray that our merciful Father in Heaven may protect and direct us! In that case I fear no odds and no numbers!"

General Lee announced to his army the victory at Chancellorsville as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
May 7, 1863.

General Orders,
No. 5.

With heartfelt gratification the General Commanding expresses to the army his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men during the arduous operations in which they have just been engaged.

Under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm you attacked the enemy, strongly intrenched in the depths of a tangled wilderness, and again on the hills of Fredericksburg, fifteen miles distant, and by the valor that has triumphed on so many fields, forced him once more to seek safety beyond the Rappahannock. While this glorious

victory entitles you to the praise and gratitude of the nation, we are especially called upon to return our grateful thanks to the only Giver of victory, for the signal deliverance He has wrought.

It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that the troops unite on Sunday next in ascribing unto the Lord of Hosts the glory due unto His name.

Let us not forget, in our rejoicing, the brave soldiers who have fallen in defense of their country; and while we mourn their loss, let us resolve to emulate their noble example.

The army and the country alike lament the absence for a time of one to whose bravery, energy, and skill they are so much indebted for success.

The following letter from the President of the Confederate States is communicated to the army as an expression of his appreciation of their success:

"I have received your dispatch, and reverently unite with you in giving praise to God for the success with which He has crowned our arms. In the name of the people, I offer my cordial thanks to yourself and the troops under your command for this addition to the unprecedented series of great victories which our army has achieved. The universal rejoicing produced by this happy result will be mingled with a general regret for the good and the brave who are numbered among the killed and the wounded."

R. E. Lee,
General.

After the battle of Chancellorsville both armies remained quiet for a season, recruiting and resting.

Hooker was not in a hurry to attack Lee again, and as Lee could not get at Hooker to advantage in the strong position which he held north of the Rappahannock he determined to maneuver him from his position, transfer the seat of war across the Potomac, draw his rations from the barns, granaries, and smoke-houses of Pennsylvania, and if opportunity offered strike a blow that would give him Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

On the 9th of June, Pleasanton, supported by infantry, attacked Stuart's cavalry at Fleetwood, below Culpeper, and there followed one of the severest cavalry battles of the war, from early morning to late afternoon, when Pleasanton was driven across the river with heavy loss in killed and wounded, leaving

in Stuart's hands about 500 prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and several colors.

The day of the battle General Lee wrote to his wife from Culpeper:

I reviewed the cavalry of this section yesterday. It was a splendid sight. The men and horses looked well. They had recuperated since last fall. Stuart was in all his glory. Your sons and nephews are well and flourishing. The country here looks very green and pretty, notwithstanding the ravages of war. What a beautiful world God in His loving kindness to His creatures has given us! What a shame that men endowed with reason and knowledge of right should mar His gifts!

And again on the 11th of the month, from the same place, he wrote:

My supplications continue to ascend for you, my children, and my country. When I last wrote I did not suppose that Fitzhugh [his son] would so soon be sent to the rear disabled, and I hope it will be but a short time. I saw him the night after the battle—indeed, met him on the field as they were bringing him from the front. He is young and healthy, and I trust will soon be up again. He seemed to be more concerned about his brave men and officers who had fallen in the battle than himself.

His son, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, was severely wounded in this battle, and General Lee wrote the following letters to him, and to his wife:

My dear Son:

I send you a dispatch received from Custis last night. I hope you are comfortable this morning. I wish I could see you, but I cannot. Take care of yourself and make haste and get well and return. Though I scarcely ever saw you, it was a great comfort to know that you were near and with me. I could think of you and hope to see you. May we yet meet in peace and happiness! Kiss Chass for me. Tell her she must not tease you while you are sick, and let me know how you are. God bless you both, my children.

Truly your father,

R. E. Lee.

Culpeper, 11th June, 1863.

I am so grieved, my dear daughter, to send Fitzhugh to you wounded. But I am so grateful that his wound is of a character to give us full hope of a speedy recovery. With his youth and

strength, and your tender care to nurse him, I trust he will soon be well again. I know that you will unite with me in thanks to Almighty God who has so often shielded him in the hour of danger for this recent deliverance, and lift up your whole heart in praise to Him for sparing a life so dear to us, while enabling him to do his duty in the station in which He had placed him. Ask him to join us in supplication that He may always cover him with the shadow of His Almighty arm, and teach him that his only refuge is in Him, the greatness of whose mercy reacheth unto the heavens, and His truth unto the clouds. As some good is always mixed with the evil in this world, you will now have him with you for a time, and I shall look to you to cure him very soon and send him back to me, for though I saw him seldom, I knew he was near and always hoped to see him. I went today to thank Mrs. Hill for her attention to him and kindness to you. She desired me to give her regards to you both. I must now thank you for the letter you wrote to me while at Fredericksburg. I kept it by me till preparing for the battlefield, when fearing it might reach the eyes of General Hooker I destroyed it. We can carry with us only our recollections. I must leave F. to tell you about the battle, the army, and the country. . . . Tell cousin A. I am rejoiced that Williams is unhurt, though pretty Sue might like to see the ambulance driving up again. I want all the husbands in the field, and their wives at home encouraging them, loving them, and praying for them. We have a great work to accomplish, which requires the cordial and united strength of all. . . . Give much love to Cousin A., Mrs. L. and her sweet children, Mr. W., and my dear Uncle W. Tell Fitzhugh he must make haste and get well—that I am sad without him. You and Rob must let me know how he gets on.

Truly and affectionately yours,

R. E. Lee.

He thus wrote to his son Custis:

I send down Colonel Long to see if possible what this move of the enemy up the Peninsula is. I believe it to be a raid to destroy our crops and lay waste our country. All the accounts I get agree in stating that the enemy has sent off his troops from Suffolk, Yorktown, Gloucester, etc., to reinforce General Hooker.

He can only have a small force in that region, which he has wholly collected for this expedition. We must do the same and beat him back at all hazards. General Hooker's army has not moved in that direction as far as I can be certain of anything in war. It is extending now up the Rappahannock.

I hope Fitzhugh is doing well. Let me know how he gets on. Give much love to your mother and sisters and remember me to all friends.

God bless you all.

Having divided his army into three corps under Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill, Lee left Hill at Fredericksburg to watch Hooker, and the day after the cavalry fight at Fleetwood, moved Ewell rapidly on Winchester, where on the 14th of June he routed Milroy and captured 4,000 prisoners, 28 pieces of artillery, about 400 wagons, a large number of mules and horses, and immense quantities of small arms, ordnance, commissary, quartermaster, and medical stores. Ewell promptly crossed the Potomac, and Hooker having moved also, Longstreet and A. P. Hill followed.

I introduce here several letters of interest which General Lee wrote at this period.

He wrote as follows to General Hood:

CAMP FRED'S, May 21, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Upon my return from Richmond I found your letter of the 13th awaiting me. Although separated from me, I have always had you in my eye and thoughts. I wished for you much in the last battle, and believe had I had the whole army with me, General Hooker would have been demolished. But God ordered otherwise.

I grieve much over the death of General Jackson. For our sakes not for his. He is happy and at peace. But his spirit lives with us. I hope it will raise up many Jacksons in our ranks. . . . I rely much upon you. You must so inspire and lead your brave division as that it may accomplish the work of a corps. . . . I agree with you in believing that our army would be invincible if it could be properly organized and officered. There never were such men in an army before. They will go anywhere and do anything if properly led. But there is the difficulty—proper commanders. Where can they be obtained? . . . . Wishing you every health and happiness, and commending you to the care of a kind Providence, I am, now and always your friend,

R. E. LEE.

GEN. J. B. HOOD,
Commanding Division.

The following letter to President Davis is of great interest, as it gives General Lee's views of the way to treat "the Peace party" at the North:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 10, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, Richmond.

MR. PRESIDENT: I beg leave to bring to your attention a subject with reference to which I have thought that the course pursued by writers and speakers among us has had a tendency to interfere with our success. I refer to the manner in which the demonstration of a desire for peace at the North has been received in our country.

I think there can be no doubt that journalists and others at the South, to whom the Northern people naturally look for a reflection of our opinions, have met these in such wise as to weaken the hands of the advocates of a pacific policy on the part of the Federal Government and give much encouragement to those who urge a continuance of the war.

Recent political movements in the United States and the comments of influential newspapers upon them have attracted my attention particularly to this subject, which I deem not unworthy of the consideration of your Excellency nor inappropriate to be adverted to by me, in view of its connection with the situation of military affairs.

Conceding to our enemies the superiority claimed by them in numbers, resources, and all the means and appliances for carrying on the war, we have no right to look for exemption from the military consequences of the vigorous use of these advantages, except by such deliverance as the mercy of Heaven may accord to the courage of our soldiers, the justice of our cause, and the constancy and prayers of our people. While making the most we can of the means of resistance we possess, and gratefully accepting the measure of success with which God has blessed our efforts as an earnest of His approval and favor, it is nevertheless the part of wisdom to carefully measure and husband our strength, and not to expect from it more than, in the ordinary course of affairs, it is capable of accomplishing. We should not, therefore, conceal from ourselves that our resources in men are constantly diminishing, and the disproportion in this respect between us and our enemies, if they continue united in their efforts to subjugate us, steadily augmenting. The decrease of the aggregate of this army, as disclosed by the returns, affords an illustration of this fact. Its effective strength varies from time to time, but the falling off in its aggregate shows that its ranks are growing weaker and that its losses are not supplied by recruits.

Under these circumstances we should neglect no honorable means of dividing and weakening our enemies, that they may feel some of the difficulties experienced by ourselves. It seems to me that the most effectual mode of accomplishing this object, now within our reach, is to give all the encouragement we can, consistently with truth, to the rising peace party of the North. Nor do I think we should, in this connection, make nice distinction between those who declare for peace unconditionally and those who advocate it as a means of restoring the Union, however much we may prefer the former.

We should bear in mind that the friends of peace at the North must make concessions to the earnest desire that exists in the minds of their countrymen for a restoration of the Union, and that to hold out such a result as an inducement is essential to the success of their party. Should the belief that peace will bring back the Union become general the war would no longer be supported, and that, after all, is what we are interested in bringing about. When peace is proposed to us it will be time enough to discuss its terms, and it is not the part of prudence to spurn the proposition in advance merely because those we wish to make it believe, or affect to believe, that it will result in bringing us back to the Union. We entertain no such apprehensions, nor doubt that the desire of our people for a distinct and independent national existence will prove as steadfast under the influence of peaceful measures as it has shown itself in the midst of war.

If the views I have indicated meet the approval of your Excellency you will best know how to give effect to them. Should you deem them inexpedient or impracticable I think you will nevertheless agree with me that we should at least carefully abstain from measures or expressions that tend to discourage any party whose purpose is peace.

With the statement of my own opinion on the subject, the length of which you will excuse, I leave to your better judgment to determine the higher course to be pursued.

I am with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

After crossing the Potomac Ewell's corps pushed forward until its advance reached York and Wrightsville, and threatened Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania.

Hooker asked to be relieved of his command because General Halleck, the commander-in-chief, interfered with the manage-

ment of his army, and as the authorities at Washington were not loath to get rid of him, they promptly complied with his request and assigned to take his place *Gen. George Gordon Meade,* who was the fifth commander of the Army of the Potomac.

This brave and accomplished officer hurried forward his army to concentrate against Lee, who—his cavalry under Stuart being absent on a very successful raid between Meade's army and Washington—was ignorant for some days of the movements of his enemy.

On the morning of July 1 General Heth, of A. P. Hill's corps, moved his division toward Gettysburg to procure shoes for the many barefooted men of his command, and was met first by Buford's cavalry division, and then by Reynolds's corps of infantry, and the great battle opened without any purpose on the part of either commander to fight on that ground. Heth was reinforced by Pender's division of Hill's corps, and later by Rodes, and Early's division of Ewell's corps, while Reynolds was reinforced by the Eleventh Corps under Howard, and for six hours the battle raged fiercely, the Confederates having 26,000 men engaged and the Federals 22,982. The result was that the Federals were routed and driven through the streets of Gettysburg, and over the heights, losing over 5,000 prisoners, including two general officers, exclusive of their wounded, and three pieces of artillery.

Their loss in killed and wounded was very heavy, among the former their able and brave commander, General Reynolds, whom most of the general officers of that army preferred for commander-in-chief.

General Lee reached the field at 2.30 P. M., and ordered General Ewell to press forward and occupy the heights beyond. Proceeding to execute the order, Ewell was halted by a report, which afterwards proved false, that the enemy was moving on his rear. Meade concentrated on Cemetery Ridge that night, but his troops did not all reach that point until the next afternoon, and if General Lee's order to Longstreet for an early at-

tack the next morning had been obeyed, two whole corps of Meade's army would not have been in the fight, and there seems little doubt that victory would again have perched on the Confederate battleflag. But Longstreet did not attack until 4.30 P. M., after Meade's troops were all up and rested, and while he made a superb fight and gained some ground, he failed in the main object of the attack. Ewell captured a portion of the works in his front.

The object to be attained, the crushing of Meade's army and the opening of the roads to Washington and Baltimore was so important, and Lee had such confidence in his splendid army (the heroes of the seven days' battles around Richmond, second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville) that he determined to attack again on the early morning of the 3d with his whole army. But there was another fatal delay; the Confederate artillery did not open until 1 P. M., the charge was not made until 3.30 P. M., and instead of being a concerted attack of the whole army it was made by Pickett's division of three brigades, Heth's division under Pettigrew, and two brigades of Pender's division under Trimble, numbering in all scarcely 14,000 men in the assaulting forces.

This charge, for heroic daring, splendid dash, and stern endurance, has few equals and no superior in history. For 1,300 or 1,400 yards, nearly every foot of the way under a concentrated and converging fire of artillery, these 14,000 heroes in gray marched in steady lines to attack an army of nearly 100,000 men, in a strong position, heavily fortified.

Pickett's Virginians captured the outer works and turned the guns on the enemy; the other brave troops did their full duty, but they were not supported; the rest of the army looked on, admired, and wondered why they were not sent in, and the Confederates were driven back by the overwhelming numbers concentrated against them.

Their loss was fearful. Of Pickett's three brigadiers, Garnett and Armistead were killed and Kemper terribly wounded;

while many of the bravest and best of the division, and of Heth's division, and the two brigades of Pender were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

Witnessing the failure of the attack from his position in the center of the army, Lee galloped to the front and was soon moving among his shattered battalions as they recoiled from their brave endeavor, and restoring order by the magic influence of his presence and kindly words. While he knew, and the calm verdict of the historian must be, that the defeat had been due to failure to carry out his orders, yet, with a self-abnegation which rises to the sublime, he calmly said, "*This is all my fault. I have lost this battle, and you must help me out of it the best way you can.*"

Lee had at Gettysburg of all arms, 60,000 men; Meade, 105,000. Lee's total loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 20,451; Meade's total loss was 23,003. In Meade's army four general officers—Reynolds, Vincent, Weed, and Zook—were killed, and thirteen—Hancock, Sickles, Gibbon, Warren, Butterfield, Barlow, Doubleday, Paul, Brooke, Bonds, Webb, Stanard, and Graham—were wounded. In Lee's army five general officers—Pender, Garnett, Armistead, Barksdale, and Semmes—were killed and nine—Hood, Hampton, Heth, J. M. Jones, G. T. Anderson, Kemper, Scales, and Jenkins—were wounded. These losses tell the story of the terrific fighting of those three days in July, when American manhood was shown in all of its glory.

Lee remained in line of battle all day July 4, inviting an attack from Meade; but that night he moved back to the Potomac, where Meade did not follow him until six days afterwards. Lee's pontoons had been destroyed, the rains had rendered the river past fording, and he was there in line of battle awaiting the attack, which Halleck and President Lincoln were urging, and for which the Northern newspapers were clamoring. Lee issued a beautiful and stirring battle order to his troops, which he concluded by saying:

Invoking the assistance of that Heavenly Power which has so signally blessed our efforts, let us go forth in confidence to secure the peace and safety of our country. Soldiers, your old enemy is before you. Win from him honor worthy of your right cause, worthy of your comrades dead on so many illustrious fields.

I never saw the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia more anxious to fight or more confident of victory than they were at Hagerstown, and Meade showed his ability as a soldier in firmly resisting the pressure brought to bear upon him, and declining to attack the strong position which Lee held. On the 13th day of July,—nine days after it withdrew from Gettysburg,—the waters having subsided, the Confederate army crossed the Potomac without serious molestation or loss.

As the battle of Gettysburg has been considered the decisive battle of the war, as General Lee has been severely criticised for his conduct of it, especially by General Longstreet, who, since General Lee's death, has endeavored to show that the commander-in-chief made *eleven* mistakes at Gettysburg which he (Longstreet) foresaw and remonstrated against at the time, it is proper, in addition to the brief outline above, that I should give some details to show that neither Lee nor his superb army were at fault for his failure to gain there a decisive victory.

While secretary of the Southern Historical Society the writer received from the Count of Paris a letter propounding a number of questions concerning Gettysburg which, he said, he wished answered by leading Confederate officers who were in position to know the facts. In response to this letter I published a series of papers on Gettysburg in the 4th, 5th, and 6th Volumes of "Southern Historical Society Papers" from Gen. J. A. Early, Gen. A. L. Long, Gen. Fitz Lee, Col. Wm. Allan, Col. Walter H. Taylor, Gen. E. P. Alexander, Gen. Cadmus Wilcox, Gen. J. B. Hood, Gen. H. Heth, Gen. James H. Lane, Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim, Col. Wm. C. Oates, Gen. L. McLaws, Gen. B. D. Fry, Col. J. R. Winston, and others, together with all of the Confederate official reports that could be had.

General Longstreet did not furnish us a paper, as requested, but about the same time he published two very full papers in

the *Philadelphia Times,* giving his own version of the battle, and severely criticising General Lee and certain of his own critics. While we were, of course, under no obligations to reprint General Longstreet's papers, I was so anxious to do him full justice and to have a series of papers on Gettysburg which should embrace the views of all the leading Confederates who participated in the battle, that I copied both of his articles in full from the *Philadelphia Times.* Any student of the battle of Gettysburg, therefore, can find in the "Southern Historical Papers" a very full and able discussion of the campaign and battle, as also all of the Confederate official reports.

As General Longstreet, however, has persisted in his criticisms of Lee in the *Century,* and in his book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," I give several accounts of the points at issue by men who were in position to know the facts, and are thoroughly competent to judge of the question.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in his Memoir gives the following very able and conclusive account of the second day at Gettysburg:

> The army smallest in number had the longest or outside line, while the largest force occupied in its front a superb defensive position. Lee's army was practically concentrated on the night of the 1st, except his cavalry and Pickett's infantry division, Ewell and Hill in front of the enemy, and Longstreet in camp only four miles in the rear. Meade and his Second Corps were at Taneytown, Maryland, when the sun went down on the 1st, thirteen miles distant, and the Fifth Corps, at Union Mills, twenty-three miles distant, and the Sixth Corps, 16,000 men, thought to be the largest and finest in the army, was at Manchester, thirty-four miles away. Both Meade and Lee would have preferred to postpone the battle a few days, but were face to face sooner than contemplated.
>
> Meade received Hancock's report on the evening of the 1st, and determined in consequence to fight the battle at Gettysburg, and issued orders for the movement of his troops at 7.30 P. M. that evening. In two hours he left Taneytown, and arrived on Cemetery Ridge at 1 A. M. There is testimony that he did not like his position, and his chief of staff says he was directed to prepare an order to withdraw the army from it.

The Union commander was uncertain whether he could bring his two fine corps, the Fifth and Sixth, on the field in time, and was solicitous about his depot of supplies at Westminster.

As late as 3 P. M. on the 2d, and before he was attacked, he telegraphed in cipher to Halleck that if his enemy did not attack, and he "finds it hazardous to do so, or is satisfied the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear and interpose between me and Washington, I shall fall back to my supplies at Westminster."

Lee, impressed with the idea of whipping his opponent in detail, on the other hand, was practically ready and eager for the contest next day, and so was his confident army. He was under no obligation, as has been affirmed, to any one to fight a defensive battle; he sought the enemy's soil to gain a victory, whether by offensive or defensive tactics, and his objective point was the Army of the Potomac. He knew the Union army had not yet concentrated, and was anxious to attack before it could. He had already talked with Longstreet, who, following Hill's corps, joined him, at 5 P. M., the afternoon of July 1, on Seminary Ridge, where both made a careful survey with glasses of the hostile heights opposite, and, it is presumed, attempted to impress him with the importance of an early attack next day, and later that night saw him again. On the same evening he rode into the town of Gettysburg, and met, in an arbor attached to a small house on the Carlisle road north of the town, Ewell, Early, and Rodes.

The Confederate commander was anxious at first that Ewell and Hill should commence the battle, and seemed apprehensive that Longstreet might not get into position as soon as the conditions demanded, but finally yielded to the opinion expressed, that Longstreet should commence the battle by a forward movement on Hill's right, seize the commanding positions on the enemy's left, and envelop and enfilade the flank of the troops on the front of the other two corps. Lee left the conference, Early states, with the "distinct understanding that Longstreet would be ordered to make the attack early next morning." Gen. W. N. Pendleton, his chief of artillery and his honored and trusted friend, has put on record that General Lee told him that night, after he (Pendleton) returned from a reconnaissance on the right flank, that he "had ordered General Longstreet to attack on the flank at sunrise next morning."

Hill, in his official report, says, "General Longstreet was to attack the flank of the enemy and sweep down his line." And General Long, of Lee's staff, writes that in his opinion orders were issued for the movement to begin on the enemy's left as early as practicable.

Lee's plan of battle was simple. His purpose was to turn the enemy's left flank with his First Corps, and after the work began there, to demonstrate against his lines with the others in order to prevent the threatened flank from being reinforced, these demonstrations to be converted into a real attack as the flanking wave of battle rolled over the troops in their front.

Lee did not like Ewell's bent line—his left was too far around the curve of the fishhook—and decided to draw him more to his right. But that fine old soldier had seen that Culp's Hill was the key to the Federal right, and was told that it was unoccupied at dark, by two staff officers who said they were on its top at that time. At his request he was allowed to remain to secure the hill at daybreak. Hancock, however, reports that he ordered Wadsworth's division with a battery of artillery to take post there in the afternoon. The Federal right was very strong. The woods on Culp's Hill enabled its defenders, with a multitude of axes and spades, to convert it promptly into a fort.

When Lee went to sleep that night he was convinced that his dispositions for battle next day were understood by the corps commanders, for he had imparted them to each one in person. On the morning of July 2, Lee was up before light, breakfasted, and was "ready for the fray," but his chariot of war had hardly started before he found his corps teams were not pulling together; the wheel horse selected to start it was balky and stubborn, and, after stretching his traces, did not draw his share of the load with rapidity enough to be effective.

We hear from General Longstreet that on the evening of the 1st he was trying to induce Lee not to attack, but maneuver, and on the 2d he "went to General Lee's headquarters at daylight and renewed my views against making an attack; he seemed resolved, however, and we discussed results."

In consequence of the reluctance of the officer next in command to fire the opening gun, Lee was induced to send Colonel Venable, of his staff, to Ewell at sunrise to see whether, after viewing the position in his front by daylight, he could not attack from his flank, but the work of thousands of men during the night made the hills too strong to assault; indeed, Meade was then massing there to attack Ewell. Later, Lee rode there himself, not wishing to drive his right corps commander into battle when he did not want to go, but saw nothing could be done, so at 11 o'clock gave a positive order to Longstreet to move to his right and attack.

It was clearly the duty of Longstreet to carry out his commander's views, and not lapse into refractoriness. Lee might possibly have moved toward Frederick on the 2d, and thus forced

Meade to fall back to Westminster, but he could not hope to reach Baltimore or Washington, or a point between these cities, before Meade. From Westminster cars could have conveyed the Union troops more rapidly than his could have marched, and if Meade had followed him toward Washington he would have been caught between the powerful works then defended by thirty or forty thousand troops and General Meade's army, while the change of base would have greatly endangered his lines of communication.

The closer the two armies approached Westminster the larger the numbers of the Unionists would grow. Lee could not move around now and maneuver, or scatter his legions to gather supplies as he had done, because his opponent was uncomfortably near. He could not march *en masse,* with a host subsisting by pillage, and to concentrate was to starve. There was no alternative—he must fight.

He was obliged to adopt the tactics of William the Conqueror when he invaded England, who, similarly situated, assumed the offensive and defeated Harold at Hastings. Napoleon waited at Waterloo for the ground to dry and lost hours, during which he might have defeated Wellington before the arrival of reinforcements. Why should Lee lose the advantages of his more rapid contraction? His "superb equipoise" was not threatened by "subdued excitement." His unerring sagacity told him he would catch General Meade partially in position, but he was disturbed because one of his principal officers had not the faith and confidence necessary to win success.

Longstreet's troops not long after daybreak stacked arms near the battlefield. Hood reports he was in front of the heights of Gettysburg shortly after daybreak. General Lee was there walking up and down under the large trees near him, and seemed full of hope, but at times buried in deep thought. He seemed anxious that Longstreet should attack, says Hood. "The enemy is here," Lee said, "and if we don't whip him he will whip us." Hood states that Longstreet afterwards said, seating himself near the trunk of a tree by his side: "The general is a little nervous this morning. He wishes me to attack. I do not want to do so without Pickett. I never like to go into battle with one boot off."

McLaws says that his orders were to leave his camp at 4 A. M., but were afterwards changed to sunrise; that he reached Gettysburg at a very early hour, and halted the head of his column within a hundred yards of where General Lee was sitting on a fallen tree with a map beside him; that he went to Lee, who pointed out to him on the map the road to his right as the one he wanted him to place his division across, and that he wished him to get there,

if possible, without being seen by the enemy; that the line pointed out was perpendicular to the Emmitsburg road, about the position he afterwards occupied, and that "Longstreet was then walking back and forth some little distance from General Lee, but came up and, pointing to the map, showed him how he wanted his division located, to which General Lee replied: 'No, General, I wish it placed just opposite,'" and "that Longstreet appeared as if he were irritated and annoyed, but the cause I did not ask."

McLaws, while waiting, reconnoitered in his front, and was soon convinced that by crossing the ridge where he was then his "command could reach the point indicated by General Lee in half an hour without being seen." McLaws then went back to the head of his column and sat on his horse, he says, and "saw in the distance the enemy coming, hour after hour, on to the battle-ground." Wilcox's brigade of Anderson's division, Hill's corps, which had been left on picket on Marsh Creek, east of which stream Longstreet's corps bivouacked the night of the 1st, left its post after sunrise, passed through Hood's and McLaws's divisions, whose arms were stacked, and went into line of battle on Anderson's right at 9 A. M. Wilcox's right rested in a piece of woods, and seven hours afterwards at 4 P. M., McLaws formed in these same woods.

Longstreet admits that he was ordered at eleven to move to the right to attack with the portion of the command then up, but delayed, on his own responsibility, to await General Law's brigade, which had been detached on picket. His disobedience of orders in failing to march at once with his command then present, many believe, lost to Lee the battle of Gettysburg. With a corps commander who knew the value of time, obeyed orders with promptness and without argument, Lee's movement on Meade's left could have commenced at 7 or 8 o'clock A. M., with all the chances for success, and there would probably have been no combat on the 3d. The Third Federal Corps was not all up at the hour the attack should have been made, or a division of the Fifth, or the reserve artillery, or the Sixth Corps.

When McLaws and Hood advanced, eight or nine hours afterwards, the conditions had changed; Meade having relinquished his design to attack from his right, had been steadily strengthening his left, and his whole army was concentrated on a splendid defensive line, for Lee had waited, as if he did not purpose to take advantage of his being first prepared to fight. The fine Federal position would have been useless to Meade had Longstreet attacked only a few hours earlier, as he might have done, for in that case he would have secured Round Top, six hundred and sixty-four feet high,

and one hundred and sixteen feet higher than little Round Top, one hundred yards north of it, and crowned it with artillery. "Little Round Top would have been untenable, and Little Round Top was the key-point of my whole position," said Meade; "and if they" (his opponents) "had succeeded in occupying that, it would have prevented me from holding any of the ground I subsequently held to the last."

Lee, to the strong courage of the man, united the loving heart of the woman. His "nature was too epicene," said an English critic, "to be purely a military man." He had a reluctance to oppose the wishes of others, or to order them to do anything that would be disagreeable and to which they would not consent. "Had I had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, I would have won a great victory," he said to Professor White of the Washington and Lee University, after the war; because he knew it would have been sufficient for Jackson to have known his general views without transmitting positive orders, and that Stonewall, quick and impatient, would have been driving in the enemy's flank ere the rays of the morning sun lifted the mists from the Round Tops. If Lee had issued by his chief of staff his battle order for the 2d in writing, as is customary, Longstreet would have carried it out probably in good faith, and not have wasted most valuable time in attempting to convince his commander it was faulty.

The attack on the right, commencing five or six hours after the positive order had been given, even then had some elements of success. Sickles, with the Third Corps, had become dissatisfied with his location, and had moved out about 12 o'clock nearly a mile in his front and taken a new alignment, which became a salient to the main line. Lee was deceived by it, and gave general orders to "attack up the Emmitsburg road, partially enveloping the enemy's left," which Longstreet "was to drive in." There was much behind Sickles, and Longstreet was attacking the Marye Hill of the position only. "Sickles's right was three-fourths of a mile in front of Hancock's left," says Meade, "and his left one-quarter of a mile in front of the base of the Little Round Top, leaving that key-point unoccupied," which should have been seized by Longstreet before Meade did so with the Fifth Corps.

Sickles's right rested on the Emmitsburg road, and then his line was refused in the direction of the Round Top, making an angle at that point, his corps facing westerly and southerly. Lee wanted to get possession of this point to assail and carry the more elevated ground beyond, but the Fifth Corps had then been placed on the ground referred to, and the Sixth Corps, under sturdy old Sedgwick, had arrived, having marched thirty-four miles since

9 P. M. the previous night, and was in position before the two divisions of Lee's First Corps, which were in bivouac only four miles in rear of the field. The tired troops of the Sixth Corps were massed on the Taneytown road, in the rear of Little Round Top. When that gallant officer, Hood, was informed by his Texas scouts, that instead of attacking Sickles's left he could turn Round Top, he sent three officers, at different intervals of time, to Longstreet, asking to do it, but in every case was answered, "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road." As he was going into battle Longstreet rode up, and Hood again asked permission to make the move, but was told, "We must obey General Lee's orders." A strange acknowledgment from one who a few hours before had disregarded them.

In twenty minutes Hood was borne from the field badly wounded. The immense bowlders of stone so massed as to form narrow openings offered great obstruction to the advance of Hood's right, and he was exposed to a heavy fire from the crest of the high range adjoining Little Round Top. Had Lee known the situation Hood would have been thrown more to his right. He would not have succeeded in getting around the Union left rear, for the Sixth Corps would have blocked his way, but he would have secured and held Round Top, and in all probability Little Round Top too, for a plunging fire from big Round Top would have cleared its crest and sides of Federal troops.

The Fifteenth Alabama, under the brave Colonel Oates, was on the extreme right of Hood's line, and advanced up the southern slope of the Round Top in the face of an incessant fire from behind rocks and crags that covered the mountainside "thicker than gravestones in a city cemetery." Oates pushed forward until he reached the top of Round Top; the Forty-seventh Alabama, on his left, also reached the top, where both regiments rested a short time, and were then ordered forward, and went down the north side of the mountain. Oates saw at a glance the great value of the position, but was obliged to obey orders and move on.

With the whole division there, some higher officer with authority to act would have quickly placed artillery on its summit, and the next day from that point Lee would have been master of the situation.

The Alabamians, after reaching the level ground, came upon a second line behind excellent fortifications of irregular rocks, from which was poured a murderous fire into their very faces. After a prolonged and most courageous contest, these brave men were forced back and retreated to the top of the mountain, losing out of 642 men and 42 officers in the Fifteenth Alabama, 343 men and

19 officers, killed and wounded. When nearly dark they fell back to the point from which they advanced. This is ample proof that big Round Top was not occupied by Northern troops at dark on the evening of the 2d. Buford's cavalry from that flank had been sent away early in the day to guard supplies at Westminster. Over the splendid scene of human courage and human sacrifice at Gettysburg there arises in the South an apparition, like Banquo's ghost at Macbeth's banquet, which says the battle was lost to the Confederates because "some one had blundered."

Longstreet's two divisions made a superb record, if late when they began to fight. The attack on Sickles's corps was bravely made and bravely resisted; Sickles's left was turned, and had it not been that Warren sent a brigade of the Fifth Corps and battery on Little Round Top, the most important point might have been seized, and, if held, decided the battle. For its possession there was furious fighting. Sickles first, and then Warren, Meade's chief engineer, called Meade's attention to Little Round Top, and Sykes's column, then in motion, was hurried forward to save it. Sykes, Meade reports, was fortunately able "to throw a strong force on Little Round Top, where a most desperate and bloody struggle ensued to drive the enemy from it and secure our foothold upon that important position." Longstreet did not engage Sickles alone, for the Fifth Corps, part of the Second, two regiments of the Twelfth, and a brigade of the First Corps reinforced him, while he received assistance from Anderson's division of Hill's corps, which went into action with the left of McLaws's division. Lee intended Ewell to make a diversion in his front when he heard the guns of Longstreet, to be converted into a genuine attack if opportunity offered; but Ewell's infantry were under fire as soon as the bugles blew the advance, so a demonstration could only be made by artillery, which was done.

If an early attack on the Union right had been successful, and Ewell, in consequence, had discovered confusion in his front, or that his enemy had weakened his line in his front, then his orders required him to attack because the "opportunity offered;" but Longstreet had not enveloped the enemy's left, and the Federal main line behind Sickles's outlying corps was intact. After the partial success there Lee directed Ewell to assault with his whole corps. Johnson, on the slopes of Culp's Hill, to start first, then Early, up Cemetery Hill, and Rodes to advance on Early's right.

Johnson had in front a rugged and rocky mountain difficult of ascent—"a natural fortification, rendered more formidable by deep intrenchments and thick abatis."

His left brigade carried a line of breastworks of the Twelfth Corps, which (with the exception of Greene's brigade) had gone to support Sickles against Longstreet's attack, and captured prisoners and colors. The firing continued until late at night.

Early had only two of his brigades in the attack, and they made a brilliant charge. His Louisianians and North Carolinians continued to ascend the hill in the face of a blaze of fire, reached and entered the Union works, and while fighting for the battery were attacked by Carroll's brigade and three regiments of fresh troops, and forced to retire, but not in disorder. Had Rodes, as expected, been on his right, with Hill's troops cooperating, permanent possession of the line might have resulted, for Hancock would have been kept busy in his own front, and could not have sent troops to help Howard to hold up Culp's Hill.

Rodes reports: "He had commenced to make the necessary preparations, but he had to draw his troops out of town by the flank, change the direction of the line of battle, and traverse a distance of twelve or fourteen hundred yards, while Early had to move only half that distance, without change of front, and before he drove in the enemy's skirmishers General Early had been compelled to withdraw." Gregg, with a division of Federal cavalry and horse artillery, was in position east of Slocum, and with dismounted cavalry and artillery made Johnson detach Walker's brigade to meet him.

When night stopped Johnson he was but a short distance from Meade's headquarters and the Union reserve artillery. A strong night attack then in conjunction with Stuart, who had at last reached the battlefield, would have secured the Baltimore pike in Meade's rear, and perhaps been productive of great results, all of which is easy to see now, but was difficult to know then.

The sentinel stars set their watch over a ghastly field of dead, dying, and wounded soldiers, lying in blue and gray heaps everywhere. Both contestants sought rest, but battlefields are not pleasant couches when dyed in the blood of numerous brave men, who, sleeping their last sleep, lie cold and quiet, while the piteous moans of the wounded pierce the ear and reach the heart. The armies rested without pleasant anticipations of the morrow, knowing well that at the roll call next evening many would not respond. The pickets alone were on duty, the surgeons alone at work.

When Lee summed up his day's work he found on his right that he had gained possession of Devil's Den and its woods, the ridge on the Emmitsburg road with its fine positions for artillery, and made lodgments on the bases of the Round Tops. On his left he had occupied a portion of the Federal works, which gave

him an outlet on the Baltimore pike, and was partially successful against the Federal center by penetrating it with Anderson's division of Hill's corps, though ultimately expelled. His cavalry was all up except Jones's and Robertson's brigades; and J. E. B. Stuart was again in the saddle near him. The result of the day's operations, Lee reported, "induced the belief that with proper concert of action, and with the increased support that the positions gained on the right would enable the artillery to render the assaulting columns, we should ultimately succeed, and it was accordingly determined to continue the attack."

His opponent was doubtful what he should do next day; his efforts to prevent an entrance into his lines had been, on the whole, successful, but there had been moments when an unwelcome intrusion seemed inevitable. So he called another council of war at night, having called one before the fighting began. In a little front room not twelve feet square in the Liester House his commanders assembled. "Should the army attack or wait the attack of the enemy?" was the written question they were required to answer; and they voted—as they should have done, being in superior position, with interior lines—to wait, as Lee had done at Fredericksburg, for another attack, and found him more accommodating than Burnside."

Gen. A. L. Long, General Lee's gallant and efficient military secretary, in his Memoir, thus writes of these movements from his own personal knowledge:

At an early hour on the morning of the 2d the writer (Colonel Long) was directed to examine and verify the position of the Confederate artillery. He accordingly examined the whole line from right to left, and gave the necessary instructions for its effective service. As the morning advanced surprise began to be felt at the delay in commencing the attack on the right, which had been ordered to take place at an early hour. The object was to dislodge the Federal force, that had retreated after its defeat to the position known as Cemetery Ridge, before it could be reinforced to any considerable extent. By so doing Lee hoped to be able to defeat the Federal army in detail before it could be concentrated. Ewell was directed to take a position opposite the eastern termination of Cemetery Ridge, while Hill occupied the ridge parallel to it; and Longstreet, whose corps had bivouacked four miles in the rear, was to move early the next morning and assail the Federal left, while Ewell was to favor his attack by an assault upon the Federal right. Hill was to hold himself in readiness to throw his strength where it would have the greatest effect.

After completing the duties assigned him, Colonel Long returned to join General Lee, whom he met at Ewell's headquarters about 9 A. M. As it appeared, the General had been waiting there for some time, expecting at every moment to hear of the opening of the attack on the right, and by no means satisfied with the delay. After giving General Ewell instructions as to his part in the coming engagement, he proceeded to reconnoiter Cemetery Ridge in person. He at once saw the importance of an immediate commencement of the assault, as it was evident that the enemy was gradually strengthening his position by fresh arrivals of troops, and that the advantage in numbers and readiness which the Confederate army possessed was rapidly disappearing.

Lee's impatience increased after this reconnaissance, and he proceeded in search of Longstreet, remarking, in a tone of uneasiness, "What can detain Longstreet? He ought to be in position now." This was about 10 A. M.

After going some distance he received a message that Longstreet was advancing. This appeared to relieve his anxiety, and he proceeded to the point where he expected the arrival of the corps. Here he waited for some time, during which interval he observed that the enemy had occupied the Peach Orchard, which formed a portion of the grounds that was to have been occupied by Longstreet. This was that advance movement of Sickles's command which has given rise to so much controversy among Federal historians.

General Lee, on perceiving this, again expressed his impatience in words and renewed his search for Longstreet. It was now about 1 o'clock P. M. After going some distance to the rear, he discovered Hood's division at a halt, while McLaws was yet at some distance on the Fairfield road, having taken a wrong direction. Longstreet was present, and with General Lee exerted himself to correct the error, but before the corps could be brought into its designated position it was 4 o'clock. The hope that had been entertained of taking the enemy at a disadvantage and defeating him in detail no longer existed. The whole of the Federal force, except Sedgwick's corps, was strongly posted on Cemetery Ridge. Sedgwick, whose corps had made a march of thirty-five miles in twenty hours, had reached the field, though his men were too much exhausted by the length and rapidity of their march to be of immediate service. Yet the opportunity which the early morning had presented was lost. The entire Army of the Potomac was before us!

General Longstreet has published an explanation of the causes of this unfortunate, if not fatal, delay in the arrival of his troops, yet it cannot be said that the reason which he gives is entirely

satisfactory. He says that on the 1st of July the march of his corps had been greatly delayed by the occupation of the road by a division of the Second Corps and its wagon-trains. Yet his whole force, except Law's brigade, had reached a position within four miles of Gettysburg by midnight. On the next day, "Fearing that my force was too weak to venture to make an attack, I delayed until General Law's brigade joined its division. As soon after his arrival as we could make our preparations the movement began. Engineers sent out by the commanding general and myself guided us by a road which would have completely disclosed the move. Some delay ensued in seeking a more concealed route. McLaws's division got into position opposite the enemy's left about 4 P. M. Hood's division was moved on farther to our right, and got into position, partially enveloping the enemy's left."

This explanation, as we have said, is not satisfactory. Longstreet, as he admits, had received instructions from Lee to move with that portion of his command which was up, to gain the Emmitsburg road. These orders he took the responsibility of postponing on account of the absence of one brigade of his command, so that, instead of being in readiness to attack in the early morning, it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when his troops reached the field.

General Long gives a very interesting description of the battle that followed and its results, and gives Lee's decision to attack on the third day with his whole army led by Longstreet's corps. He says of this determination of General Lee:

> The decision here indicated was reached at a conference held during the morning on the field in front of and within cannon range of Round Top, there being present Generals Lee, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and H. Heth, Col. A. L. Long, and Maj. C. S. Venable. The plan of attack was discussed, and it was decided that General Pickett should lead the assaulting column, to be supported by the divisions of McLaws and Hood and such other force as A. P. Hill could spare from his command. The only objection offered was by General Longstreet, who remarked that the guns on Round Top might be brought to bear on his right. This objection was answered by Colonel Long, who said that the guns on Round Top could be suppressed by our batteries. This point being settled, the attack was ordered, and General Longstreet was directed to carry it out.

In reference to the battle on the 3d of July, Col. Walter H. Taylor, General Lee's accomplished and gallant adjutant-general, says:

It was thought that a continuance of the attack as made by Longstreet offered promise of success. He was ordered to renew the fight early on the 3d. Ewell, who was to cooperate, ordered Johnson to attack at an early hour, anticipating that Longstreet would do the same. Longstreet delayed. He found that a force of the enemy occupying high ground on their left would take his troops in reverse as they advanced. Longstreet was then visited by General Lee, and they conferred as to the mode of attack. It was determined to adhere to the plan proposed, and to strengthen him for the movement he was to be reinforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's of Hill's corps. With his three divisions which were to attack Longstreet made his dispositions, and General Lee went to the center to observe movements. The attack was not made as designed: Pickett's division, Heth's division, and two brigades of Pender's division advanced. Hood and McLaws were not moved forward. There were nine divisions in the army; seven were quiet, while two assailed the fortified line of the enemy. A. P. Hill had orders to be prepared to assist Longstreet further if necessary. Anderson, who commanded one of Hill's divisions and was in readiness to respond to Longstreet's call, made his dispositions to advance, but General Longstreet told him it was of no use—the attack had failed. Had Hood and McLaws followed or supported Pickett, and Pettigrew and Anderson been advanced, the design of the commanding general would have been carried out; the world would not be at a loss to understand what was designed by throwing forward, unsupported, against the enemy's stronghold so small a portion of our army. Had General Lee known what was to happen, doubtless he would have maneuvered to force General Meade away from his strong position by threatening his communications with the east, as suggested by the Count of Paris, but he felt strong enough to carry the enemy's lines, and I believe success would have crowned his plan had it been faithfully carried out.

General Long says that the order for Longstreet to attack with his whole corps—Pickett's, McLaws's, and Hood's Divisions, supported by Hill's corps—"was given verbally by General Lee in the presence of Colonel Long, and Major Venable of his staff, and other officers of the army."

Col. Walter H. Taylor is emphatic in saying that he heard this order given by General Lee to General Longstreet, and Colonel Venable says, "I heard General Lee give the order when

arranging for the fight, and called his attention to it long afterwards, when there was discussion about it. He said, 'I know it, I know it!' "

There has been some surprise expressed that Gen. Geo. E. Pickett made no report of the battle of Gettysburg, in which his division bore so gallant and conspicuous a part; but the truth is that he did send General Lee a report, in which he condemned in such strong terms the failure to support his division that General Lee, in the following letter, asked him to withdraw and destroy the report:

GEN. G. E. PICKETT, Commanding General:

You and your men have crowned yourselves with glory, but we have the enemy to fight, and must carefully, at this critical moment, guard against dissensions which the reflections in your report will create. I will, therefore, suggest that you destroy both copy and original, substituting one confined to casualties merely.

I hope all will yet be well.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

The late Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Henderson of the British Army, Professor of Military Art and History in the Staff College, and author of a number of able and valuable military criticisms, and especially of that superb book "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," wrote in the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* in the October, 1897, number a very clear, able, and discriminating review of General Longstreet's book, "From Manassas to Appomattox."

After paying Longstreet a high compliment for his qualities as a brave and stubborn fighter, and expressing regret that in his book he trusts to his memory, and frequently contradicts the official reports, he says:

General Longstreet has not developed the critical habit since Appomattox. Throughout the war, whatever movement was in contemplation, he had generally something better to suggest. Even when victory was achieved he was seldom satisfied. Had his advice, he implies, been taken, success would in almost every case have been more decisive; and the most brilliant maneuvers,

whatever their results, were never exactly to his mind. It is true that the majority of Confederate soldiers have never accepted General Longstreet at his own valuation. Not only, on the one occasion when he held an independent command, did he miss success, but his own shortcomings when serving under Lee have been exposed with unsparing severity. His political conduct during the reconstruction of the South alienated his former comrades, and no mercy has been shown to the soldier who labors under the accusation of having lost Gettysburg, the great battle which turned the tide of war in favor of the North. The Memoirs before us are practically an attempt on the part of General Longstreet to answer the charges with which he has been assailed, and his method of defense is decidedly peculiar. In reply to the criticism which has been lavished on his own conduct, he retorts by criticising with unsparing severity the conduct of Lee, Jackson, and Early, and by endeavoring to show that other generals, better known to fame, committed far more glaring blunders than the commander of the First Army Corps.

We cannot think that General Longstreet consulted his own dignity in adopting this line of defense. He would have been better advised had he confined himself to a statement of facts, and have left it to others to determine whether his military ability was equal to that of Lee or Jackson. Nor are we of opinion that his attitude toward his great commander and his former colleagues becomes his reputation as a soldier. When he discusses the question whether Lee's strategy was not overbold, whether he was not too fond of fighting, although we by no means agree with him, we follow him with interest; but when the friend and comrade of Lee and Jackson accuses the former of deliberate misrepresentations, of favoritism, of bloodthirstiness, and of hiding his own mistakes by throwing the blame on others, and when he goes out of his way to catalogue the tactical shortcomings of the latter, we follow him with regret. Space forbids that we should deal with General Longstreet's charges against his colleagues. But we may say at once that his list of Jackson's blunders is almost ludicrously inaccurate. His statements are refuted, in many instances, by the Official Records; in others, a reference to any one of the surviving members of General Jackson's staff would have put him right. Moreover, in his endeavor to belittle Jackson he has been hoist with his own petard; and it is exceedingly interesting to find, after all these years, that he was the real author of the Confederate defeat at Malvern Hill—a defeat which has hitherto been considered, and with justice, the greatest blot on Lee's reputation as a tactician.

After exposing and refuting several of General Longstreet's ill-natured and unjust criticisms on the conduct of Stonewall Jackson in various battles, Colonel Henderson says:

But we are weary of exposing these misstatements. Stonewall Jackson's reputation will suffer nothing from such loose criticism; and we may turn at once to Gettysburg, for it is in the account of that momentous battle that the interest of the Memoirs culminates.

General Longstreet discusses the campaign at great length, and his defense of his own conduct fills many pages. This defense, however, is by no means satisfactory. In the first place, he tells that when the invasion of Pennsylvania was first broached he assented to General Lee's plan on the condition that the tactics of the Confederates should be purely defensive; but he makes no attempt to explain on what grounds he considered himself entitled to dictate conditions to his superior officer. He had no mandate from the Government to act as Lee's adviser. He was merely the commander of an army corps—a subordinate, pure and simple; and yet he appears to have entered on the campaign with the idea that the commander-in-chief was bound to engage the enemy with the tactics that he, General Longstreet, had suggested. In the second place, he does not appear to have grasped the drift of the charges which have been brought against him. The question is not whether the maneuvers suggested by Longstreet would have been more successful than those executed by General Lee, but whether the general commanding the First Army Corps did everything which lay within his power to carry out, loyally and unhesitatingly, the wishes and instructions of the commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army.

The maneuvers preliminary to the battle were decidedly to the advantage of the Confederates. Lee moved with such rapidity through Pennsylvania that he was far to the northeast of Washington before his columns were threatened by the enemy's advance. On 1st July he found a Federal force on his right flank. His advanced troops forced an encounter, and two Federal army corps were driven back to a strong position at Gettysburg, covering the direct road to Washington. During the evening Lee and Longstreet reconnoitered the ridge occupied by the enemy. They were aware that no more than 20,000 Federals were on the ground, while 40,000 of their own men, flushed with victory, were already present. Longstreet writes:

"After our survey I said: 'We could not call the enemy to position better suited to our plans. All that we have to do is to file round his left, and secure good ground between him and

his capital.' This, when said, was thought to be the opinion of my commander as much as my own. I was not a little surprised, therefore, at his impatience, as, striking the air with his closed hand, he said, 'If he is there tomorrow, I will attack him.' His desperate mood was painfully evident, and gave rise to serious apprehensions."

From the outset, therefore, there was a decided difference of opinion between the commander-in-chief and his subordinate. The former, finding his advanced guard had already won an important success, and that the enemy was not yet concentrated, determined to attack. The latter thought it sounder tactics to turn the Federal left, and to occupy a defensive position, which, in his opinion, the enemy would be compelled to assault. Undoubtedly, although such a maneuver would have given the enemy time to concentrate, and they were stronger by 25,000 men than the Confederates, there is something to be said in favor of General Longstreet's idea. Further discussion, however, on this point would be beside the mark. The fact remains that on the morning of July 2 the Confederates had a fine opportunity of dealing with their enemy in detail. The attack, however, was deferred until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, by which time nearly the whole of the Federal army had come up. Why was the opportunity lost?

General Longstreet admits that on the evening of July 1 he was aware of Lee's intention to attack the next morning. Without waiting further instructions, he had ordered his own army corps to hasten the march, and two of his divisions and part of his reserve artillery had arrived by sunrise. But he adds that he received no orders to attack until an hour before noon.

We have not the slightest doubt that this account is literally correct. Nevertheless, General Longstreet's explanation of the delay is altogether inadequate. If words mean anything, he implies that General Lee, and General Lee alone, was responsible for the delay. But there is a mass of evidence which goes to show that General Lee considered Longstreet responsible; and this evidence the latter has certainly not refuted. In the first place, there can be no question whatever that he was well aware that Lee expected him to attack as early as practicable on the morning of July 2. In the second place it is certain that Lee explained his wishes, although he gave no definite orders, soon after sunrise, that he even pointed out the ground to be taken up by Longstreet's divisions; and that, riding off afterwards to the left, he expressed much uneasiness, shortly after 9 o'clock, when he found that Longstreet made no move. In the third place, General Longstreet himself, in a letter which he wrote some years ago to the *Phila-*

delphia Weekly Times, has cited evidence which shows that he took upon himself to resist the expressed wishes of the commander-in-chief.

Not one of these points is touched upon in the Memoirs. General Longstreet is content with the assertion that until 11 o'clock he had received no definite order to attack. But it was never Lee's practice to issue definite orders to his corps commanders. He was accustomed to explain his general intentions, and to leave the execution in their hands; and if on this occasion he departed from his usual custom it was because Longstreet declined to move without explicit orders to that effect. Moreover, Longstreet had not waited for orders to call up his troops the night before, nor, as he tells us in the Memoirs, had he waited for orders to make the great counter-stroke which was decisive of the second battle of Manassas. On both these occasions he acted in accordance with the wishes of the commander-in-chief, and even anticipated them. Why did he not do the same on the morning of July 2?

On that morning there can be no question but that Lee's wishes were very clearly expressed. General McLaws, commanding a division of the First Army Corps, says that he reached the field at a very early hour; that he went to Lee, who pointed out to him on the map the road across which he was to place his division, and said that he wished him to deploy without being seen by the enemy; that the line pointed out was that which he occupied when the attack began between 3 and 4 P. M. and that "Longstreet was then walking back and forth some distance from General Lee, but came up, and pointing to the map, showed me how he wanted the division located, to which General Lee replied, 'No, General, I wish it placed just the opposite,'" and that "Longstreet appeared as if he were irritated and annoyed." It is a most significant circumstance that General Longstreet makes no allusion in his Memoirs to a letter which he quoted in the *Philadelphia Weekly Times.* This letter, written by General Hood, one of his division commanders, runs as follows:

"I arrived in front of the heights of Gettysburg shortly after daybreak on the morning of July 2. During the early part of the same morning we were both in company with General Lee. . . . . General Lee was seemingly anxious you [Longstreet] should attack that morning. You thought it better to await the arrival of Pickett's division—at that time still in rear—in order to make the attack, and you said to me subsequently, 'The General is a little nervous this morning; he wishes me to make the attack; I do not wish to do so without Pickett. I never like to go into battle with one boot off.' Thus passed the forenoon of that eventful day."

In our opinion General Longstreet has failed altogether to shift the burden of the responsibility for delay from his own shoulders. He was aware that Lee was anxious to attack as early as practicable. He was aware that an early attack was essential to success. He was aware how the commander-in-chief desired his divisions should be placed; and yet until he received a definite order to advance did absolutely nothing. He made no attempt to reconnoiter his line of march, to bring his troops into position, or to initiate the attack in accordance with the expressed intentions of his superior.

His conduct on the third day opens up a still graver issue. The First Army Corps, when at length, on the afternoon of July 2, it was permitted to attack, had achieved a distinct success. The enemy was driven back to his main position with enormous loss. On the morning of July 3, Lee determined to assault this position in front and flank simultaneously; and according to his chief of the staff, Longstreet's corps, supported by a division of the Third Corps, was to make the main attack on the center, while the Second Corps attacked the right. But again there was delay, and this time it was fatal. General Longstreet attempts to make some capital out of the fact that General Lee, in his official report, wrote as follows: "Longstreet, reinforced by Pickett's three brigades, which arrived on the battlefield during the afternoon of the 2d, was ordered to attack the next morning." "This," says Longstreet, "is disingenuous. He did not give or send the orders for the morning of the third day, nor did he reinforce me with Pickett's brigades for morning attack." And yet, a few lines farther on, he writes: "He (Lee) rode over after sunrise and gave his orders. His plan was to assault the enemy's left center by a column to be composed of McLaws's and Hood's divisions (Longstreet's corps) reinforced by Pickett's brigades. I thought it would not do." Passing by the fact that it was never Lee's plan to assault the center only, but both center and flank simultaneously, we may note that, according to Longstreet's own testimony, the order was given soon after sunrise; and yet although the Second Corps, attacking the Federal right, became engaged at daylight, it was not till 1 P. M., eight hours later, that the artillery of the First Corps opened fire, and not till 2 P. M. that the infantry advanced, Their assault was absolutely isolated. The Second Corps had already been beaten back. The Third Corps, although a division was ready to move to any point which Longstreet might indicate, was not called upon by him for assistance. Two divisions of his own corps, posted on the right flank, did absolutely nothing; and after a supremely gallant effort, the 15,000 men who were hurled against the front of the Federal army, and some of whom actually penetrated the position, were repulsed with fearful slaughter.

General Longstreet is of opinion that, even if his assaulting column had been composed of 40,000 men, success was impossible. Taking into consideration the conditions under which the attack was made, he is possibly correct. But he altogether ignores the fact that Lee intended his assault to be made in combination with the attack of the Second Corps. Why did the combination fail? Shortly after sunrise on July 3 Lee committed the management of the attack on the Federal center to the officer commanding the First Army Corps. Did that officer do all within his power to insure combination and to deal a vigorous and decisive blow? These are the questions which General Longstreet has failed to answer. That his tactics were indifferent seems abundantly clear. Why did the divisions on his right make no energetic demonstration? It is true that they were confronted by superior numbers; but a semblance of attack would in all likelihood have sufficed to distract the enemy's attention from the assaulting column. Why did he not call upon the division of the Third Corps which had been placed at his disposal? He had been reluctant to attack on the second day "with one boot off;" why did he display less caution on the third day? If, however, it was only his tactical judgment that was at fault, he hardly deserves reprobation. Greater generals than he have committed more glaring blunders in less difficult circumstances. But the crucial question is this: *Why did he delay his attack for eight hours,* during which time the Second Corps, with which he was to cooperate, was heavily engaged? If he moved only under compulsion, if he deliberately forbore to use his best efforts to carry out Lee's design, and to compel him to adopt his own, the case is very different. That he did so seems perfectly clear, and it is impossible for any sane soldier to justify such conduct.

General Longstreet defends himself by reflecting on the conduct of the commander-in-chief. Not only, according to his account, was General Lee "excited and off his balance, and laboring under that oppression (sic) until blood enough was shed to appease him," but he did not "give the benefit of his presence in getting the troops up, posting them, and arranging the batteries." Lee, however, had the whole field to supervise, and it was not his custom, when once he had indicated the object to be attained, to interfere with his subordinates. No man, indeed, could post troops or arrange batteries with more skill than Longstreet, and Lee no more thought of interfering with his dispositions at Gettysburg than he had with his dispositions at the second battle of Manassas. Nor will such arguments, however they may be taken, mitigate the following: "General Lee said that the attack of his

right was not made so early as expected, which he should not have said. He knew that I did not believe that success was possible; that care and time should be taken to give the troops the benefit of positions and the ground; and he should have put an officer in charge who had more confidence in his plan."

Here we have the whole gospel of subordination according to General Longstreet: If an officer does not believe success possible, he is not to be expected either to come up to time or to use his best endeavors to carry out his orders, and his want of confidence shall be held as sufficient excuse for inactivity, and bad tactics. We need hardly say that such a dogma is absolutely incompatible with the demands of discipline. Discipline exacts something more than a literal obedience to orders. It exacts ungrudging support, untiring effort, and complete self-sacrifice. "I would follow General Lee blindfold," were the words of Stonewall Jackson, and it was for this reason, if for no other, that Lee declared that had Jackson been with him, Gettysburg would have been a Confederate victory. "Such an executive officer," he said of Jackson, "the sun never shone on. I have but to show him my design, and I know that if it can be done it will be done. No need for me to send and watch him." In General Longstreet he had a subordinate of very different character to deal with. It is little wonder that the Confederate commander-in-chief displayed impatience at Gettysburg, or that his mood was such as to create the impression that his judgment was in some degree disturbed. We need look no farther for the cause than the stubborn opposition and slow movements of the officer commanding the First Army Corps; and if Lee was to blame at all in the Gettysburg campaign, it was in taking as his second in command a general who was so completely indifferent to the claims of discipline.

We do not for a moment believe that General Longstreet can fairly be charged with deliberate disloyalty to his superior. He set out on the campaign with a false idea of their relative positions, and when the enemy was encountered his irritation at the rejection of his advice was such that he forgot his duty. His error was amply atoned at a later period; and had he frankly confessed that his temper got the better of him on July 2d and 3d, we might easily overlook the one blot on the career of a gallant soldier. But his endeavors to clear his reputation by assailing those of others, together with the bitterness of his recriminations, serve only to alienate sympathy and destroy respect. General Longstreet did splendid service for the South. He has been subject to the merciless attacks of many enemies. He has been assailed with accusations which are utterly without foundation; and it may seem harsh

in the extreme to criticise the veteran's defense of his military conduct. But where historic truth and great reputations are at stake it is impossible to be silent.

That gallant gentleman and accomplished soldier, Gen. John B. Gordon, in his "Reminiscences of the War," sums up his account of Gettysburg as follows:

It now seems certain that impartial military critics, after thorough investigation, will consider the following established:

1. That General Lee distinctly ordered Longstreet to attack early in the morning of the second day, and if he had done so, two of the largest corps of Meade's army would not have been in the fight; but Longstreet delayed the attack until four o'clock in the afternoon, and thus lost his opportunity of occupying Little Round Top, the key to the position, which he might have done in the morning without firing a shot or losing a man.

2. That General Lee ordered Longstreet to attack at daybreak on the morning of the third day, and that he did not attack until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, the artillery opening at one.

3. That General Lee, according to the testimony of Col. Walter Taylor, Col. C. S. Venable, and Gen. A. L. Long, who were present when the order was given, ordered Longstreet to make the attack on the last day, with the three divisions of his corps, and two divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, and that instead of doing so he sent fourteen thousand men to assail Meade's army in his strong position, and heavily intrenched.

4. That the great mistake of the halt on the first day would have been repaired on the second, and even on the third day, if Lee's orders had been vigorously executed, and that General Lee died believing (the testimony on the point is overwhelming) that he lost Gettysburg at last by Longstreet's disobedience of orders.

It is susceptible of the most overwhelming proof that while General Lee, with a magnanimity that rises to the sublime, when moving among his shattered battalions at Gettysburg said, "This is all my fault. I have lost this battle, and you must get me out of it the best you can," and that while he refrained as long as he lived from any public censure of his lieutenant, he did not hesitate to say in the intimacy of private friendship that he lost the battle of Gettysburg mainly because of *Longstreet's disobedience of orders.*

As Lee dealt so kindly then with his delinquent subordinate, it has excited a feeling of deep indignation that Longstreet should have waited until after Lee's death, and have then attempted to build up his own reputation at the sacrifice of that of his too indulgent chief. No wonder, therefore, that there has been very wide approval of the following sharp comments of Lieut.-Gen. Richard Taylor in his most readable book, "Destruction and Reconstruction." In reference to Gettysburg he says:

Some facts concerning this battle are established beyond dispute. In the first day's fighting a part of Lee's army defeated a part of Meade's. Intending to continue the contest on that field, a commander not smitten by idiocy would desire to concentrate and push the advantage gained by previous success, and its resultant morale. But instead of attacking at dawn, Lee's attack was postponed until the afternoon of the following day in consequence of the absence of Longstreet's corps. Federal reports show that some of Meade's corps reached him on the second day, several hours after sunrise, and one or two late in the afternoon. It is positively asserted by many officers present, and of high rank and character, that Longstreet was nearer to Lee on the first day than Meade's reinforcing corps to their chief, and even nearer than a division of Ewell's corps, which reached the field in time to share the first day's success. Now, it nowhere appears in Lee's report of Gettysburg that he ordered Longstreet to him or blamed him for tardiness; but his report admits errors, and quietly takes the responsibility for them on his own broad shoulders. A recent article in the public press signed by General Longstreet ascribes the failure at Gettysburg to Lee's mistakes which he (Longstreet) in vain pointed out, and remonstrated against. That any subject involving the possession and exercise of intellect should be clear to Longstreet, and concealed from Lee, is a startling proposition to those having knowledge of the two men. We have Biblical authority for the story that the angel in the path was visible to the ass, though unseen by the seer his master; but suppose, instead of smiting the honest, stupid animal, Balaam had caressed him, and then been kicked by him, how would the story read? And thus much concerning Gettysburg.

In view of the adverse criticisms made upon General Lee's management of this campaign it has been thought proper to give thus fully the opinions of men competent to judge, and in position to know about this whole matter.

After some rather skilful maneuvering, the early part of August found Lee holding the line of the Rapidan in Orange County, Virginia, and Meade in Culpeper; and the two armies occupied these positions until the next spring. In October Lee advanced and forced Meade back to the fortifications in front of Washington. The latter part of November Meade crossed the Rapidan to attack Lee, but finding him strongly posted at Mine Run, fell back in the night, and thus avoided the attack which Lee had decided to make on him early the next morning.

In July, while slowly recovering from his wound, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, who was staying at Hickory Hill in Hanover County, was captured by a Federal raiding party, who carried him a prisoner to Fortress Monroe.

Soon after this event, General Lee wrote the following letter to the wife of his son, who was so deeply grieved at the capture of her husband:

CAMP CULPEPER, 26th July, 1863.

I received last night, my darling daughter, your letter of the 18th from Hickory Hill. I was also glad to hear from M. S. that you accompanied your mother from Ashland on the 22d, I presume on your way to the Alum Springs. I hope the water and mountain air will invigorate you and make you well. You must not be sick while F. is away or he will be more restless under his separation. Get strong and healthy by his return that he may the more rejoice at the sight of you. You give such an account of yourself that I scarcely recognize you. What sort of a closet is that to which you compare yourself? I see no resemblance, and will have none. I can appreciate your distress at F.'s situation. I deeply sympathize with it, and in the lone hours of the night I groan in sorrow at his captivity and separation from you. But we must all bear it, exercise all our patience, and do nothing to aggravate the evil. This, besides injuring ourselves, would rejoice our enemies, and be sinful in the eyes of God. In His own good time He will relieve us, and make all things work together for our good, if we give Him our love and place in Him our trust. I can see no harm that will result from Fitzhugh's capture except his detention. I feel assured that he will be well attended to. He will be in the hands of old army officers, and surgeons, most of whom are men of principle and humanity. His wound I under-

stand had not been injured by his removal, but is doing well. Nothing would do him more harm than for him to learn that you were sick and sad. How could he get well? So cheer up and prove your fortitude and patriotism. What, too, should I do? I cannot bear to think of you except as I have always known you—bright, joyous, and happy. You may think of Fitzhugh and love him as much as you please, but do not grieve over him or grow sad. That will not be right, you precious child. I hope I shall be able to see you on your return from the Springs, and be able to welcome Fitzhugh too. I miss him very much, and want his assistance too. Perhaps I should have been able to have done better in Pennsylvania if he had been with me. . . . General Stuart is as dashing as ever. Colonel Chambliss commands F.'s brigade now. The cavalry has had hard service and is somewhat pulled down. But we shall build it up now. It has lost some gallant officers which causes me deep grief. Indeed the loss of our gallant officers and men throughout the army causes me to weep tears of blood and to wish that I never could hear the sound of a gun again. My only consolation is that they are the happier and we that are left are to be pitied.

I am sorry for the disappointment I caused you by returning to Virginia, but under the circumstances it was the best to be done. Had not the Shenandoah been so high, I should have gone into Loudoun, but being unable to cross it, I determined to come here. You must think of me, and pray for me always, and know that I am always thinking of you. I am so sorry that the enemy treated my dear Uncle Williams so badly. I also grieve at not seeing M. Good-by, my dear child. May God in His great mercy guard and protect you and your dear husband! I saw Mrs. Hill today and she inquired very kindly after you and Fitzhugh.

Your affectionate papa,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. W. H. F. Lee was held at Fortress Monroe as a hostage for two Federal captains whom the Confederate Government was threatening to have shot for some alleged offense.

General Lee wrote as follows to his son Custis about it, and also expressed himself on the subject of "retaliation":

Camp Orange, 7th August, 1863.

I have not been able to thank you for your letter of the 25th ulto. I am glad to hear that my dear Fitzhugh is improving in health and that he will soon be restored, and hope that he will enjoy that comfort at least. I had seen in the papers the intention

announced by the Federal Government of holding him as a hostage for the two captains selected to be shot. If it is right to shoot those men this should make no difference in their execution, but I have not thought it right to shoot them, and differ in my ideas from most of our people on the subject of retaliation. Sometimes I know it to be necessary, but it should not be resorted to, at all times, and in our case policy dictates that it should be avoided whenever possible. The opportunities as well as the desire of our enemies are so much greater than ours, that they have the advantage, and I believe it would be better in the end for us to suffer, keep right in our own eyes, the eyes of the world, and the eyes of God, and that justice would thereby be sooner done us, and our people would thus suffer less, than if we took the opposite course. My grief at the intention of the enemy, as regards Fitzhugh of course, was intensified.

At this period there occurred a correspondence between General Lee and President Davis creditable alike to the head and heart of both men.

Lee grew sensitive under the censure of his Gettysburg campaign by certain of the "newspaper generals," and began to think that perhaps the Government and Army and people might share their views, and that some one else might better serve the cause in command of his army. Accordingly he wrote President Davis the following letter:

CAMP ORANGE, August 5, 1863.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Your letters of the 28th of July and 2d of August have been received, and I have waited for a leisure hour to reply, but I fear that will never come. I am extremely obliged to you for the attention given to the wants of this army, and the efforts made to supply them. Our absentees are returning, and I hope the earnest and beautiful appeal made to the country in your proclamation may stir up the whole people, and that they may see their duty and perform it. Nothing is wanted but that their fortitude should equal their bravery to insure the success of our cause. We must expect reverses, even defeats. They are sent to teach us wisdom and prudence, to call forth greater energies, and to prevent our falling into greater disasters. Our people have only to be true and united, to bear manfully the misfortunes incident to war, and all will come right in the end. I know how prone we are to censure, and how ready to blame, others for the non-fulfilment of

our expectations. This is unbecoming in a generous people, and I grieve to see its expression. The general remedy for the want of success in a military commander is his removal. This is natural, and in many instances proper; for no matter what may be the ability of the officer, if he loses the confidence of his troops disaster must sooner or later ensue.

I have been prompted by these reflections more than once since my return from Pennsylvania to propose to your Excellency the propriety of selecting another commander for this army. I have seen and heard of expressions of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends to the Army. My brother officers have been too kind to report it, and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be left undone to secure it. I, therefore, in all sincerity, request your Excellency to take measures to supply my place. I do this with the more earnestness, because no one is more aware than myself of my inability to discharge the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfil the expectations of others? In addition, I sensibly feel the growing failure of my bodily strength. I have not yet recovered from the attack I experienced the past spring. I am becoming more and more incapable of exertion, and am thus prevented from making the personal examination, and giving the personal supervision to the operations in the field which I feel to be necessary. I am so dull, that in undertaking to use the eyes of others I am frequently misled.

Everything, therefore, points to the advantage to be derived from a new commander, and I the more anxiously urge the matter upon your Excellency from my belief that a younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained. I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader—one that would accomplish more than I can perform and all that I have wished. I hope your Excellency will attribute my request to the true reason—the desire to serve my country and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause.

I have no complaints to make of any one but myself. I have received nothing but kindness from those above me, and the most considerate attention from my comrades and companions in arms. To your Excellency I am specially indebted for uniform kindness and consideration. You have done everything in your

power to aid me in the work committed to my charge without omitting anything to promote the general welfare. I pray that your efforts may at length be crowned with success, and that you may long live to enjoy the thanks of a grateful people.

With sentiments of great esteem, I am,

Very respectfully and truly, yours,

R. E. Lee,
General.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis, President Confederate States.

To his letter President Davis sent the following reply:

Richmond, Va., August 11, 1863.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding Army of Northern Virginia:

Yours of the 8th instant has just been received. I am glad that you concur so entirely with me as to the wants of our country in this trying hour, and am happy to add that after the first depression consequent upon our disasters in the West indications have appeared that our people will exhibit that fortitude which we agree in believing is alone needed to secure ultimate success.

It well became Sydney Johnston when overwhelmed by a senseless clamor to admit the rule that success is the test of merit; and yet there has been nothing which I have found to require a greater effort of patience than to bear the criticisms of the ignorant who pronounce everything a failure which does not equal their expectations or desire, and can see no good result which is not in the line of their own imaginings.

I admit the propriety of your conclusions that an officer who loses the confidence of his troops should have his position changed, whatever may be his ability; but when I read the sentence I was not at all prepared for the application you were about to make. Expressions of discontent in the public journals furnish but little evidence of the sentiment of the Army. I wish it were otherwise, even though all the abuse of myself should be accepted as the results of honest observation. Were you capable of stooping to it, you could easily surround yourself with those who would fill the press with your laudations, and seek to exalt you for what you had not done, rather than detract from the achievements which will make you and your army the subject of history and the object of the world's admiration for generations to come.

I am truly sorry to know that you still feel the effects of the illness you suffered last spring, and can readily understand the embarrassments you experience in using the eyes of others, having been so much accustomed to make your own reconnaissances.

Practice will, however, do much to relieve that embarrassment, and the minute knowledge of the country which you have acquired will render you less dependent for topographical information.

But suppose, my dear friend, that I were to admit, with all their implications, the points which you present, where am I to find the new commander who is to possess the greater ability which you believe to be required? I do not doubt the readiness with which you would give way to one who could accomplish all that you have wished, and you will do me the justice to believe that if Providence should kindly offer such a person for our use I would not hesitate to avail myself of his services.

My sight is not sufficiently penetrating to discover such hidden merit, if it exists, and I have but used to you the language of sober earnestness when I have impressed upon you the propriety of avoiding all unnecessary exposure to danger, because I felt our country could not bear to lose you. To ask me to substitute for you some one, in my judgment, more fit to command or who would possess more of the confidence of the Army or of the reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility. It only remains for me to hope that you will take all possible care of yourself, that your health and strength will be entirely restored, and that the Lord will preserve you for the important duties devolved upon you in the struggle of our suffering country for the independence which we have engaged in war to maintain.

As ever,

Very respectfully and truly,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

But it is needless to add that Mr. Davis was never able to find the "younger and abler man," and that "Marse Robert" was still the idol of his soldiers and of his people.

It was about this time that a group of private soldiers were discussing around their camp-fire the "Evolution theory," when one of them said, "Well, boys, it may be true that the rest of us were evolved from apes, but I tell you that nothing less than a God could have made 'Marse Robert'!"

The following charming letters to two of his lady cousins have never been in print, but they show so well his spirit and playful humor that I give them in full:

CAMP CULPEPER, 26th July, 1863.

I am so much obliged to you, my dear Cousin Margaret, for your kind note of the 22d. It adds to my gratitude for your former note, your welcome messages, and acceptable present of

the gloves. Having had no opportunity to acknowledge them, I now thank you for all with my whole heart. I cannot tell you how often and much I have thought of you the past winter, how I have grieved over your restraint and ill usage by our enemies, and how I have regretted my inability to relieve you. Your father, mother, Ada, and Carrie have been constantly in my thoughts. I have longed to see you all. I knew that crossing the Potomac would draw them off, and if we could only have been strong enough, we should have detained them. But God willed otherwise. I fear we shall soon have them all back. The army did all it could. I fear I required of it impossibilities. But it responded to the call nobly and cheerfully, and though it did not win a victory it conquered a success. We must now prepare for harder blows and harder work. But my trust is in Him who favors the weak and relieves the oppressed, and my hourly prayer is that He will "fight for us once again." I know we shall have your earnest prayers, and I am cheered by the belief that your dear father and mother will not forget us, but that their pious supplications will be offered up in our behalf night and morning. Give much love to them. Tell Ada if she will join the Army, I will give my consent, but Carrie need not *think* of that other one. I shall let no one have you, Maggie, till the war is over. I have one in reserve for you. I must now bid you good-by. May God guard and protect you all, is the earnest prayer of,

Your affectionate cousin,

R. E. Lee.

Miss Margaret Stuart.

Camp, 10th September, 1863.

My beautiful daughters:

I have not seen you all day. I hope this has not made you as sad as it has me. I would have gone to you this afternoon, but heard you went to ride on horseback with some of the young men.

Tomorrow I shall be engaged all the morning. There will be a review of Hill's corps at 3 p. m., should weather permit. If you wish to be present, I will send the wagon and can then see you on the ground at intervals at least. Let me know your wishes. I have kept a basket of grapes for you all day. I send a letter for Carrie, which came tonight. It looks as if it came from the signal officer. Rob does not like its appearance, and is taking refuge in sleep, in hopes to smother his sorrow. Good-night. May good angels guard you and bright visions cheer you.

Very truly and affectionately your father,

R. E. Lee.

Margaret and Carrie.

CAMP, 11th September, 1863.

Your note, my sweet daughters, has just been received. I fear the wagon will not reach you in time to make your extended ride, as the horses have gone out to graze. I have sent for them, however. Your numerous beaux, the "Stonewall band," I fear kept you up too late last night. Ask Mr. Hiden to close his doors at 10 o'clock. That is the proper time for you to retire your bright eyes from the soldiers' gaze. I hope you will have a pleasant visit this morning, and an agreeable ride this evening with the Maj. and Maj.-Gen'l. Poor Custis and Rob!

Truly your father,

R. E. LEE.

MARGARET AND CARRIE.

He thus wrote his son Custis:

CAMP, 27th September, 1863.

I rejoice over Bragg's victory. It is a great success and will be of great service to us every way; though from the reports in yesterday's paper it looks as if Rosecrans had made a stand at Chattanooga. I hope Bragg will be able to cross the Tennessee below him and force him out.

His cavalry ought now to break up his communications and force him out. I see Rob, Fitz, John, and Henry occasionally; the cavalry is near me now. They are all well.

No advance has yet been seriously made, though all the preparations of General Meade indicate that purpose. Generals King, Heintzelman, etc., have been brought up to Culpeper, and the pontoon trains have again been brought forward from Centerville. I am glad to hear that there is some prospect of a general exchange of prisoners. If Bragg has captured any of importance, it will facilitate matters. Good-by, my dear son. Remember me in your prayers and always keep in your heart,

Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

GEN. G. W. CUSTIS LEE.

From his camp near Orange Court House, August 23, 1863, General Lee wrote Mrs. Lee that he hears his son is "doing well, is walking about, and has everything he wants except his liberty." He continues:

You may see that a distinguished arrival at Washington is chronicled in the papers of that city, Miss Catherine Burke. She is reported to have given interesting accounts of the Lee family.

[This was one of the colored servants from Arlington.] My camp is near Mr. Erasmus Taylor's house, who has been very kind in contributing to our comfort. His wife sends us every day buttermilk, loaf bread, ice, and such vegetables as she has. I cannot get her to desist, though I have made two special visits to that effect. All the brides have come on a visit to the army—Mrs. Ewell, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Heth, etc. General Meade's army is north of the Rappahannock, along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. He is very quiet.

And again, on September 4, 1863:

You see I am still here. When I last wrote, the indications were that the enemy would move against us any day; but this past week he has been very quiet, and seems at present to continue so. I was looking at him yesterday from Clark's Mountain. He has spread himself over a large surface, and looks immense, but I hope will not prove as formidable as he looks. He has, I believe, been sending off some of his troops to reinforce Rosecrans, and has been getting up others; among them several negro regiments are reported. I can discover no diminution.

And on September 18, 1863, from the same camp he tells her:

The enemy state that they have heard of a great reduction in our forces here, and are now going to drive us back to Richmond. I trust they will not succeed. But our hope and refuge is in our merciful Father in heaven.

I add some letters to his son Gen. Custis Lee, which, while treating of private matters mainly, are of deep interest as illustrating his attention to minute details:

Camp, 11th January, 1863.

I am delighted, my dear son, at your safe return to Richmond and to learn of your good health. Your letter which I have just received also strengthens my hope of our ability to hold the Mississippi. God grant that the integrity of the Confederacy may be thus preserved. I hope we will be able to do something for the servants. I executed a deed of manumission, embracing all the names sent me by your mother, and some that I recollected, but as I had nothing to refer to, but my memory, I fear many are omitted. It was my desire to manumit all the people of your grandfather, whether present on the several estates or not. I believe your mother only sent me the names of those present at the W. H. and Romancoke. Those that have left with the

enemy may not require their manumission. Still, some may be found hereafter in the State, and at any rate I wished to give a complete list, and to liberate all, to show that your grandfather's wishes, so far as I was concerned, had been fulfilled. Do you not think that is the best course? If you can get the complete list, you can either have a deed drawn up embracing the whole, or a supplementary deed embracing those who have been omitted, stating they had been carried from the plantations by the enemy. Mr. Caskie says six men have been sent to Mr. Eacho by Mr. Chas. Scott, viz.: Obediah, George, Wesley, Henry, Edward, and Oscar.

The latter may be intended for Parks, or Austin, but one of them is missing. Can you ascertain which, and where he is? Harrison was hired to the contractor of the Orange & Alex. R. R. Can you find out where he is? I shall pay wages to Perry and retain him until he or I can do better. You can do the same with Billy. The rest that are hired out had better be furnished with their papers, and be let go. But what can be done with those at the W. H. and Romancoke? Those at and about Arlington can take care of themselves I hope, and I have no doubt but all are gone who desire to do so. At any rate I can do nothing for them now.

I am glad to receive the accts. of sales of the coupons. Those due on the 1st inst. you can retain as long as you think proper.

CAMP, 3d March, 1863.

MY DEAR CUSTIS:

Will you send the enclosed note to Mr. Taylor? Our mails are very uncertain now. It contains a draft. If my pants are done, will you give them to Mr. Thomas, the bearer, who will bring them up tomorrow. If they are not, keep them. I am in my last pair, and very sensitive, fearful of an accident. Our Federal neighbors are quiet. Their balloons are up during the day watching our movements, and remain up half the night observing our camp-fires. They seem to be expecting us to move, and are quite vigilant. They appear in great numbers in our front, and no manifestations yet of their intentions. Give much love to your mother and Agnes, and present me to all friends.

Very truly your father,

R. E. LEE.

COL. G. W. CUSTIS LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 31, 1863.

MY DEAR CUSTIS:

I send you a note which I have lately received from Mr. Crockford. I have written to him to request that Harrison be sent to Mr. Eacho. Will you have his free papers given him?

I see that the Va. Central R. R. is offering $40 a month and board. I would recommend he engage with them, or on some other work at once. Can you get the proper evidence of Reuben's death and from what cause?

He was of such a turbulent disposition that I have feared he may have caused it. I hope you may have been able to recover Parks. As regards Leanthe and Jim, I presume they had better remain with Mrs. D. this year, and at the end of it devote their earnings to their own benefit. But what can be done with poor little Jim? It would be cruel to turn him out on the world. He could not take care of himself.

He had better be bound out to some one, until he can be got to his grandfather's. His father is unknown, and his mother dead or in unknown parts. I heard from poor little Rob the other day. He was well. Our bad weather continues. The ground this morning was covered with an inch or two of snow. An easterly rain is now prevailing, which will doubtless carry it all off, leaving us in a delightful slush of mud. I have no news. We have only to suffer. Cannot move, and the enemy will not.

Give much love to your mother and Agnes. I hope you are all well. I am in very indifferent health. But hope I shall improve. I am weak, feverish, and altogether good for nothing, at the very time I require all my strength.

Your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

G. W. Custis Lee.

Camp, 11th May, 1863.

My dear Custis:

These hot days remind me I must prepare to lighten my clothing. Will you send me, by Thomas, the messenger of the A. and I. Gen'l., my gray sack, cotton drawers, and some cotton socks that I sent down last fall. Upon their arrival, I will send my flannels and will get you to put them in my trunk. You must excuse all the trouble I give you. I have no one else to aid me, and cannot leave here.

If the President cannot visit the army, I must go to him for a day at least. In that event, I could make these exchanges myself. I found Ham in this army, and requested his employer to send him down to Mr. Eacho to get his free papers.

I have not heard whether he obtained them. I heard from your mother yesterday. She was at Shirly, but did not seem satisfied. I fear she is no better. I wish I could do something for her relief. You will have heard of the death of General Jackson.

It is a terrible loss. I do not know how to replace him. Any victory would be dear at such a cost. But God's will be done. His body goes to R. today. Give love to all.

Truly and aff. your father,

R. E. Lee.

Col. G. W. Custis Lee.

Camp Orange, 10th August, 1863.

My dear Custis:

I send a draft, No. 107, of the 7th inst. of Capt. H. C. Fairfax, a q. m. on Treasurer C. S. for $1500, in my favor, made payable to your order, which I wish you would deposit to my credit in Farmers Bank of Virginia at Richmond.

Rob's trunk arrived safely yesterday, but the lieutenant had gone. It will be as difficult to get it to him now as before. We are all well. Our horses improve slowly this hot weather on short forage. We get grass and hay but little grain.

However, this latter is increasing. I send a letter to your mother. It is addressed as she directed; but I fear, as I hear nothing from her, there is no mail communication.

If there is, please mail it. The enemy seems quiet now. The heat is excessive. We never move but we lose some horses, and men fall from exhaustion. Remember me to all friends, and believe me always, Your father,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. G. W. Custis Lee.

Camp Orange, August 18, 1863.

My dear Custis:

I have received your letter of the 15th, and thank you for the information of your mother, and Fitzhugh, etc.

I have been much exercised as to how I can pay my taxes. I have looked out for assessors and gatherers in vain. I have sent to find collectors in the counties where I have been, without success. I wish to pay the amount as a matter of right and conscience, and for the benefit of the State, but cannot accomplish it. I see too by the papers that unless a man pays by the 9th of September, he is charged double. That will come hard on those who have always been anxious to meet the requirements of law. Can you pay for me in Richmond? I do not know what I am chargeable for or how much I am to pay. I have nothing now not in the hands of the enemy, except $5,000 in C. S. bonds, which are not taxable I believe, and $5,000 or $8,000 in N. C. bonds, I forget which, that you may recollect have not been issued to me for want of a receipt that cannot be found. Perhaps there is a memorandum in my private

box. Mr. Macfarland knows. I do not know how those coupon bonds, I hold, of the States, etc., within the U. S. that are beyond my reach, and some you know not available, and which do not pay, are considered.

In addition, I own three horses, a watch, my apparel and camp equipage. You know the condition of the estates of your grandfather. They are either in the hands of the enemy, or beyond my reach. The negroes have been liberated, everything swept off of them, houses, fences, etc., all gone. The land alone remains a waste. See if you can find some one that can enlighten you as to what I am to pay, both for myself and as executor of your grandfather's estates, and pay for me. I will send a check for the amount, if you will inform me. Give much love to all friends, and accept my warm love and prayers for your health and happiness.

Very truly and aff'y,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. G. W. Custis Lee.

Camp, 1st October, 1863.

My dear Custis:

I have received a letter from the provost marshal at Staunton, stating that Mary and Sally Morris had been arrested in the Valley endeavoring to pass our lines. They showed a pass signed by you to go beyond the lines of the Confederate States. Having emancipated them, under the law, I consider now that I cannot treat them differently from other citizens of the C. States, though it would give me pleasure to aid them in any way in my power. Your pass is not sufficient to pass them through lines, and I do not give passes to white citizens, unless they show me authority from the Sec'y of War, or some other Cabinet officer, to leave the country. I do not think it right to do otherwise. I see by the papers that "Miss Francis Burke" has arrived in Washington, and given some pleasing revelations. I consider her a happy riddance, and that M. and S. would do us no more harm than others. What can be done for them? Truly your father,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. G. W. Custis Lee.

General Lee wrote to his wife under date October 19, 1863:

I have returned to the Rappahannock. I did not pursue with the main army beyond Bristoe or Broad Run. Our advance went as far as Bull Run, where the enemy was intrenched, extending his right as far as Chantilly, in the yard of which he was building a redoubt. I could have thrown him farther back, but I saw no chance of bringing him to battle, and it would have only served to

fatigue our troops by advancing farther. If they had been properly provided with clothes I would certainly have endeavored to have thrown them north of the Potomac; but thousands were barefooted, thousands with fragments of shoes, and all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing. I could not bear to expose them to certain suffering on an uncertain issue.

From Camp Rappahannock, October 28, 1863, the General said to Mrs. Lee:

I moved yesterday into a nice pine thicket, and Perry is today engaged in constructing a chimney in front of my tent, which will make it warm and comfortable. I have no idea when F. [his son, W. H. F. Lee] will be exchanged. The Federal authorities still resist all exchanges, because they think it is to our interest to make them. Any desire expressed on our part for the exchange of any individual magnifies the difficulty, as they at once think some great benefit is to result to us from it. His detention is very grievous to me, and, besides, I want his services. I am glad you have some socks for the army. Send them to me. They will come safely. Tell the girls to send all they can. I wish they could make some shoes too. We have thousands of barefooted men. There is no news. General Meade, I believe, is repairing the railroad, and I presume will come on again. If I could only get some shoes and clothes for the men, I would save him the trouble.

About this time the City Council of Richmond, knowing that Arlington was in the hands of the Federal authorities, that the White House had been destroyed, and that General Lee's family was living in rented rooms in Richmond, unanimously voted that the city should present him with a house, and appointed a committee to purchase a suitable one; but as soon as the General heard of it he wrote the president of the Council a letter in which he said:

I assure you, sir, that no want of appreciation of the honor conferred upon me by this resolution, or insensibility to the kind feeling that prompted it, induces me to ask, as I most respectfully do, that no further proceedings be taken with reference to the subject. The house is not necessary for the use of my family, and my own duties will prevent my residence in Richmond. I shall therefore be compelled to decline the generous offer, and trust that whatever means the City Council may have to spare for this

purpose may be devoted to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field, who are more in need of assistance and more deserving of it than myself.

The following correspondence explains itself, and is of deep interest.

In a letter to President Davis, dated September 6, 1863, General Lee said:

As regards myself, should you think that the service will be benefited by my repairing to the Army of Tennessee, I will of course submit to your judgment. From your knowledge of all the circumstances of both armies you can come to a more correct conclusion than I can from my point of view. In my conversation with you on this subject when the question was proposed I did not intend to decline the service if it was desired that I should undertake it, but merely to express the opinion that the duty could be better performed by the officers already in that department.

Mr. Davis replied:

RICHMOND, September 8, 1863.

GEN. R. E. LEE:

Have considered your letter, believe your presence in the Western Army would be worth more than the addition of a corps, but fear the effect of your absence from Virginia. Did not doubt your willingness to do whatever was best for the country, and suggest your aid to determine that question. Have sent you all additional information to aid your further consideration of problems discussed with you here.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

As bearing on the same general question the following letters of later date may be given here:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
December 3, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,
President Confederate States, Richmond.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have considered with some anxiety the condition of affairs in Georgia and Tennessee. My knowledge of events has been principally derived from the public papers, and the impressions I have received may be erroneous, but there appears to me to be grounds to apprehend that the enemy may penetrate Georgia, and get possession of our depots of provisions and important manufactories. I see it stated that General Bragg has

been relieved from command, and that General Hardee is only acting until another commander shall be assigned to that army. I know the difficulties that surround this subject, but if General Beauregard is considered suitable for the position, I think he can be replaced at Charleston by General Gilmer. More force, in my opinion, is required in Georgia, and it can only be had, so far as I know, from Mississippi, Mobile, and the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The occupation of Cleveland by the enemy cuts off General Longstreet from his base, and unless he succeeds quickly in defeating General Burnside he will have to retire either into Virginia or North Carolina. I see no reason why Gen. Sam Jones should not be ordered to advance to his support, or at least to divert the attention of the column that is said to be moving on Charleston, Tennessee.

I have ventured to trouble your Excellency with these suggestions, as I know how much your attention is occupied with the general affairs of the country, especially as the session of Congress approaches. I think that every effort should be made to concentrate as large a force as possible under the best commander to insure the discomfiture of Grant's army. To do this and gain the great advantage that would accrue from it the safety of points practically less important than those endangered by his army must be hazarded. Upon the defense of the country threatened by General Grant depends the safety of the points now held by us on the Atlantic, and they are in as great danger from his successful advance as by the attacks to which they are at present directly subjected,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Richmond, December 5, 1863.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Orange Court House:

Could you consistently go to Dalton, as heretofore explained?

Jefferson Davis.

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
Rapidan, December 7, 1863.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis,
President Confederate States, Richmond.

Mr. President: I have had the honor to receive your dispatch inquiring whether I could go to Dalton. I can, if desired, but of the expediency of the measure you can judge better than I can. Unless it is intended that I should take permanent command, I can see no good that will result, even if in that event any could

be accomplished. I also fear that I would not receive cordial co-operation, and I think it necessary if I am withdrawn from here that a commander for this army be sent to it. General Ewell's condition, I fear, is too feeble to undergo the fatigue and labor incident to the position. I hope your Excellency will not suppose that I am offering any obstacles to any measure you may think necessary. I only seek to give the opportunity to form your opinion after a full consideration of the subject. I have not that confidence either in my strength or ability that would lead me of my own opinion to undertake the command in question.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

It is useless to discuss what *might* have been, but it is a matter of curious interest that the President very seriously thought of sending Lee to command the Army of Tennessee, and that while he preferred to remain with the Army of Northern Virginia, he was willing to go wherever ordered. What the result would have been cannot, of course, be determined now, but this much is at least certain: If Lee had taken the command of that noble army he would have soon won their confidence and their love, and those superb soldiers would have responded enthusiastically to every call of their chief. But there was only one Lee, and the President finally decided that he could not be spared from the Army of Northern Virginia.

The following letter pays a just tribute to the gallant troops of "the old North State":

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 9, 1863.

HON. JAMES A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.

SIR: The letter of Governor Vance of North Carolina of August 20, with regard to the causes of dissatisfaction among the North Carolina troops in this army, with your indorsement, has been received. I regret exceedingly the jealousies, heart-burnings, and other evil consequences resulting from the crude misstatements of newspaper correspondents, who have necessarily a very limited acquaintance with the facts about which they write, and who magnify the deeds of troops from their own States at the expense of others. But I can see no remedy for this. Men

seem to prefer sowing discord to inculcating harmony. In the reports of the officers justice is done to the brave soldiers of North Carolina, whose heroism and devotion have rendered illustrious the name of the State on every battlefield on which the Army of Northern Virginia has been engaged. . . . .

I believe it would be better to have no correspondents of the press with the army. . . . .

I need not say that I will with pleasure aid Governor Vance in removing every reasonable cause of complaint on the part of men who have fought so gallantly and done so much for the cause of our country; and I hope that he will also do all in his power to cultivate a spirit of harmony, and to bring to punishment the disaffected who use these causes of discontent to further their treasonable designs.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

The following was his letter of congratulation to General Longstreet on the battle of Chickamauga:

Headquarters, Orange, September 25, 1863.

Lieut.-Gen. J. Longstreet.

General: If it gives you as much pleasure to receive my warmest congratulations as it does me to convey them, this letter will not have been written in vain. My whole heart and soul have been with you and your brave corps in your late battle. It was natural to hear of Longstreet and Hill charging side by side, and pleasing to find the armies of the East and West vying with each other in valor and devotion to their country. A complete and glorious victory must ensue under such circumstances. I hope the result will equal the beginning, and that General Bragg will be able to reoccupy Tennessee. I grieve for the gallant dead and mourn for our brave Hood. The names of others have reached me, but I hope the report of their fall may not prove true. Finish the work before you, my dear general, and return to me. I want you badly, and you cannot get back too soon. Your departure was known to the enemy as soon as it occurred. General Meade has been actively engaged collecting his forces, and is now up to the Rapidan. All his troops that were sent North have returned, and reinforcements are daily arriving. His cavalry and engineers are constantly reconnoitering, and a vigorous effort was made Monday and Tuesday to turn our left. We are endeavoring to maintain a bold front, and shall endeavor to delay them all we can till you return.

Present my sincere compliments and admiration to the officers around you, and accept for yourself and command my ardent wishes for the welfare and happiness of all.

Very truly yours,
R. E. Lee,
General.

The following in letters to Mrs. Lee is very much like the man:

Camp, November 21, 1863.

I see by the papers that our son has been sent to Fort Lafayette. Any place would be better than Fort Monroe with Butler in command. His long confinement is very grievous to me, yet it may all turn out for the best.

November 25, 1863.

The kindness exhibited toward you as well as myself by our people, in addition to exciting my gratitude, causes me to reflect how little I have done to merit it, and humbles me in my own eyes to a painful degree. I am very sorry the weather was so bad that I could not give the President a review. I wanted him to see the troops, and wanted them to see him.

He writes the following concerning Meade's expedition to Mine Run:

Camp Rapidan, December 4, 1863.

You will probably have seen that General Meade has retired to his old positions on the Rappahannock without giving us battle. I had expected, from his movements and all that I had heard, that it was his intention to do so, and after the first day, when I thought it necessary to skirmish pretty sharply with him on both flanks to ascertain his views, I waited patiently his attack. On Tuesday, however, I thought he had changed his mind, and that night made preparations to move around his left next morning and attack him. But when day dawned he was nowhere to be seen. He had commenced to withdraw at dark Tuesday evening. We pursued to the Rapidan, but he was over. Owing to the nature of the ground, it was to our advantage to receive rather than to make the attack, and as he about doubled us in numbers, I wished to have that advantage. I am greatly disappointed at his getting off with so little damage, but we do not know what is best for us. I believe a kind God has ordered all things for our good.

I give other letters to his young lady cousins:

ORANGE, 25th December, 1863.

MY DEAR COUSIN MARGARET:

I take advantage of a few quiet moments this holy morning to write to you, for the thought of you always brings me pleasure and adds to my causes for gratitude to our merciful God for all the blessings bestowed upon me. I have recently returned from Richmond, where I thought much of you and wished for your presence that afforded so much pleasure to my former visit. I caught glimpses of sweet Carrie, but she was so surrounded by her little beaux that little could be got from her. But there was one tall one with her, a signal man of that voracious family of Randolphs, whom I threatened with Castle Thunder. I did not see her look at Rob once. But you know he is to take her home on certain conditions. I hope your mother has given her consent and that the cakes are baking. I also saw happy Mrs. Ada. Her face was luminous with content and she looked as if she thought there was but one person in the world. Mrs. Randolph was as handsome as ever, and she was as kind and sweet as she is beautiful. Nothing more can be said for her. Mr. R. is much better, looks indeed quite well. But I was grieved at the condition in which I found your poor Cousin Mary. She is now a great sufferer. Cannot walk at all, can scarcely move, but Mildred has returned and I hope now she will be more comfortable. She is going to move to my old quarters next to Mrs. Randolph. Go down and help disperse the club. The members are all aghast. Custis says he cannot be married now till six months after the ratification of peace—the day on which all the public dues are payable. So you will have to visit Maggie. I left Richmond with a sad heart. Charlotte, who was so well on my arrival, looking like herself again, so cheerful, affectionate and sweet, was taken sick two or three days before my departure and completely prostrated. She seemed exceedingly weak, though somewhat relieved the night before I left. The change between my arrival and departure was so sudden and unexpected to me, that I am filled with sadness, yet can do nothing. I pray she may be relieved. You must give a great deal of love to your father and mother for me. May every happiness attend you also and may a kind God in His infinite mercy before the return of the anniversary of this blessed day, give us our independence and restore us to peace and happiness.

Truly and aff'y, your cousin,

R. E. LEE.

MISS MARGARET STUART.

Camp, Orange Co., 29th December, 1863.

My dear Cousin Margaret:

I received today your note of the 11th with a present to Butts, for which he returns his warmest thanks. He is not, however, a soldier and you must not consider yourself obliged to work for him. Captain Randolph's corps is fortunate in having your mother and her daughters to provide for them. I think many will join it. I fear from what Mrs. Randolph said when she was in Richmond that you never heard that the bucket of pickle you were so kind as to send us reached me safely. I requested little Carrie at the time to thank you when she wrote. We have enjoyed it very much and yet have a supply. You will probably hear by the time this reaches you of the death of our dear Charlotte. I know you will sympathize with us. I loved her with a father's love and grieve for her as only a father can grieve for a daughter. She was inexpressibly dear to me and held in my heart an equal place with dear Fitzhugh. How keen will be his anguish and how bitter to him his captivity. May God give him strength to bear this affliction and sanctify to him the blow thus unexpectedly dealt! The ties to earth are taken, one by one, by our Merciful God to turn our hearts to Him and to show us that the object of this life is to prepare for a better and brighter world. May we all be there united to praise and worship Him forever and ever!

With affectionate regards to your father and mother,

I am most sincerely yours,

R. E. Lee.

Miss Margaret Stuart.

Gen. W. H. F. Lee, while still in prison, had to befall him a great affliction in the death of his two children, and then his wife. His father wrote as follows concerning it:

Sunday Morning, December 27, 1863.

Custis's dispatch which I received last night demolished all the hopes in which I had been indulging during the day of dear Charlotte's recovery. It has pleased God to take from us one exceedingly dear to us, and we must be resigned to His holy will. She, I trust, will enjoy peace and happiness forever, while we must patiently struggle on under all the ills that may be in store for us. What a glorious thought it is that she has joined her little cherubs and our Angel Annie [his daughter] in heaven! Thus is link by link of the strong chain broken that binds us to earth, and smoothes our passage to another world. Oh, that we may be at last united in that haven of rest, where trouble and sorrow never enter, to join

in an everlasting chorus of praise and glory to our Lord and Saviour! I grieve for our lost darling as a father only can grieve for a daughter, and my sorrow is heightened by the thought of the anguish her death will cause our dear son, and the poignancy it will give to the bars of his prison. May God in His mercy enable him to bear the blow He has so suddenly dealt and sanctify it to his everlasting happiness.

I can barely allude to the religious interest in the Army, which, as I know from personal interviews with him, was a source of such great gratification to General Lee. There had been from the first a great deal of religious feeling among the troops, and a large number of the higher officers were active Christians. There had been revivals at previous periods. But while we were resting along the Rapidan there began a great and general revival which made well-nigh every camp vocal with God's praises, and which went graciously on until, as one result, over 15,000 men in Lee's army professed faith in Christ and enlisted under the banner of the cross. The revival really did not cease until the surrender at Appomattox, and it is believed that no army in the world's history ever had in it so much of genuine, devout piety, so much of active work for Christ, as the Army of Northern Virginia under the command of our noble Christian leader. The letters which follow more properly belong, as far as their dates would indicate, to the next chapter, but I insert them here that the current of the story of the great campaign of 1864 may not be interrupted. After his son had been released from prison, General Lee wrote him the following touching letter:

CAMP, ORANGE COUNTY, April 24, 1864.

I received last night, my dear son, your letter of the 22d. It has given me great comfort. God knows how I loved your dear, dear wife, how sweet her memory is to me, and how I mourn her loss. My grief could not be greater if you had been taken from me. You were both equally dear to me. My heart is too full to speak on this subject, nor can I write. But my grief is for ourselves, not for her. She is brighter and happier than ever—safe from all evil, and awaiting us in her heavenly abode. May God in His mercy enable us to join her in eternal praise to our Lord

and Saviour. Let us humbly bow ourselves before Him, and offer perpetual prayer for pardon and forgiveness. But we cannot indulge in grief, however mournfully pleasing. Our country demands all our strength, all our energies. To resist the powerful combination now forming against us will require every man at his place. If victorious, we have everything to hope for in the future. If defeated, nothing will be left us to live for. I have not heard what action has been taken by the Department in reference to my recommendations concerning the organization of the cavalry. But we have no time to wait, and you had better join your brigade. This week will in all probability bring us active work, and we must strike fast and strong. My whole trust is in God, and I am ready for whatever He may ordain. May He guide, guard and strengthen us, is my constant prayer!

Your devoted father,
R. E. Lee.

Gen. William F. Lee.

During the whole of that winter Mrs. Lee and her daughters were busy knitting socks for the soldiers, and during a brief visit to Richmond the commander-in-chief brought up *himself* a bag of socks, and on March 18 he wrote as follows:

I arrived safely yesterday. There were sixty-seven pairs of socks in the bag I brought up instead of sixty-four, as you supposed, and I found here three dozen pairs of beautiful white-yarn socks, sent over by our kind cousin Julia and sweet little Carrie, making one hundred and three pairs, all of which I sent to the Stonewall brigade. One dozen of the Stuart socks had double heels. Can you not teach Mildred [his daughter] that stitch? They sent me also some hams, which I had rather they had eaten. I pray that you may be preserved and relieved from all your troubles, and that we may all be again united here on earth and forever in heaven.

Under date of January 17, 1864, he thus writes to his youngest son Robert, who was stationed with the cavalry near Charlottesville:

Tell Fitz I grieve over the hardships and sufferings of his men in their late expedition. I would have preferred his waiting for more favorable weather. He accomplished much under the circumstances, but would have done more in better weather. I am afraid he was anxious to get back to the ball. This is a bad time for such things. We have too grave subjects on hand to engage in

such trivial amusements. I would rather his officers should entertain themselves in fattening their horses, healing their men, and recruiting their regiments. There are too many Lees on the committee. I like them all to be present at battles, but can excuse them at balls. But the saying is, "Children will be children." I think he had better move his camp farther from Charlottesville, and perhaps he will get more work and less play. He and I are too old for such assemblies. I want him to write me how his men are, his horses, and what I can do to fill up his ranks.

From camp, April 2, 1864, he wrote Mrs. Lee:

Your note with the socks arrived last evening. I have sent them to the Stonewall brigade; they number all right—thirty pairs. Including this last parcel of thirty pairs, I have sent to that brigade two hundred and sixty-three pairs. Still, there are about one hundred and forty whose homes are within the enemy's lines and who are without socks. I shall continue to furnish them till all are supplied. Tell the young women to work hard for the brave Stonewallers.

And once more, from Orange County, April 21, 1864:

Your note with bag of socks reached me last evening. The number was correct—thirty-one pairs. I sent them to the Stonewall brigade, which is not yet supplied. Sixty-one pairs from the ladies in Fauquier have reached Charlottesville, and I hope will be distributed soon. Now that Miss Bettie Brander has come to the aid of my daughters, the supply will soon be increased.

Camp, Orange Co., 19th March, 1864.

My beautiful Carrie:

The pleasure I derived from your note of the 10th was disturbed by the knowledge of the labors you have bestowed upon my coat. How did you get it? I thought Custis had hid it away. It is too soon yet for you to undertake such work. You will have plenty of opportunity to show your skill upon Rob's garments I hope. He is now, however, nearly hopeless. He says although your kind mother made him 500 cakes, it produced not the least effect upon you. What more he can offer he is at a loss to conceive. I sincerely thank you for your remembrance of me and your kind consideration for my comfort. I shall enjoy my coat very much and value it more highly than ever. I was very glad to see your sweet sister Margaret in Richmond. She was, of course, attended by the signal corps. As soon as Gen. Edward Johnson drives back Meade's army, I am going to let him go to Cleydall—not before.

You can all afford to call others "hard headed." "First cast out the beam of thine own eye." Give much love to your father, mother, Miss Ada, and little Julian, and believe me always truly,

Yours,

R. E. Lee.

Miss Carrie Stuart.

Camp, Orange Co., 29th March, 1864.

I take advantage, dear Cousin Margaret, of the opportunity offered by the accompanying letter to acknowledge the receipt tonight of yours of the 28th. The superscription of this missent epistle reminds me strongly of the chirography of Gen. Edward Johnson. The suspicions of the postmasters at least have been excited from its being turned out of its way to me. Its arrival with your note is somewhat of a suggestive coincidence. I think I ought to send it to your mother. But I feel I can trust you, and that you will not forget your promise. I hope you are not beginning to think of leaving Richmond yet. Remain until warm weather. I shall have no hope of seeing you after you cross the Rappahannock. I know what a comfort you will be to your poor Cousin Mary. You will relieve her of her pains and I trust hasten her relief from her great affliction. Then you ought to come and see me. The indications at present are that we shall have a hard struggle. General Grant is with the Army of Potomac. All the officers' wives are sick and have been sent to Washington. No ingress or egress from the lines are now permitted, nor are papers allowed to come out. They claim to be assembling a large force. You must give us your sweet prayers, for you always have the love of,

Yours affectionately,

R. E. Lee.

Camp, Orange Co., 20th March, 1864.

I enclose to your care, dear Cousin Margaret, notes to your mother and little sister which I hope you can send to them without trouble. I wish also to say to you that you must write me that letter over again. In the pile that I found on my table there was not one line from you. Are you sure you wrote it? Perhaps it was to some other old general in this army. This makes two of your letters that the public have deprived me of. I can tell you for your satisfaction that General Johnson is well, that General Early has just returned from a visit home, and is handsomer than ever. He looks high in his new garments, and the black plume in his beaver gives him the air of a gay cavalier. You will have to pay us another visit, Maggie, but no one wants to see you as much as your cousin. Present my kind regards to Mrs. Randolph. Tell

her I thought of her before 12 o'clock the day I left, for I missed my breakfast. She knows the pleasure the recollection of her always gives me, but that morning it brought material comfort. Tell Miss Jeannie I hope the dear Dr. is happy.

Truly and affectionately, yours,

R. E. Lee.

Camp, Orange Co., 7th April, 1864.

My dear Cousin Margaret:

I send you a pincushion made on the banks of the Ohio. The sentiment on its face I trust inspires the action of every man in the Confederacy, whilst their hearts overflow with the passion on its reverse. A soldier's heart you know is divided between love and glory. One goes to Richmond today who has his share of both. You will probably see him. Elevate his desire for the latter, but do not hearken to his words on the former. Soliciting your prayers for the safety of the army, the success of our cause, and the restoration of peace to our country.

I am, with great affection,

Very truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

Miss Margaret Stuart.

Camp, Orange Co., 29th March, 1864.

I received tonight, my dear son, your letter of the 25th, returning Colonel Stevens's. The recommendation of you to succeed General Elzey is highly complimentary. No one can predict with certainty with what success you would operate, but I think you will do as well as those at least who have preceded you.

I see no reason why you should not be successful. You have intelligence, energy, strength, and the independence of the country at heart. The time is coming, indeed has come, when every one must put out their strength. They cannot consult their feelings or individual opinions where to serve, but must take those positions where it is reasonably evident they will be of most value. If you can be of more service in commanding the troops around Richmond, than in your present position, I think you ought to accept.

The prospect is now stronger than a week since that the struggle in Virginia for Richmond will be continued. Grant is now with the Army of the Potomac. The impression in that army is that he will operate it. Burnside is collecting an army at Annapolis.

It will probably be thrown on one of our flanks. There are indications that more troops will be sent to the Valley of the Shenandoah. It is said they have commenced to rebuild the R. R. from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. Everything at this time is sug-

gestive of another attempt on Richmond. It may be intended to mislead us, but it must not be neglected. The troops around Richmond may have an important part to play.

They should be well prepared and well commanded. I would rather have you there than any one I could now select. I hope therefore you will decide wisely. But if you do not accept the position, I think from the fact that it was tendered to you, connected with the former proposition for you to command in the Valley, it is evident that the President thinks your services in the field are desirable. You can, therefore, signify your desire for it, in some other capacity than that suggested. It is necessary that the corps of engineers attached to this army should be reorganized and strengthened. I also want a proper chief.

If you do not take the service now offered, and will accept that of Chief of Engineers of this army, I will apply for you. If you do not take it, I must get some one else. I never had any conversation with the President as to the rank the chief would hold, and, therefore, cannot speak on that point. I would prefer to have a general officer on many accounts, as he could take command of the troops operating under him. There will be an engineer regiment under Colonel Talcott, several companies of pioneers, under charge of engineer officers, engineer officers with the staff of the army, etc., etc., and I think it would form a proper command for a brigadier-general. You would be of great comfort and assistance to me as chief of staff, but I think it probable the position of chief of engineers would be more agreeable to you. You refuse command because you have no experience in the field. I appreciate the motives. But until you come in the field you never will gain experience. I think now is the time for you to take the field in some capacity. I assure you every one that has capacity will be much needed.

If Grant operates the army in Virginia, he will concentrate a large force on one or more lines. Unless we can take the initiative in the West to disturb their plans, we shall have to concentrate to meet him. I shall require all the aid I can get. Fitzhugh has reached Stuart's camp this evening. I have not seen him. There is a terrible rain-storm raging, and we are pretty much deluged. I have written for him to come over in the morning. I am glad to hear that all are well. Give much love to your mother and the girls. God bless, guide, and protect you, my dear son,

Your father,

R. E. Lee.

CAMP, 9th April, 1864.

MY DEAR CUSTIS:

I have delayed replying to your letter of the 5th to see what action would be had upon my application for a chief engineer of this army. By the order received last evening directing General Smith to report to me for engineer duty, I conclude the President has decided against my application for you.

I thought that position presented less objections to your serving with me than any other. Though a member of the general staff of the army, your operations, presence, etc., would have been with the Corps of Engineers and as independent as any other commander, while your work would have been obvious to all and spoken for itself. As chief of staff, your connection with me would be more intimate, your work more a part of my own, your action less distinct and separate, and assumed at least to be by my direction.

This would be very agreeable to me, but more open to all the objections that could be brought against your holding the place of Chief of Engineers. I presume, therefore, it would not be favorably considered. It is a delicate matter to apply for any one on the staff of another. I am not certain that it is proper to ask for one, serving with the President. In addition it is more important that he should have the aid he desires than I should. Although, therefore, anxious to have you, I am at a loss how to proceed. I know the kind feelings of the President toward you, and to me, and to my wants he has always shown the kindest consideration.

I want all the aid I can get now. I feel a marked change in my strength since my attack last spring at Fredericksburg, and am less competent for my duty than ever. I admire the sentiments that induced you to decline the command around Richmond. But the reasons that operated in that case will prevail in all similar, and are not likely to be changed by time, should you continue where you are.

However, it is done, and I believe will turn out for the best. I have a high opinion of Generals Kemper and Mahone in the positions in which they have been tested. How they would do in others, it is difficult to say. A single road I believe General M. would manage admirably. He could attend to it personally and would see to everything himself. Over a more extended field, the chain through all the Confederacy, it is also problematic.

Give much love to everybody, and believe me always,

Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

GEN. G. W. CUSTIS LEE.

CAMP, 30th April, 1864.

MY DEAR CUSTIS:

Nothing of much interest has occurred during the past week. The reports of scouts all indicate large preparations on the part of the enemy, and a state of readiness for action. The Ninth Corps is reported to be encamped (or rather was on the 27th) on the O. & A. R. R., between Fairfax Ct. H. and Alexandria.

This is corroboration of information sent the President yesterday, but there may be some mistakes as to the fact or number of corps. All their troops north of the Rappahannock have been moved south, their guards called in, etc. The garrisons, provost guards, etc., in Northern cities have been brought forward and replaced by State troops. A battalion of heavy artillery is said to have recently arrived in Culpeper, numbering 3,000.

I presume these are the men stated in their papers to have been drawn from the forts in N. Y. Harbor. I wish we could make corresponding preparations. If I could get back Pickett, Hoke, and B. R. Johnson, I would feel strong enough to operate.

I have been endeavoring for the last eight or ten days to move Imboden against the B. & O. R. R. in its unprotected state, but have not been able. I presume he has his difficulties, as well as myself. I am afraid it is too late now. I cannot yet get the troops together for want of forage, and am looking for grass.

Endeavor to get accurate information from the Peninsula, James River, etc. My scouts have not returned from Annapolis, and may get back too late. Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

GEN. G. W. CUSTIS LEE.

CAMP, PETERSBURG, 27th August, 1864.

MY DEAR CUSTIS:

I have received your letter of the 26th. I issued the order for the reorganization of Dearing's and Young's brigades, etc., as soon as received from the A. and I. General's office. As far as I could judge from the reports made to me it produced dissatisfaction. I replied I knew none of the reasons for the change ordered, but that they must be made unless countermanded by the A. and I. General, from whom the order emanated. Hampton requested permission to present a counterproject to effect the same purpose, which he thought better, which was assented to, and which was forwarded to the A. and I. General.

The troops have been in such constant motion and action that the order for the changes could not without detriment have been carried out, and I understand from H. that it would probably

be modified. I will get the papers and see if the difficulties stated can be harmonized. I think the brigades can be made homogeneous without separating commands who are anxious to serve together.

I think it important to satisfy the men as well as officers. All have a hard time, and I am anxious to promote pleasant feelings, and take away any excuse for bad conduct, desertion, etc. I am very much occupied now, and am much in the field. It may be some days before I can attend to this matter.

There are several things about which I wish to see the President and shall take the first day when there is an indication of quiet to go to Richmond. Grant is moving his troops backward and forward, right and left, constantly, and it is difficult to discover his intention. The worst of it is, he is so situated that he can disclose and conceal such movements as he desires. You must thank Major F. for the packages. I have received a letter from his brother which I have not been able to reply to. I do not want the articles sent here. I will attend to them if I go to Richmond.

I have only one earthly want, that God in His infinite mercy will send our enemies back to their homes. I am glad that F. R. and Bev. are doing well. Tell the former his division did splendidly on the 25th, charging the enemy's breastworks on foot, as if they were armed with bayonets. He should not have gotten poisoned. What did B. let them strike him for? I am much concerned about Bev. I trust he will do well. I have just received three stand of colors taken by Chambliss's brigade. Where are daughter and sweet Annie gone to? They had better come to see their papa. The sight of them would assuage the flies by day, and mosquitoes by night.

Between the two I have no peace. If there was an unsmoked mouth in the house, I would send them a kiss, but the thing is out of the question. Ask Miss Mary Triplett to officiate for me. I can assure them they will be the gainers. Love to all, and kind regards to the gentlemen. Truly your father,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. G. W. Custis Lee.

Camp, 24th July, 1864.

My dear Son:

I have received your letter of the 20th. Colonel Carter's report of his operations was very satisfactory, as far as they went, but they are not sufficient to arrest the navigation of the river. Nothing less, in my opinion, will produce the result desired.

I have written to General Ewell on the subject, and I wish if in your power you would help him to a conclusion. I sent yester-

day General Kershaw's division to Chaffin's, which I can ill spare, and which I fear I shall be obliged soon to recall. General Early telegraphs that the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, he learned on the 23d, were moving back through Leesburg toward Alexandria.

I presume it is for the purpose of returning to Grant, when I shall require all the troops I can get. If anything can therefore be done, it must be done quickly. I directed General Kershaw to take command of the brigades under Conner, examine the enemy's position at Dutch bottom, and see what could be done.

I have not heard from him yet. The Sixtieth Alabama has been returned to Gracie's brigade, and B. R. Johnson's old brigade has been sent in its place. The latter seemed much worn down, and I was in hopes a little relief would bring it up. General Gary does not seem yet to have his cavalry well in hand, and perhaps on its present duties it is impossible to give it that instruction and discipline it requires.

But until he does get it in that condition, it will never possess steadiness or reliability. Where are we to get sufficient troops to oppose Grant? He is bringing to him now the Nineteenth Corps, and will bring every man he can get. His talent and strategy consists in accumulating overwhelming numbers. I see it stated in the papers that the enemy has abandoned the Trans-Miss. country. Is it so? They must be very weak, and unless Kirby Smith can operate to advantage in Missouri he had better cross to this side. There must be few troops in Canby's department, now that the Nineteenth Corps has been withdrawn. I received the package of clothes. They are very nice, and suit admirably. They are so much admired that I fear I shall have many applicants for their loan from the beaux. I saw F. and Rob yesterday. Both well. Please send the accompanying letter to your mother if you can. I am glad to learn she is improving.

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. G. W. Custis Lee.

Near Petersburg, 13th December, 1864.

My dear Son:

I have been expecting to see you for some weeks, but each day that I have appointed to return to the north side of the James River, some movement of the enemy has occurred, or some rumor of a projected movement has reached me, to prevent. Yesterday week I had directed our caravan to be prepared to move the next day, but during the night, or rather before day the next morning, I heard of their last move down the plank road, and had to put our troops in motion.

We succeeded in arresting them at the Meherrin and turning them back. Their route of retreat was due east in direction of Sussex Ct. H., and thus their infantry got out of our way, and we could only strike their rear-guard of cavalry.

The weather was wretched, and I fear our men and animals suffered much. The enemy reached their camps last night and our men are coming in this morning. Their prisoners stated they were going to Weldon, and I suppose were bound on a distant mission as they carried beef cattle and a long train of wagons. Their trains, etc., were all east of their route march. We did them little harm I fear. They destroyed about six miles of R. R., so the Supt. reports, and burned some small bridges. During this operation they attempted to turn our right flank, and to reach Dinwiddie Ct. H. In this they also failed. I do not know what they will do next. I have a nice pair of woolen gloves, gauntlet shaped, which may keep you warm this cold weather. If you want them will send them up. If you do not, let me know.

I am afraid you will ruin my character with the young ladies, and may cause that of the family for fidelity to be suspected. Several of them wishing, I suppose, to see how they would like me as a father-in-law, have requested my photograph, which I have promised, and have relied on those you were to have sent me. Not one has ever reached me, and I am taxed with breach of promise. See what a strait you have placed me in. Rob got here on Tuesday and I had to forward him next day on Ajax. He had, I fear, a disagreeable ride as it rained all day.

I hope you and your men are comfortable and that everything is well with you. Have you been able to pole the road through that slushy wood? God bless and keep you, my dear son, is the daily prayer of your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. G. W. Custis Lee.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR

The last year of the war—Relative numbers and resources—Battle of the Wilderness—Spottsylvania Court House—Sheridan's raid and the death of Stuart—Hanover Junction—Cold Harbor—Fearful slaughter of 13,500 Federals to only 750 Confederates—Failure to carry Petersburg by assault—Failure of Hunter to capture Lynchburg—Defeat of Sheridan at Trevillian's Depot by Hampton and Fitz Lee—Hunter driven from Lynchburg and Early advancing on Washington—Grant besieging Richmond and Petersburg—Summary of the campaign—The siege of Petersburg and many brilliant affairs—Early's Valley campaign—In winter quarters—Lee's bold plan to unite with Johnston, and strike Sherman defeated by the weather, the roads, and the weakness of his starved horses—Capture of Fort Steadman—Letters showing Lee's feelings, hopes, and fears—Opening of the campaign—The immense odds of numbers and resources which Grant opposed to Lee—Confederate disaster at Five Forks—Lee's lines broken in several places at Petersburg—Evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg—Retreat—Great disaster at Sailor's Creek—The true story of Appomattox as told by General Lee himself—The story of Grant and Lee meeting under an apple tree and Grant returning Lee's sword refuted—General Lee's farewell address to his army—The magnanimous treatment of Lee and his army by Grant and his troops—Lee's agony of mind but calm deportment—Capt. Robert E. Lee's recollections.

The supreme conflict was yet to come in the last struggle of the South for its independence.

General Grant, who had won so wide a reputation by his capture of Vicksburg, and his victory over Bragg at Chattanooga, was now made lieutenant-general, and commander-in-chief of the Federal forces. He chose to send Sherman against J. E. Johnston, who now commanded the Confederate army in northern Georgia, and to take personal command of the army opposed to Lee in Virginia.

He had the entire confidence of his Government, and unlimited resources at his back. Grant determined to capture Richmond by a combined movement which seemed irresistible. A

column moving through the mountain passes of southwest Virginia, one up the Valley of the Shenandoah, one from the Atlantic seaboard by way of James River, and his own from the Rapidan, were to converge on, overwhelm, and capture Richmond by the early summer.

These columns, including reinforcements sent during the campaign, numbered over 275,000 men, equipped in the most superb manner, and supplied abundantly with provisions and with stores of every description. To meet this mighty host Lee had, including every man he could draw as reinforcements during the campaign, not more than 75,000 men, badly armed, wretchedly equipped, and very poorly supplied with rations, clothing, ordnance stores, transportation—in fact, needing everything necessary to the efficiency of an army save able leadership, stout hearts, and indomitable patriotism. The army immediately opposed to Lee's numbered when it crossed the Rapidan on May 4, 1864, 149,166 men, while Lee had within call 62,000 men; but with only half that number he moved on and attacked Grant's army in the Wilderness.

As soon as Grant crossed the Rapidan, Lee, instead of retreating before the mighty host and throwing himself between it and Richmond, moved down from Orange and attacked him in the Wilderness, where, from the 5th to the 7th of May, the terrible battle raged, and with fearful slaughter, Grant losing 17,600 men and Lee half that number. But the result fully convinced the Federal commander that he could not destroy Lee's army or drive it from its position on that ground, and the advantage being so decidedly with the Confederates, Grant determined to move off by Lee's right flank at night, and seize the strong strategic position at Spottsylvania Court House; but Lee divined his purpose, as if by intuition, and when the head of Grant's column came near the coveted point the advance of the Army of Northern Virginia barred the way.

Both sides intrenched their lines as best they could, though the Federals were well provided with intrenching tools of every description. The Confederates, on the contrary, had to use

bayonets, tin cups, and sharpened sticks as their intrenching tools, and the work had to be done entirely by the soldiers themselves as they had no pioneer corps. The result was that Grant's lines here, as everywhere else on the campaign, were much stronger than those of Lee. For five days Grant made repeated assaults on Lee's position, at different points, and was badly defeated. But on the early morning of the 12th of May "Hancock the superb" carried a salient by assault, captured between 3,000 and 4,000 prisoners, among them Maj-Gen. Edward Johnson and Brig.-Gen. Geo. H. Steuart, and twenty pieces of artillery, and seemed about to cut Lee's army in two. But the Confederates rallied and, under the immediate eye of Lee himself, drove back the blue wave to "the bloody angle," where the fight raged until after dark so fiercely that large trees were cut down by Minie balls, and the slaughter was fearful. Lee recovered all his line except "the toe of the horseshoe," a new line was formed just in the rear of this, and the Confederates continued to hold their lines so stoutly that Grant, although he had received large reinforcements, deemed it unwise to make another assault, and on the 20th moved by Lee's right to Hanover Junction, only to find Lee again in his path. Grant lost at Spottsylvania Court House 18,399, making a total loss of 40,000 in his two weeks' campaign, or about two-thirds as many men as Lee had.

On the 9th of May Grant sent Sheridan with 10,000 cavalry to break Lee's communications, and, if opportunity offered, to dash into Richmond. Stuart could muster only 3,000 troops, but he boldly threw himself across Sheridan's path, and in a heroic fight at Yellow Tavern near Richmond he saved the city, but received a mortal wound himself, from which he died the next day in Richmond. Stuart was an ideal cavalryman, and at the same time a man of unsullied character and temperate habits. He never used tobacco, or drank even a glass of wine, and above all was an humble, earnest Christian. He said to President Davis on his dying bed, *"I am willing to die if God and my country think that I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty."*

Lee not only checkmated Grant at Hanover Junction, situated on the North Anna River at the junction of the railway from Richmond to Fredericksburg and the Central (now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway) from Richmond to the Shenandoah Valley, but thrust himself in between the two wings of the Federal army and was about to give it a crushing blow when Grant hastily withdrew from his perilous position. He moved by his left flank on Cold Harbor only to find that Lee had again detected his plans and was across his road to Richmond. There was considerable preliminary fighting along the Cold Harbor lines, but on the 3d of June Grant, having received large reinforcements, made a determined assault on the Confederate position, and received one of the bloodiest repulses of the war, or of history. Swinton, the Northern historian of the Army of the Potomac, says of this battle that after the bloody repulse sustained another assault was ordered, "but no man stirred, and the immobile lines pronounced a verdict silent yet emphatic against further slaughter." The loss of the Federals in this battle was 13,500; that of the Confederates only 750. I never saw our troops more elated than just after this battle, and the morale of the army was never better. It is an interesting fact that in this second battle of Cold Harbor Lee occupied the position from which he had driven McClellan two years before. The quiet Sunday which we had during an interval in the fighting along the Cold Harbor lines enabled the chaplains to have services in many of the commands, and I remember that I preached four times that day to large and deeply affected congregations. The service at sunset was especially impressive. The stacked muskets, the blackened cannon, the tattered battle-flags, the upturned eager faces of some 3,000 bronzed veterans assembled on the very ground over which two years before they had charged the enemy's works, made an inspiring scene. And as I tried to tell "the old, old story of Jesus and His love," something on the soldier's cheek washed off the stain of powder.

Grant had now to abandon his expressed purpose of "fighting it out on this line if it took all summer," and by crossing

the James make an attempt to capture Petersburg before Lee could come up. But the old men and boys of the gallant "Cockade City," and some of Beauregard's troops, held the defenses until Lee's veterans could get up, and Grant's several assaults on the Petersburg lines resulted in disastrous failure and heavy loss.

The other columns which were converging on Richmond met with like disaster. Sigel moved up the Valley but was routed at New Market by Breckinridge.

Butler, with an army of 30,000 men, was to have captured Petersburg, "the back door of Richmond," before Grant reached the front, but he was defeated by Beauregard on the 16th of May, and driven back to Bermuda Hundreds, where, as Grant expressed it, he was "effectually bottled up"—sending a good part of his troops later to share in Grant's defeat at Cold Harbor. Gen. David Hunter succeeded Sigel in command, moved up the Valley again, was joined by Crook and Averill from southwest Virginia, defeated Gen. W. E. Jones at Piedmont, and advanced via Staunton and Lexington on Lynchburg, laying waste the country through which he passed, and burning the Virginia Military Institute, and Governor Letcher's private residence at Lexington. Grant sent Sheridan, with 10,000 cavalry, to meet and escort Hunter to Richmond, but Hampton and Fitz Lee met him at Trevillians in Louisa County, with half his numbers, defeated him and compelled him to fall back to Grant's lines, leaving his dead and wounded and many spoils of victory in the hands of the Confederates. Hunter's move on Lynchburg compelled Lee, though he could not spare them, to detach Breckinridge, and then Ewell's corps under Early, to meet him.

Early drove Hunter from Lynchburg on a disastrous retreat through the mountains of Virginia, and then rapidly moved down the Shenandoah Valley to cross the Potomac and threaten Washington. The results of this campaign were that Lee had foiled Grant at every point, and his campaign had dwindled to a siege of Petersburg (nine miles from deep water) by the

main column under Grant, which had lost 80,000 men—more than Lee had—in order to get a position which it might have reached at first without firing a shot or losing a man. His army, according to Swinton, "shaken in its structure, its valor quenched in blood, and thousands of its ablest officers killed or wounded, was the *Army of the Potomac* no more."

Butler's column was mingled with Grant's in the lines before Petersburg, the other Federal columns, which had begun the campaign in the Valley and southwest Virginia, were in disorderly retreat through the mountains to the Kanawha Valley, out of the area of active operations, and Lee had made his lines at Richmond and Petersburg impregnable to direct assault, and had a movable column within two days' march of the Federal Capital. Well might Col. Charles S. Venable, of Lee's staff (from whose able account of this campaign I have condensed my summary), say, in view of these facts, that *"Lee had made a campaign unexampled in the history of defensive warfare."*

I cannot give in detail the events of the siege of Petersburg, which lasted ten months, during which time Grant added to his "attrition" tactics of wearing Lee's army out by constant attacks the *starvation* policy of cutting off his supplies, by destroying the railways. There were a number of brilliant affairs, such as the recapture of the Confederate lines after the explosion of the Federal mine which made the famous "Crater" on July 30, many gallant sorties on the Federals near the Weldon Railway, A. P. Hill's handsome victory over Hancock at Reams Station on August 25, various affairs on the north side of James River, and some brilliant successes of the Confederate cavalry under Hampton and Fitz Lee.

Suffice it to say that for all of these weary months Lee had to guard some thirty-five miles of breastworks with a greatly inferior and constantly decreasing force, while Grant could hold his heavily fortified lines with twice as many men as Lee had, and then have an army larger than Lee's whole force to operate on the flanks. And yet by his constant watchfulness and almost intuitive ability to discover his enemy's purpose, Lee

never failed to foil the plans of his adversary. Nor can I give the details of Early's Valley campaign further than to say that this sturdy soldier was all the time leading "a forlorn hope;" that he never had over 12,000 troops under his command opposed to Sheridan's 60,000, and that while he sustained heavy defeats and great losses, he yet inflicted upon the enemy a loss nearly double his own, fed his own army on the country, and sent supplies to General Lee, and so maneuvered that he retained in the Valley the 60,000 men of Sheridan, and 40,000 at Washington who might otherwise have been sent against Lee at Richmond.

The winter was fearful on Lee's barefooted, ragged, half-starved men, and their numbers steadily diminished, until there were only 33,000 to guard thirty-five miles of breastworks and meet any move that Grant might make. But these ragged men in gray, as well as their great commander, kept stout hearts. They had built at great sacrifice (frequently carrying material on their shoulders) sixty chapels located at convenient points on the lines, and they had prayer meetings in their bomb-proofs. The chaplains and missionaries always found eager listeners, thousands of soldiers professed conversion, and songs of praises often drowned the whistling of the Minie or the bursting of the shell.

The men trusted in God, had full confidence in "Marse Robert," believed in their cause, and still expected to win. I have given in mere outline an account of this marvelous campaign of 1864, and now I shall quote freely from General Lee's letters, private and official, and give anecdotes of him illustrating his views and feelings while there were upon him duties and responsibilities which would have crushed any ordinary man.

Col. Thomas H. Carter of the artillery—one of the most gallant and skilful artillerists whom the war produced—gave General Long for his Memoirs the following characteristic incidents:

In 1864, either during July or August, when General Lee's headquarters were near Petersburg, I had charge of the light artillery north of James River. The line lay near Deep Bottom, and ran

eastwardly by New Market toward the Chickahominy River, and I was partially but imperfectly intrenched, with skirmishers well advanced, and in pits. One day General Lee rode over from Petersburg and reached us quite early in the morning, considering the distance he had ridden. My tent was a mile and a half in the rear of the line, in charge of the servants, while I myself slept on the line for fear of an attack by the enemy, then close in front. My cooking utensils were brought up to the line and rations cooked twice daily, and the servant then returned with blankets in the morning to be aired during the day, and with the cooking and eating wares.

Martin, my servant, a good-tempered, smiling, and most deferential black boy, was quietly walking the gray horse back to camp through the woods, after breakfast, pretty well enveloped with blankets, a tray, skillets, tin plates and cans, knives and forks, etc., when General Lee met him. Nothing escaped General Lee's observant eye. Grave, quiet, and taciturn, he saw everything. He pulled up his horse and put Martin through a course of questions, in which he learned his name, to whom he belonged, where he was going, where he had been, and, in short, left not much behind of Martin's limited stock of knowledge.

All ignorant of this little incident, I advanced to meet the General as he rode up to the line. "Good-morning, Colonel Carter." "Good-morning, General." "I expected, Colonel, to find the troops in motion." "In motion, General? No, sir; there is no movement on foot here—all is quiet," I said in reply, looking at him with surprise. A merry look in his eye showed me he was joking as he added, "Well, I met Martin on the gray, going to the rear with baggage and camp equipage, and when they go to the rear the troops are usually going to the front." I explained what he had already heard from Martin, that I slept on the line. "You are right," he said, "to be at your post with your command."

Not long after this, while we were stationed at the same place, he rode over from Petersburg, and reached us quite late in the afternoon—too late to return to his headquarters that night. After some conversation about the line and troops he mentioned the necessity of finding quarters for himself and those with him for the night. Apologizing for my inability to make him comfortable and to have him stay with me, for reasons above given, I suggested that he should go to Chaffin's Bluff, where he would find houses occupied, I thought, by Maj. Dick Taylor (Walter's brother) and Col. Jack Maury and others connected with the heavy and stationary artillery. He replied in his quiet, punctuating way of talking, as if weighing each word, "Well, Colonel Carter, if I

turn those gentlemen out of their rooms, where will they sleep?" "On the ground," I replied at once, "like the rest of the army," and added, what I knew to be literally true, "They will be delighted to give up their rooms to you." "None of your blarney, Colonel Carter—none of your blarney, sir," he replied with a smile. Though not sure of it, I think he went there, but I am sure if he went the rooms were given up with delight.

When the infantry was hurrying to the support of Fitz Lee's cavalry at Spottsylvania Court House, as each division arrived it would form into line on the right of its predecessor. I happened to be near General Lee when a few bullets cut the limbs and struck the ground near him. Some general—I forget who—said, "General, this is no place for you; do go away at once to a safe place." He replied, with a half-complaining smile and manner, "I wish I knew where my place is on the battlefield; wherever I go some one tells me it is not the place for me to be." But he was always deeply touched by these indications of the devotion of his army and people to him.

The following was to his youngest daughter, Miss Mildred:

CAMP, PETERSBURG, July 5, 1864.

MY PRECIOUS LIFE:

I received this morning, by your brother, your note, and am very glad to hear your mother is better. I sent out immediately to try and find some lemons, but could only procure two—sent to me by a kind lady, Mrs. Kirkland, in Petersburg. These were gathered from her own trees; there are none to be purchased. I found one in my valise, dried up, which I also send, as it may be of some value. I also put up some early apples, which you can roast for your mother, and one pear. This is all the fruit I can get.

You must go to the market every morning and see if you cannot find some fresh fruit for her. There are no lemons to be had here. Tell her lemonade is not as palatable or digestible as buttermilk. Try and get some for her—with ice it is delicious, and very nutritious. I hope she will continue to improve, and be soon well and leave that heated city. It must be roasting now. Tell her I can only think of her and pray for her recovery. I wish I could be with her to nurse her and care for her. I want to see you all very much, but cannot now see the day when we shall be together once more. I think of you, long for you, pray for you; it is all I can do. Think sometimes of your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

To Mrs. Lee he writes:

Camp, Petersburg, July 24, 1864.

The ladies of Petersburg have sent me a nice set of shirts. They were given to me by Mrs. James R. Branch and her mother, Mrs. Thomas Branch. In fact, they have given me everything—which I fear they cannot spare—vegetables, bread, milk, ice cream. Today one of them sent me a nice peach—the first one I think I have seen for two years. I sent it to Mrs. Shippen. Mr. Platt held services again today under the trees near my camp. We had quite a large congregation of citizens, ladies, and gentlemen, and our usual number of soldiers. During the services I constantly heard the shells crashing among the houses of Petersburg. Tell Life [his youngest daughter] I send her a song composed by a French soldier. As she is so learned in that language I want her to send me a reply in verse.

And from Camp, Petersburg, June 26, 1864:

I hope it is not as hot in Richmond as here. The men suffer a great deal in the trenches; and this condition of things, with the heat of the sun, nearly puts an end to military operations.

Camp, Petersburg, June 30, 1864.

I was very glad to receive your letter yesterday, and to hear that you are better. I trust you will continue to improve and soon be as well as usual. God grant that you may be entirely restored in his own good time! Do you recollect what a happy day thirty-three years ago this was? How many hopes and pleasures it gave birth to! God has been very merciful and kind to us, and how thankless and sinful I have been! I pray that He may continue His mercies and blessings to us and give us a little peace and rest together in this world, and finally gather us and all He has given us around His throne in the world to come. The President has just arrived, and I must bring my letter to a close. God bless you all.

July 10, 1864.

I was pleased, on the arrival of my little courier this morning, to hear that you were better, and that Custis Morgan [a pet squirrel] was still among the missing. I think the farther he gets from you the better you will be. The shells have scattered the poor inhabitants in Petersburg, so that many of the churches are closed. Indeed, they have been visited by the enemy's shells. Mr. Platt, pastor of the principal Episcopal church, had services at my headquarters today. The services were under the trees, and the discourse on the subject of salvation.

It is very fortunate for the truth of history, and as illustrating General Lee's views of various army movements, that some of his letter-books were saved, are in the War Records Office at Washington, and have been made accessible by being published in those invaluable volumes which contain the official reports and letters from both sides. I quote freely from them General Lee's letters at this period.

HEADQUARTERS, January 2, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,

President Confederate States, Richmond.

MR. PRESIDENT: The time is at hand when, if an attempt can be made to capture the enemy's forces at New Berne, it should be done. I can now spare troops for the purpose which will not be the case as spring approaches. If I have been correctly informed, a brigade from this army with Barton's brigade, Pickett's division, now near Kinston, will be sufficient if the attack can be secretly and suddenly made. New Berne is defended on the land side by a line of intrenchments from the Neuse to the Trent. A redoubt near the Trent protects that flank while three or four gunboats are relied upon to defend the flanks on the Neuse. The garrison has been so long unmolested and experiences such a feeling of security that it is represented as careless. The gunboats are small and indifferent, and do not keep up a head of steam. A bold party could descend the Neuse in boats at night, capture the gunboats, and drive the enemy by their aid from the works on that side of the river, while a force should attack them in front. A large amount of provisions and other supplies are said to be at New Berne, which are much wanted for this army, besides much that is reported in the country that will thus be made accessible to us. The gunboats, aided by the ironclads building on the Neuse and Roanoke, would clear the waters of the enemy and capture their transports, which could be used for transportation. I have not heard what progress is making in the completion of the ironclads or when they will be ready for service. A bold naval officer will be required for the boat expedition, with suitable men and officers to man the boats and serve the gunboats when captured. Can they be had?

I have sent General Early with two brigades of infantry and two of cavalry under Fitz Lee to Hardy and Hampshire counties, to endeavor to get out some cattle that are reported within the enemy's lines. But the weather has been so unfavorable that I fear he will not meet with much success. The heavy rain-storms

will swell all the streams beyond fording and the cold weather and snow in the mountains will present other obstacles. Many of the infantry are without shoes and the cavalry worn down by their pursuit of Averell. We are now issuing to the troops a fourth of a pound of salt meat, and have only three days' supply at that rate. Two droves of cattle from the West that were reported to be for this army have, I am told, been directed to Richmond. I can learn of no supply of meat on the road to the army, and fear I shall be unable to retain it in the field. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia,
5th January, 1864.

Col. L. B. Northrop,
Commissary-General, Richmond, Va.

General: Your letter of the 7th ult. reached here during my absence in Richmond.

I regret very much to learn that the supply of beef for the army is so nearly exhausted. . . . . No beef has been issued to the cavalry corps by the chief commissary, that I am aware of, for eighteen months. During that time it has supplied itself, and has now, I understand, sufficient to last until the middle of February.

I cannot adopt your suggestion to employ the organization of your bureau to impress provisions. Neither the law nor regulations of the War Department, in my opinion, give me that power.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

(Confidential.)

Camp, Orange Court House, January 16, 1864.

Lieut.-Gen. J. Longstreet.

General: Your letters of the 10th and 11th instant were handed to me by Captain Goree last night. I am glad that you are casting about for some way to reach the enemy. If he could be defeated at some point before he is prepared to open the campaign, it would be attended by the greatest advantages. Either of the points mentioned by you would answer. I believe, however, that if Grant could be driven back and Mississippi and Tennessee recovered, it would do more to relieve the country and inspirit our people than the mere capture of Washington. You know how exhausted the country is between here and the Potomac; there is nothing for man or horse. Everything must be carried. How

is that to be done with weak transportation on roads in the condition we may expect in March? You know better than I how you will be off in that respect in the West. After you get into Kentucky, I suppose provisions can be obtained. But if saddles, etc., could be procured in time, where can the horses be? They cannot be obtained in this section of country, and as far as my information extends, not in the Confederacy. But let us both quietly and ardently set to work; some good may result, and I will institute inquiries.

There is a part of your letter that gives me uneasiness. That is in relation to your position. Your cavalry, I hope, will keep you informed of any movement against you. After the completion of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad you will be able to retire with ease, and you had better be prepared in case of necessity. If the enemy follow, with the assistance of General S. Jones, you may be able to hit him a hard blow. I would suggest that you have the country examined, routes explored, and strong positions ascertained and improved. There is some report of a projected movement of the enemy next spring by the route from Knoxville, and the abandonment of this to Richmond. It is believed that such a movement will be as successful as that by Grant on Vicksburg. As they have not been able yet to overcome the eighty miles between Washington and Richmond by the shortest road, I hope they will not be able to accomplish the more circuitous route. Not knowing what they intend to do, and what General Johnston can do, has prevented my recommending your return to this army. After hearing that you were in comfortable quarters and had plenty of provisions and forage, I thought it was best you should remain where you are until spring or until it was determined what could be done. I hope you will be able to recruit your corps. In reference to that, how would General Buckner answer for the command of Hood's division, at least until it is seen whether he ever can return to it?

With kind regards to yourself and all with you,

I am, very truly yours,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Army, 18th January, 1864.

Brig.-Gen. A. R. Lawton,
Quartermaster-General, Richmond.

General: The want of shoes and blankets in this army continues to cause much suffering and to impair its efficiency. In one regiment I am informed that there are only fifty men with service-

able shoes, and a brigade that recently went on picket was compelled to leave several hundred men in camp who were unable to bear the exposure of duty, being destitute of shoes and blankets. . . . .

The supply by running the blockade has become so precarious that I think we should turn our attention chiefly to our own resources, and I should like to be informed how far the latter can be counted upon. . . . . .

I trust that no efforts will be spared to develop our own resources of supply, as a further dependence upon those from abroad can result in nothing but increased suffering and want.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

(Confidential.)

Headquarters, January 20, 1864.

Maj.-Gen. Geo. Pickett,
Commanding, etc., Petersburg, Va.

General: From all the information I have received, I think the garrison at New Berne can be captured, and I wish it tried, unless upon close examination you find it impracticable. You can use for that purpose Barton's, Kemper's, Corse's, and as much of Ranson's brigades as you can draw to that point. I shall send in addition Hoke's brigade from this army. General Hoke is familiar with the vicinity of New Berne, has recently returned from a visit to that country, and it is mainly upon his information that my opinion has been formed. He will hand you this letter and explain to you the general plan which at this distance appears to me the best. You can modify it according to circumstances developed by investigation and your good judgment. It is proposed that General Barton shall pass south of Trent River and attack the forces said to be stationed behind Brice's Creek, get possession of the railroad to Beaufort, cut off reinforcements from that quarter, and take the town in reverse. General Hoke will move down between the Trent and the Neuse, endeavor to surprise the troops on Bachelor's Creek, silence the guns in the star fort and batteries near the Neuse, and penetrate the town in that direction; Whitford's battalion, or such other force as may be designated, to move down north of the Neuse, occupy if they cannot capture Fort Anderson at Barrington Ferry, and endeavor to take in flank with the batteries the line south of the Neuse, so as to lighten Hoke's work. The night previous to the land attack Colonel Wood of the Navy with 200 men in boats will descend the Neuse and endeavor to surprise and capture the gunboats in

that river, and by their aid drive the enemy from their guns. General Whiting will be requested on the day appointed for the attack to threaten Swansborough with the troops he has north of the Cape Fear, so as to fix the attention of the enemy at Morehead City, etc., and to cooperate otherwise in the general plan. Everything will depend upon the secrecy, expedition, and boldness of your movements. General Barton should move first, and be strong enough to resist any combination of the forces from New Berne and Beaufort. The cavalry had better accompany him to cut the telegraph and railroad, gain information, etc. General Hoke with his own brigade should move next, the force north of the Neuse to keep pace with him. Colonel Wood will attend to his part.

If successful, everything in New Berne should be sent back to a place of security. In that event, too, it is hoped that by the aid of the gunboats water transportation can be secured, the enemy driven from Washington, Plymouth, etc., and much subsistence for the army obtained. I wish you therefore to follow up your success. It will also have the happiest effect in North Carolina and inspirit the people. I propose Major Dearing for the command of the artillery of the expedition. With the two battalions of Longstreet's corps near Petersburg there should be twelve 10-pounder Parrotts and two 20-pounder Parrotts; two 20-pounder Parrotts will be sent from Richmond. At Kinston I understand there are four Napoleons and one 3-inch rifle. From Branch's battalion I hope you will get more rifle guns, of which, if possible, you should have about twenty and as many Napoleons as you desire. The guns and ammunition must be sent by railroad and the horses by common route. See that you have a sufficiency of ammunition and subsistence. I wish you also not to interrupt the general travel of the railroad, but to use the empty trains going south for the transportation of troops, etc. When the day of attack is fixed notify General Whiting. If you have to use the telegraph, merely say, "The day is ———;" name the day of the month—he will comprehend. Commit nothing to the telegraph that will disclose your purpose. You must deceive the enemy as to your purpose, and conceal it from the citizens. As regards the concentration of troops, you may put it on the ground of apprehension of an attack from New Berne. General Hoke will give out that he is going to arrest deserters and recruit his diminished regiments.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

(Confidential.)

HEADQUARTERS, 20th January, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,
President Confederate States.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have delayed replying to your letter of the 4th until the time arrived for the execution of the attempt on New Berne. I regret very much that the boats on the Neuse and Roanoke are not completed. With their aid, I think, success would be certain. Without them, though the place may be captured, the fruits of the expedition will be lessened and our maintenance of the command of the waters in North Carolina uncertain. I think every effort should be made now to get them into service as soon as possible. You will see by the enclosed letters to Generals Pickett and Whiting the arrangements made for the land operations. The water expedition I am willing to trust to Colonel Wood. If he can succeed in capturing the gunboats, I think success will be certain, as it was by aid from the water that I expected Hoke to be mainly assisted.

In view of the opinion expressed in your letter, I would go to North Carolina myself; but I consider my presence here always necessary, especially now when there is such a struggle to keep the army fed and clothed. General Early is still in the Valley. The enemy there has been reinforced by troops from Meade's army and [by] calling down General Averell with his cavalry. I do not know what their intentions are. Report from General Early yesterday stated that Averell with his cavalry had started from Morehead. I will, however, go to North Carolina if you think it necessary. General Fitz Lee brought out of Hardy 110 prisoners, 250 horses and mules, 27 wagons, and 460 head of cattle. He captured 40 wagons, but 13 turned over on the mountains and had to be abandoned. He had also to leave behind between 100 and 200 head of cattle. The difficulties he encountered were very great, owing to the extreme cold, ice, storms, etc. Nearly all his men were frost-bitten, some badly; many injured by the falling of their horses. He got within six miles of Paddytown, but could not cross the mountains, owing to the icy roads and the smoothness of his horses. He could take with him neither artillery nor wagons.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

(Confidential.)

HEADQUARTERS, ORANGE COUNTY, February 3, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,
President Confederate States.

MR. PRESIDENT: The approach of spring causes me to consider with anxiety the probable action of the enemy and the possible operations of ours in the ensuing campaign. If we could take the initiative and fall upon them unexpectedly, we might derange their plans and embarrass them the whole summer. There are only two points east of the Mississippi where it now appears this could be done. If Longstreet could be strengthened or given greater mobility than he now possesses, he might penetrate into Kentucky, where he could support himself, cut Grant's communications so as to compel him at least to detach from Johnston's front, and enable him to take the offensive and regain the ground we have lost. I need not dwell upon the advantages of success in that quarter. The whole is apparent to you. Longstreet can be given greater mobility by supplying him with horses and mules to mount his infantry. He can only be strengthened by detaching from Beauregard's, Johnston's, or this army. If I could draw Longstreet secretly and rapidly to me, I might succeed in forcing General Meade back to Washington, and exciting sufficient apprehension at least for their position to weaken any movement against ours. All the cavalry would have to be left in Longstreet's present front, and Jones would have to be strengthened. If the first plan is adopted, supplies will have at once to be accumulated at Bristol or along the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, ostensibly for Longstreet's present use. If the latter, provision must be made at Gordonsville and Richmond for this army. We are not in a condition, and never have been, in my opinion, to invade the enemy's country with a prospect of permanent benefit. But we can alarm and embarrass him to some extent, and thus prevent his undertaking anything of magnitude against us. I have ventured to suggest these ideas to your Excellency for consideration, that, viewing the whole subject with your knowledge of the state of things east and west, you may know whether either is feasible or what else can better be done. Time is an important element to our success.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, February 18, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,
President Confederate States, Richmond.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have received the dispatch forwarded to me today from General Longstreet requesting 10,000 men to insure the capture of Knoxville. I have no information of the practicability of the plan. I think it may be assumed that its defenses are stronger now than when it was last attacked, and an attempt to capture it by assault would not only be hazardous, but attended with great loss of life. To reduce it by approaches would require time, and, it seems to me at this distance, render necessary an army sufficient to defeat a relieving force that, now the railroad to Chattanooga has been opened, could be quickly sent from Grant's troops. If a movement could be made to cut off supplies from Knoxville, it would draw out the garrison; and this appears to me the wiser course. Could supplies be sent if troops were? For without the former the latter would be unavailing. I wrote today to the Secretary of War suggesting that Pickett's division be sent to him in the spring, and that a brigade of Buckner's now at Dalton be returned to its division at once. . . . .

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

The following gives General Lee's views on "retaliation:"

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 6, 1864.

HON. JAS. A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War, Richmond.

SIR: I have just received your letter of the 5th instant enclosing a slip from one of the Richmond journals giving an account of the recent attack upon that city, and a copy of some papers found on the dead body of Colonel Dahlgren disclosing the plan and purpose of the enterprise. I concur with you in thinking that a formal publication of these papers should be made under official authority, that our people and the world may know the character of the war our enemies wage against us, and the unchristian and atrocious acts they plot and perpetrate. But I cannot recommend the execution of the prisoners who have fallen into our hands. Assuming that the address and secret orders of Colonel Dahlgren correctly state his designs and intentions, they were not executed, and I believe in a legal point of view acts in addition to intentions are necessary to constitute crime. These papers can only be considered as evidence of his intentions. It

does not appear how far his men were cognizant of them, or that his course was sanctioned by his Government. It is only known that his plans were frustrated by a merciful Providence, his forces scattered, and himself killed. I do not think it is right, therefore, to visit upon the captives the guilt of his intentions. I do not pretend to speak the sentiments of the Army, which you seem to desire. I presume that the blood boils with indignation in the veins of every officer and man as he reads the account of the barbarous and inhuman plot, and under the impulse of the moment many would counsel extreme measures. But I do not think that reason and reflection would justify such a course. I think it better to do right, even if we suffer in so doing, than to incur the reproach of our consciences and posterity. Nor do I think that under present circumstances policy dictates the execution of these men. It would produce retaliation. How many and better men have we in the enemy's hands than they have in ours! But this consideration should have no weight, provided the course was in itself right. Yet history records instances where such considerations have prevented the execution of maurauders and devastators of provinces. It may be pertinent to this object to refer to the conduct of some of our men in the Valley. I have heard that a party of Gilmer's battalion, after arresting the progress of a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, took from the passengers their purses and watches. As far as I know, no military object was accomplished after gaining possession of the cars, and the act appears to have been one of plunder. Such conduct is unauthorized and discreditable. Should any of that battalion be captured, the enemy might claim to treat them as highway robbers; what would be our course? I have ordered an investigation of the matter, and hope the report may be untrue.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

(Confidential.)

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
March 8, 1864.

Lieut.-Gen. James Longstreet,
Commanding, etc., Greeneville, Tenn.

General: I was in Richmond when your letter arrived, and have been so much occupied by the recent movements of the enemy that it is only today that I can reply. I think the enemy's great effort will be in the West, and we must concentrate our strength there to meet them. I see no possibility of mounting your command without stripping all others of animals and rendering them immovable. If horses could be obtained for you, where are the

forage and equipments to be procured? The former is not to be had nearer than Georgia. It could not be furnished by the railroad, and I do not think equipments could be impressed through the country. If you and Johnston could unite and move into Middle Tennessee, where I am told provisions and forage can be had, it would cut the armies at Chattanooga and Knoxville in two, and draw them from those points, where either portion could be struck at in succession as opportunity offered. This appears to me at this distance the most feasible plan; can it be accomplished? By covering your front well with your cavalry, Johnston could move quietly and rapidly through Benton, across the Hiwassee, and then push forward in the direction of Kingston, while you, taking such a route as to be safe from a flank attack, would join him at or after his crossing the Tennessee River. The two commands upon reaching Sparta would be in position to select their future course, would necessitate the evacuation of Chattanooga and Knoxville, and by rapidity and skill unite on either army. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the country to do more than indicate the general plan. The particular routes, passage of rivers, etc., you and Johnston must ascertain and choose. The condition of roads, etc., may oblige you to pass through the western portion of North Carolina, but this you can ascertain, if you do not already know, as well as the distances each column would have to traverse before uniting, their point of junction, time of marching, etc. The agents of the commissary department tell me there is an abundance of provisions and forage in Middle Tennessee, which is corroborated by individuals professing to know that country. But this should be investigated too. It is also believed by those acquainted with the people that upon the entrance of the army into that country its ranks will be recruited by the men from Tennessee and Kentucky who have left it. A victory gained there will open the country to you to the Ohio.

Study the subject, communicate with Johnston, and endeavor to accomplish it or something better. We cannot now pause. I will endeavor to do something here to occupy them if I cannot do more. I hope Alexander has joined you with his new commission. The promotion of the other officers of artillery was ordered as proposed during my last visit to Richmond. Walton retains his former position in the Washington battalion.

Wishing you all success and happiness, I am, very truly,

R. E. Lee,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 30, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY J. DAVIS,
President Confederate States.

MR. PRESIDENT: Since my former letter on the subject the indications that operations in Virginia will be vigorously prosecuted by the enemy are stronger than they then were. General Grant has returned from the army in the West. He is at present with the Army of the Potomac, which is being organized and recruited. From the reports of our scouts the impression prevails in that army that he will operate it in the coming campaign. Every train brings it recruits, and it is stated that every available regiment at the North is added to it. It is also reported that General Burnside is organizing a large army at Annapolis, and it seems probable that additional troops are being sent to the Valley. It is stated that preparations are making to rebuild the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, which would indicate a reoccupation of the latter place. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is very closely guarded along its whole extent; no ingress or egress from their lines is permitted to citizens as heretofore; and everything shows secrecy and preparation. Their plans are not sufficiently developed to discover them, but I think we can assume that if General Grant is to direct operations on this frontier, he will concentrate a large force on one or more lines, and prudence dictates that we should make such preparations as are in our power. If an aggressive movement can be made in the West, it will disconcert their plans and oblige them to conform to ours. But if it cannot, Longstreet should be held in readiness to be thrown rapidly into the Valley if necessary, to counteract any movement in that quarter, in accomplishing which I could unite with him or he unite with me, should circumstances require it, on the Rapidan. The time is also near at hand when I shall require all the troops belonging to this army. I have delayed calling for General Hoke, who besides his own brigade has two regiments of another of this army, under the expectation that the object of his visit to North Carolina may yet be accomplished. I have heard nothing on the subject recently, and if our papers be correct in their information the enemy has thrown reinforcements into that State and the Neuse is barricaded just above New Berne. There is another brigade of this army, Gen. R. Johnston's, at Hanover Junction. I should like as soon as possible to get them back.

I am, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, April 5, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,
President Confederate States.

MR. PRESIDENT: All the information I receive tends to show that the great effort of the enemy in this campaign will be made in Virginia. Nothing as yet has been discovered to develop his plan. Reinforcements are certainly daily arriving to the Army of the Potomac. I cannot ascertain whence they come. Information was received on the 3d from two scouts, derived from citizens along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, that the troops on the cars said they belonged to Grant's Army of Tennessee. A resident of Culpeper stated that the Eleventh and Twelfth Army Corps had returned there. I telegraphed to Generals Johnston and Longstreet to know if they were still in the West. I enclose their answers. Both seem to think they are in their front, but preparing to leave. The tone of the Northern papers, as well as the impression prevailing in their armies, goes to show that Grant with a large force is to move against Richmond. One of their correspondents at Harrisburg states upon the occasion of the visit of Generals Burnside and Hancock that it was certain that the former would go to North Carolina. They cannot collect the large force they mention for their operations against Richmond without reducing their other armies. This ought to be discovered and taken advantage of by our respective commanders. I infer from the information I receive that Longstreet's corps is in the vicinity of Abingdon and Bristol. It is therefore in position to be thrown West or East.

Unless it is certain that it can be advantageously employed West for a speedy blow, I would recommend that it be returned to this army. The movements and reports of the enemy may be intended to mislead us, and should therefore be carefully observed. But all the information that reaches me goes to strengthen the belief that General Grant is preparing to move against Richmond.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, April 12, 1864.

MR. PRESIDENT:

My anxiety on the subject of provisions for the army is so great that I cannot refrain from expressing it to your Excellency. I cannot see how we can operate with our supplies. Any derangement in their arrival or disaster to the railroad would render it impossible for me to keep the army together, and might force a retreat into North Carolina. There is nothing to be had in this

section for men or animals. We have rations for the troops today and tomorrow. I hope a new supply arrived last night, but I have not yet had a report. Every action should be made to supply the depots at Richmond and at other points. All pleasure travel should cease and everything be devoted to necessary wants.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters, April 15, 1864.

Mr. President:

The reports of the scouts are still conflicting as to the character of the reinforcements to the Army of the Potomac and the composition of that at Annapolis under General Burnside. I think it probable that the Eighth Corps, which embraces the troops who have heretofore guarded the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the intrenchments around Washington, Alexandria, etc., has been moved up to the Rappahannock, and that an equivalent has been sent to Annapolis from General Meade. Lieutenant-Colonel Mosby states that the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, consolidated, have also been sent to General Burnside. But, whatever doubt there may be on these points, I think it certain that the enemy is organizing a large army on the Rappahannock and another at Annapolis, and that the former is intended to move directly on Richmond, while the latter is intended to take it in flank or rear. I think we may also reasonably suppose that the Federal troops that have so long besieged Charleston will, with a portion of their ironclad steamers, be transferred to the James River. I consider that the suspension of the attack on that city was virtually declared when General Gillmore transferred his operations to the St. John's River. It can only be continued during the summer months by the fleet. The expedition of the enemy up Red River has so diminished his forces about New Orleans and Mobile that I think no attack upon the latter city need be apprehended soon, especially as we have reason to hope that he will return from his expedition in a shattered condition. I have thought, therefore, that General Johnston might draw something from Mobile during the summer to strengthen his hands, and that General Beauregard with a portion of his troops might move into North Carolina to oppose General Burnside should he resume his old position in that State, or be ready to advance to the James River should that route be taken. I do not know what benefit General Buckner can accomplish in his present position. If he is able to advance into Tennessee, reoccupy Knoxville, or unite with General Johnston, great good may be accomplished, but if he can

only hold Bristol, I think he had better be called for a season to Richmond. We shall have to clean troops from every quarter to oppose the apparent combination of the enemy. If Richmond could be held secure against the attack from the east, I would propose that I draw Longstreet to me and move right against the enemy on the Rappahannock. Should God give us a crowning victory there, all their plans would be dissipated, and their troops now collecting on the waters of the Chesapeake would be recalled to the defense of Washington. But to make this move I must have provisions and forage. I am not yet able to call to me the cavalry or artillery. If I am obliged to retire from this line, either by a flank movement of the enemy or the want of supplies, great injury will befall us. I have ventured to throw out these suggestions to your Excellency in order that in surveying the whole field of operations you may consider all the circumstances bearing on the question. Should you determine it is better to divide this army and fall back toward Richmond, I am ready to do so. I, however, see no better plan for the defense of Richmond than that I have proposed.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters, April 16, 1864.

Gen. Braxton Bragg,
Commanding Armies C. States.

General: I received last evening your letter of the 14th instant by the hands of Major Parker. I trust that the expedition in North Carolina will be attended with success, and that the troops in the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida may be made available to oppose the combined operations of the enemy in Virginia. No attack of moment can be made upon Charleston or the southern coast during the summer months, and I think General Johnston can draw with impunity some troops from Mobile to him. Buckner's force, too, might be made available in some way; I fear, as he stands now, it will be lost to us. At present my hands are tied. If I were able to move with the aid of Longstreet and Pickett, the enemy might be driven from the Rappahannock and be obliged to look to the safety of his own capital instead of the assault upon ours. I cannot even draw to me the cavalry or artillery of the army, and the season has arrived when I may be attacked any day. The scarcity of our supplies gives me the greatest uneasiness. All travel should be suspended on the railroad until a sufficiency is secured. I can have a portion

of the corn ground into meal for the army if it is sent to me. I do not know whether all can be furnished. The mills are mostly on the Rapidan, and consequently exposed if any movement takes place. It will also increase the hauling, which at this time I should like to avoid if possible. If the meal can be prepared in Richmond, it will be more convenient at this time. If it cannot, we can at least grind part of the corn if sent to us. If we are forced back from our present line, the Central Railroad, Charlottesville, and all the upper country will be exposed, and I fear great injury inflicted on us. Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia,
June 26, 1864.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis,
President Confederate States.

Mr. President: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th instant. General Hunter has escaped Early, and will make good his retreat, as far as I can understand, to Lewisburg. Although his expedition has been partially interrupted, I fear he has not been much punished except by the demoralization of his troops and the loss of some artillery. From his present position he can easily be reorganized and re-equipped, and unless we have sufficient force to resist him, will repeat his expedition. This would necessitate the return of Early to Staunton. I think it better that he should move down the Valley if he can obtain provisions, which would draw Hunter after him, and may enable him to strike Lew Wallace before he can effect a junction with Hunter. If circumstances favor, I should also recommend his crossing the Potomac. I think I can maintain our lines here against General Grant. He does not seem disposed to attack, and has thrown himself strictly on the defensive. I am less uneasy about holding our position than about our ability to procure supplies for the army. I fear the latter difficulty will oblige me to attack General Grant in his intrenchments, which I should not hesitate to do, but for the loss it will inevitably entail. A want of success would, in my opinion, be almost fatal, and this causes me to hesitate, in the hope that some relief may be procured without running such great hazard.

I should like much to have the benefit of your Excellency's good judgment and views upon this subject.

Great benefit might be drawn from the release of our prisoners at Point Lookout if it can be accomplished. The number of men employed for this purpose would necessarily be small, as the whole

would have to be transported secretly across the Potomac where it is very broad, the means of doing which must first be procured. I can devote to this purpose the whole of the Marylanders of this army, which would afford a sufficient number of men of excellent material and much experience, but I am at a loss where to find a proper leader. As he would command Maryland troops and operate upon the Maryland soil, it would be well that he should be a Marylander. Of those connected with this army, I consider Col. Bradley Johnson the most suitable. He is bold and intelligent, ardent and true, and yet I am unable to say whether he possesses all the requisite qualities. Everything in an expedition of this kind would depend upon the leader. I have understood that most of the garrison at Point Lookout is composed of negroes. I should suppose that the commander of such troops would be poor and feeble. A stubborn resistance, therefore, may not reasonably be expected. By taking a company of the Maryland artillery armed as infantry, the dismounted cavalry, and their infantry organization, as many men would be supplied as transportation could be procured for. By throwing them suddenly on the beach with some concert of action among the prisoners, I think the guard might be overpowered, the prisoners liberated and organized, and marched immediately on the route to Washington.

The artillery company could operate the guns captured at the Point. The dismounted cavalry with the released prisoners of that arm could mount themselves on the march, and the infantry would form a respectable force. Such a body of men, under an able leader, though they might not be able without assistance to capture Washington, could march around it and cross the upper Potomac where fordable. I do not think they could cross the river in a body at any point below Washington, unless possibly at Alexandria. Provisions, etc., would have to be collected in the country through which they pass. The operations on the river must be confined to an able naval officer, who I know will be found in Colonel Wood. The subject is one worthy of consideration, and can only be matured by reflection.

The sooner it is put in execution the better if it is deemed practicable. At this time, as far as I can learn, all the troops in the control of the United States are being sent to Grant, and little or no opposition could be made by those at Washington.

With relation to the project of Marshal Kane, if the matter can be kept secret, which I fear is impossible, should General Early cross the Potomac he might be sent to join him.

Very respectfully, your Excellency's obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 11, 1864.

LIEUT.-GEN. J. A. EARLY, Commanding, etc.

GENERAL: Your letter of the 7th was received this morning. Your movements and arrangements appear to me to have been judicious, and I am glad you did not delay to storm the works at Maryland Heights. It was better to turn them and endeavor to draw from them. I hope you get the Northern papers, as they will keep you advised of their preparations to oppose you. They rely greatly upon General Hunter's force coming in your rear. About the 4th instant, as far as I can judge, he was in the vicinity of Charleston on the Kanawha, with his own, Averell's and Crook's commands. To encounter you in your present position he must either ascend the Ohio to Parkersburg and take the railroad to Grafton, thence by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, if that is left practicable, or go up to Pittsburg, and thence by the Central Pennsylvania. You will be able to judge of the time that either of these routes will require to bring him in position, and I think that even his whole force, aided by such troops as might join him, would be unable to oppose you successfully.

I ascertained some days ago that on the 6th instant General Grant sent off a portion of his troops, and, as far as I am able to judge, they consisted of Rickett's division of the Sixth Corps, and their destination was Washington City. I think it probable that about a brigade of cavalry without their horses were sent on the night of the 6th to the same point. I learn this morning from our scouts on the James River that about the same number of troops, judging from the transports, descended the river yesterday, and I presume they are bound for Washington City. Whether these belong to the Sixth Corps or have been taken from other corps of his army, which I think more probable, I have not yet ascertained. We may, however, assume that a corps or its equivalent has been sent by General Grant to Washington, and I send a special messenger to apprise you of this fact, that you may be on your guard and take this force into consideration with others that may be brought to oppose you. In your further operations you must of course be guided by the circumstances by which you are surrounded and the information you may be able to collect, and must not consider yourself committed to any particular line of conduct, but be governed by your good judgment. Should you find yourself obliged, in consequence of the forces opposed to you, to return to the south side of the Potomac, you can take advantage of the fords east of the Blue Ridge, keeping your cavalry well to your front and causing them to retire by fords between you and Wash-

ington. In the event of your recrossing the Potomac, your route through Loudoun will facilitate the procurement of provisions, forage, etc., for your command, and will be otherwise most advantageous, giving you a strong country through which to pass, and enabling you, if pressed, to retire into the Valley and threaten and hang upon the enemy's flank should he push on toward Richmond.

I recommend that you have the fords of the Potomac examined by a competent officer, and held by a small force of cavalry or infantry as you may deem most advisable.

I can tell nothing further of the expedition mentioned to you in my letter of the 3d instant than was stated in that letter, having heard nothing from it since, except that the subject was a matter of general conversation in Richmond, which may tend to frustrate it.

You can retain the special messenger until you may wish to send him back for any purpose. I need not state to you the advantage of striking at the bodies of troops that may be collected to oppose you in detail before they are enabled to unite. None of the forces that I have mentioned, nor any reported in the Northern papers as being likely to oppose you, will be able, in my opinion, to resist you, provided you can strike them before they are strengthened by others. Should you hear of the near approach of General Hunter, and can strike at him before he is reinforced by troops from the East, you can easily remove that obstacle from your path, in my opinion.

Trusting you and our cause to the care of a merciful Providence, I remain,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
Petersburg, Va., August 4, 1864.

Mr. President:

. . . . . A scout reported that on Sunday, the 31st ultimo, a body of cavalry estimated at two brigades moved toward the James River in the direction of City Point, and this may be the force of cavalry which has been shipped North. I fear that this force is intended to operate against General Early, and when added to that already opposed to him may be more than he can manage. Their object may be to drive him out of the Valley and complete the devastation they commenced when they were ejected from it. General Grant's plan of operations here appears to be to mine and bombard our lines with a view of driving us from them,

and as he is very strongly fortified he can operate with fewer troops and enable him to detach a sufficient force for the purpose indicated. The largest force which I can detach would be Kershaw's and Field's divisions and that would leave not a man out of the trenches for any emergency which might arise. If it is their intention to endeavor to overwhelm Early, I think it better to detach troops than to hazard his destruction and that of our railroads, etc., north of Richmond, and therefore submit the question to the better judgment of your Excellency. . . . .

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
August 26, 1864.

General Early.

General: Your letter of the 23d has been received, and I am much pleased at your having forced the enemy back to Harper's Ferry. This will give protection to the Valley and arrest the travel on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It will, however, have little or no effect upon Grant's operations or prevent reinforcements being sent to him. If Sheridan's force is as large as you suppose, I do not know that you could operate to advantage north of the Potomac. Either Anderson's troops or a portion of yours might, however, be detached to destroy the railroad west of Charlestown, and Fitz Lee might send a portion of his cavalry to cross the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, as you propose, I cannot detach at present more cavalry from this army; the enemy is too strong in that arm. I am aware that Anderson is the ranking officer, but I apprehend no difficulty on that score. I first intended him to threaten the enemy east of the Blue Ridge, so as to retain near Washington a portion of the enemy's forces. He crossed the mountains at your suggestion, and I think properly. If his troops are not wanted there, he could cross into Loudoun or Fauquier and return to Culpeper. It would add force to the movement of cavalry east of the Blue Ridge. I am in great need of his troops, and if they can be spared from the Valley or cannot operate to advantage there, I will order them back to Richmond. Let me know.

Very respectfully,

R. E. Lee,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 2, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,
President Confederate States.

MR. PRESIDENT: I beg leave to call your attention to the importance of immediate and vigorous measures to increase the strength of our armies, and to some suggestions as to the mode of doing it. The necessity is now great, and will soon be augmented by the results of the coming draft in the United States. As matters now stand, we have no troops disposable to meet movements of the enemy or strike when opportunity presents, without taking them from the trenches and exposing some important point. The enemy's position enables him to move his troops to the right or left without our knowledge until he has reached the point at which he aims, and we are then compelled to hurry our men to meet him, incurring the risk of being too late to check his progress, and the additional risk of the advantage he may derive from their absence. This was fully illustrated in the late demonstration north of the James River, which called troops from their lines here who, if present, might have prevented the occupation of the Weldon Railroad. These rapid and distant movements also fatigue and exhaust our men, greatly impairing their efficiency in battle. It is not necessary, however, to enumerate all the reasons for recruiting our ranks. The necessity is as well known to your Excellency as to myself, and as much the object of your solicitude.

The means of obtaining men for field duty, as far as I can see, are only three: A considerable number could be placed in the ranks by relieving all able-bodied white men employed as teamsters, cooks, mechanics, and laborers, and supplying their places with negroes. I think measures should be taken at once to substitute negroes for whites in every place in the army or connected with it where the former can be used. It seems to me that we must choose between employing negroes ourselves and having them employed against us. A thorough and vigorous inspection of the rolls of exempted and detailed men is in my opinion of immediate importance. I think you will agree with me that no man should be excused from service for any reason not deemed sufficient to entitle one already in service to his discharge. I do not think that the decision of such questions can be made so well by any as by those whose experience with troops has made them acquainted with the urgent claims to relief which are constantly brought to the attention of commanding officers, but which they are forced to deny. For this reason I would recommend that the rolls of exempts and details in each State be inspected by officers of char-

acter and influence who have had experience in the field and have nothing to do with the exemptions and details. If all that I have heard be true, I think it will be found that very different rules of action have been pursued toward men in service and those liable to it in the matter of exemptions and details, and I respectfully recommend that your Excellency cause reports to be made by the enrolling bureau of the number of men enrolled in each State, the number sent to the field, and the number exempted or detailed. I regard this matter as of the utmost moment. Our ranks are constantly diminishing by battle and disease, and few recruits are received. The consequences are inevitable, and I feel confident that the time has come when no man capable of bearing arms should be excused unless it be for some controlling reason of public necessity. The safety of the country requires this, in my judgment, and hardship to individuals must be disregarded in view of the calamity that would follow to the whole people if our armies meet with disaster. No detail of an arms-bearing man should be continued or granted except for the performance of duty that is indispensable to the army, and that cannot be performed by one not liable to or fit for service. Agricultural details take numbers from the army without any corresponding advantage. I think that the interest of land-owners and cultivators may be relied upon to induce them to provide means for saving their crops if they be sent to the field. If they remain at home, their produce will only benefit the enemy, as our armies will be insufficient to defend them. If the officers and men detailed in the conscript bureau have performed their duties faithfully, they must have already brought out the chief part of those liable to duty, and have nothing to do now except to get such as from time to time reach military age. If this be true, many of these officers and men can be spared to the army. If not, they have been derelict, and should be sent back to the ranks, and their places supplied by others who will be more active. Such a policy will stimulate the energy of this class of men. The last resource is the reserve force. Men of this class can render great service in connection with regular troops by taking their places in trenches, forts, etc., and leaving them free for active operations. I think no time should be lost in bringing out the entire strength of this class, particularly in Virginia and North Carolina. If I had the reserves of Virginia to hold the trenches here, or even to man those below Richmond on the north side of the river, they would render greater service than they can in any other way. They would give me force to act with on the offensive or defensive, as might be necessary, without weakening any part of our lines. Their mere presence in the

works below Richmond would prevent the enemy from making feints in that quarter to draw troops from here, except in such force as to endanger his own lines around Petersburg. But I feel confident that with vigorous effort, and an understanding on the part of the people of the necessity of the case, we could get more of this class than enough for the purpose last indicated. We could make our regular troops here available in the field. The same remarks are applicable to the reserves of North Carolina, who could render similar services at Wilmington, and allow the regular troops to take the field against any force that might land there. I need not remind your Excellency that the reserves are of great value in connection with our regular troops to prevent disaster, but would be of little avail to retrieve it. For this reason they should be put in service before the numerical superiority of the enemy enables him to inflict a damaging blow upon the regular forces opposed to him. In my opinion the necessity for them will never be more urgent or their services of greater value than now. And I entertain the same views as to the importance of immediately bringing into the regular service every man liable to military duty. It will be too late to do so after our armies meet with disaster, should such, unfortunately, be the case.

I trust your Excellency will excuse the length and earnestness of this letter in view of the vital importance of its subject, and am confident that you will do all in your power to accomplish the objects I have in view.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters, Petersburg, September 27, 1864.

Gen. J. A. Early, Commanding Valley.

General: Your letter of the 25th instant is received. I very much regret the reverses that have occurred to the army in the Valley, but trust they can be remedied. The arrival of Kershaw will add greatly to your strength, and I have such confidence in the men and officers that I am sure all will unite in the defenses of the country. It will require that every one should exert all his energies and strength to meet the emergency. One victory will put all things to rights.

You must do all in your power to invigorate your army. Get back all absentees—maneuver so, if you can, as to keep the enemy in check until you can strike him with all strength. As far as I can judge at this distance, you have operated more with divisions than with your concentrated strength. Circumstances may have rendered it necessary, but such a course is to be avoided

if possible. It will require the greatest watchfulness, the greatest promptness, and the most untiring energy on your part to arrest the progress of the enemy in his present tide of success. All the reserves in the Valley have been ordered to you. Breckinridge will join you or cooperate as circumstances will permit with all his force. Rosser left this morning for Burkeville (intersection of Danville and Southside Railroads), whence he will shape his course as you direct. I have given you all I can. You must use the resources you have so as to gain success. The enemy must be defeated, and I rely upon you to do it. I will endeavor to have shoes, arms, and ammunition supplied you. Set all your officers to work bravely and hopefully, and all will go well. As regards the Western cavalry I think for the present the best thing you can do is to separate it. Perhaps there is a lack of confidence between officers and men. If you will attach one brigade to Rosser, making him a division, and one to Fitz Lee's division under Wickham, Lomax will be able, I hope, to bring out the rest. The men are all good, and only require instruction and discipline. The enemy's force cannot be so greatly superior to yours. His effective infantry I do not think exceeds 12,000 men. We are obliged to fight against great odds. A kind Providence will yet overrule everything for our good. If Colonel Carter's wound incapacitates him for duty, you must select a good chief of artillery for the present.

Wishing you every prosperity and success,

I am very truly yours,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
October 21, 1864.

Hon. Sec. of War, Richmond.

Sir: I consider it very important to supply the garrisons in the forts below Wilmington with thirty days' provisions, in case the enemy should succeed in cutting them off from the city. I directed General Whiting to endeavor to obtain provisions for the purpose in North Carolina, but he has not succeeded in doing so, nor do I know that it is in his power. The amount of subsistence issued to the army in Virginia and North Carolina is not sufficient to enable us to retain what is required for these garrisons for the time indicated. We now get bacon for the troops only once in four days, and the Commissary Department informed Colonel Cole, chief C. S. of the army, that we must rely on cattle. As the collection of supplies is in the hands of the officers of the C. S. Department, Colonel Cole does not know what number of cattle or what

amount of provisions he can count upon, so as to make any arrangements to provide for those garrisons from stores that may come into their hands. I think that it would be better that the C. S. Department should provide the desired supplies if practicable, and I respectfully ask that you will direct that it be done if it be in the power of that department to accomplish it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
October 24, 1864.

Capt. J. K. Mitchell,
Flag-officer Commanding James River Squadron.

Captain: Your letter of the 23d instant is received, and in compliance with your request I will give you my views as to the service I deem important to be rendered by the Navy in the present posture of affairs.

In my opinion, the enemy is already as near Richmond as he can be allowed to come with safety, and it is certain that the defense of the city would be easier did our lines extend lower down the river, and becomes more difficult the farther we are compelled to retire.

If the enemy succeeds in throwing a force to the south bank in rear of General Pickett's lines, it will necessitate not only the withdrawal of General P.'s forces but also the abandonment of Petersburg and its railroad connections, throwing the whole army back to the defenses of Richmond.

I should regard this as a great disaster and as seriously endangering the safety of the city. We should not only lose a large section of the country from which our position around Petersburg enables us to draw supplies, but the enemy would be brought nearer to the only remaining line of railway communication between Richmond and the South, upon which the whole army, as well as the population of the city, would have to depend mainly for support. It would make the tenure of the city depend upon our ability to hold this long line of communication against the largely superior forces of the enemy, and, I think, would greatly diminish our prospects of successful defense. It is therefore, in my judgment, a matter of the first moment to prevent such a movement on the part of the enemy; and I do not know what emergency can arise in the future defense of the city which will more require all the efforts of the Army and Navy than that which now exists.

I fully appreciate the importance of preserving our fleet and deprecate any unnecessary exposure of it. But you will perceive the magnitude of the service which it is thought you can render, and determine whether it is sufficient to justify the risk. It is true that the enemy might place torpedoes in your rear while the vessels are on guard down the river at night; but if you retire it is much easier for him to place them in the river below you, so as to prevent your going down altogether, no matter how great the necessity for your presence below might become. It is therefore very desirable to guard the river as effectually as we can, and I think it can be done so as greatly to diminish the chance of the enemy laying torpedoes if our ironclads can go down as far as Bishop's every night and picket in their rear with small boats and some of the light gunboats.

Our pickets on the north bank extend about half a mile below the lowest battery, and will be able to afford some assistance, as will also those on the south bank. A system of signals should be agreed upon between them and the fleet to give timely notice of any attempt of the enemy to approach the river or launch boats.

We have not sufficient force to picket the banks more effectually. Our batteries on the south side would also tend to deter the enemy from making the attempt you apprehend, and could afford assistance to the fleet.

You of course can best judge of your ability to render the service required. I can only express my views of its importance, and I trust that if the Department can increase your force of men, or in any other way contribute to render you able to perform this important duty, it will be done. As I said before, I can foresee no state of circumstances in which the fleet can render more important aid in the defense of Richmond than at present by guarding the river below Chaffin's Bluff.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
October 27, 1864.

Hon. Sec. of War, Richmond.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the signal message sent me by your order yesterday. I had supposed that General Grant would make some movement simultaneously with any attack on Wilmington to prevent reinforcements being sent from here, and in that view I consider it important that in such an event General Hardee should reinforce General Bragg with all his available troops, or, on the other hand, should Charleston and not Wilmington be the real point of attack, a demonstration will

be made against the others to detain the troops at either from the real point. The officers in command must judge which is the true movement and act accordingly.

I think it would be well that the policy which they are to pursue should be made the subject of an order from the Department directing the one not attacked to reinforce the one who is with all the troops he can spare.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters, Turnbull's, December 5, 1864.

His Ex. Jefferson Davis,
President C. States, Richmond.

Mr. President: I have received the dispatch from General Bragg of the 4th inst., forwarded to me by Mr. B. N. Harrison, stating that there is still time for him to receive any assistance that can be spared. On the 27th ult. General Whiting informed me that General Bragg had carried with him 2,700 of the best troops from Wilmington. Since that he has ordered to Charleston a regiment of the North Carolina reserves, and I do not think, so far as I can judge, that more troops can be taken with propriety unless we were certain that all danger of an attack was removed from that point. In addition, I sent General Young with about 400 cavalrymen (without horses), and ordered all those previously sent to Georgia and South Carolina to report to him at Augusta; which Hampton thinks will give him about 800 mounted men, which I thought would strengthen the cavalry very much in that department. General Baker has also gone to General Bragg, so that he will have another good cavalry commander.

I fear I can do nothing more under present circumstances. General Early reports that his scouts stated the Sixth Corps had broken camp on the 2d, and taken the cars at Stevenson's Depot—said to be going to City Point. From reports received from Longstreet and Ewell last night, I think this corps or a part of it may have reached the north side of James River last night. My last report from scouts on the James was to the 2d. There had been great activity on the river in transportation of supplies, but no troops had passed in any numbers since the 17th ult. Reports of Early and Longstreet have not yet been corroborated but the whole preparations of the enemy indicate some movement against us. All we want to resist them is men.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
December 11, 1864.

HON. JAMES A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War, Richmond.

SIR: I have been informed by General Stevens that you have consented to the retention of our present negro force until Christmas. This will prove to be some relief, but not sufficient for our wants. My original request was for 5,000 laborers: 2,200 is the greatest number which ever reported, and those in small bodies at different intervals. The period for which they were first called was thirty days, and subsequently extended to sixty days. A large number of them have deserted, many not serving the first thirty days. Since the expiration of this period the desertions have greatly increased. I cannot state the present strength of the force, but think it cannot exceed 1,200. I consequently have not been able to accomplish half I desired. In our present extended line, requiring the troops to be always on duty and prepared for any movements of the enemy, I cannot use them, as formerly, for any work requiring them to leave their trenches. This is the reason why a laboring force is necessary, and unless I can get it for the completion of interior lines of defense, construction of roads, and other work necessary to the existence of an army, I shall be unable to hold my position. Of the negroes called for under the act of February 17, 1864, I have not yet received enough to replace the white teamsters in the army. In fact, we have not received more than sufficient to supply teamsters for the Third Corps and a portion of one division. Not one has yet been received for laboring purposes, and to any inquiries on the subject I get no satisfactory reply. I beg, therefore, to call your attention to this matter, which I deem of the greatest importance, and request that prompt measures may be taken to supply this demand.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

NEAR PETERSBURG, December 14, 1864.

MR. PRESIDENT:

After sending my dispatch to you yesterday, knowing that the snow in the Valley was six inches deep and the weather very cold, and presuming that active operations would necessarily be suspended, I directed Rodes's division to march for Staunton and requested the quartermaster-general to send cars to convey it to Richmond. It is now on the road, and should reach Staunton tomorrow evening. If the quartermaster's department is active,

it should arrive in Richmond Friday morning. A dispatch received from General Early last night stated that the scouts just in report that the Nineteenth Corps of the enemy had left the Valley, and that the Eighth was under marching orders. The latter might be preparing to move nearer the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for I do not think they will strip it of all defense, or both corps may be coming to General Grant. Colonel Withers's scouts report that a New York regiment of infantry and part of the Seventh Regiment of cavalry had left the Kanawha for the valley; but I suppose they might have been intended to replace the garrison at New Creek. I do not know what may be General Grant's next move; his last against the Weldon Railroad and our right flank failed. The expeditions from Plymouth and New Berne against Fort Branch on the Roanoke, and Kinston, N. C., have both retreated, before the forces moved against them, back to their former positions. Everything at this time is quiet in the departments of Virginia and North Carolina. If the reports of the prisoners and the statements of Federal officers to the citizens of the country are true, the object of the last expedition was to make a permanent lodgment at Weldon, draw supplies by the Roanoke and Seaboard Railroad and thence operate against the railroad in North Carolina. General Grant may not now be prepared to break through our center, as the canal at Dutch Gap is reported nearly completed. As long as he holds so large an army around Richmond, I think it very hazardous to diminish our force. We now can oppose about a division to one of his corps. I fear Savannah is in great danger, and unless our operations there are bold and energetic I am apprehensive of its fall. I hope, though, if all our troops are united Sherman may be repulsed. But there is no time to lose. If the Nineteenth Corps does not come to Grant we might spare a division; but if the Nineteenth and Eighth are both drawn to him, we shall require more than we have. I ordered Gen. J. A. Walker with the Virginia reserves from Weldon to Kinston to oppose the movement against that place. He is now on his return to his position on the Danville and Southside Roads.

With a firm reliance on our merciful God that He will cause all things to work together for our good, I remain, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

On February 9, 1865, General Lee was made Commander-in-Chief of all of the armies of the Confederacy, but it was now too late for him to accomplish anything. Sherman had made his

"march to the sea," and up through the Carolinas, and was moving on Weldon, just across the Virginia line, with a view of operating on Lee's rear. Beauregard, and soon after J. E. Johnston, whom Lee assigned to that command, could muster only 18,000 men to oppose Sherman who, after Schofield from Wilmington united with him, had at least 100,000. And yet Lee conceived the bold plan of evacuating Richmond and Petersburg, uniting with Johnston, and striking Sherman before Grant could go to his help. This plan would have been put into execution, but for the fact that the horrible condition of the roads, and the artillery and wagon horses, which had been on starvation rations all winter, prevented, and while waiting for better roads Grant's movements frustrated it. On the 25th of March Lee made a daring effort to cut Grant's lines near the Appomattox River, and thus recall the movement he was making on the Confederate right flank. Accordingly, the chivalrous John B. Gordon, now commanding Ewell's old corps, made a heroic assault on Fort Steadman which captured the fort, guns, and prisoners. But Fort Steadman was under the concentrated and converging fire of other strong works, and after a most gallant struggle Gordon was forced to retire with a loss of 1,949 prisoners and 1,000 killed and wounded. He brought into his lines 560 prisoners, among them Brigadier-General McLaughlin, and inflicted heavy loss on the enemy in killed and wounded.

But before telling of the opening of the campaign and the final result, I will give extracts from his letters and orders, illustrating Lee's feelings at this period. On February 21 he wrote Mrs. Lee:

> After sending my note this morning I received from the express office a bag of socks. You will have to send down your offerings as soon as you can and bring your work to a close, for I think General Grant will move against us soon—within a week if nothing prevents—and no man can tell what may be the result; but, trusting to a merciful God, who does not always give the battle to the strong, I pray we may not be overwhelmed. I shall, however, endeavor to do my duty and fight to the last. Should it be necessary

to abandon our position to prevent being surrounded, what will you do? Will you remain, or leave the city? You must consider the question and make up your mind. It is a fearful condition, and we must rely for guidance and protection upon a kind Providence.

And again on December 17, 1864:

I received day before yesterday the box with hat, gloves, and socks; also the barrel of apples. You had better have kept the latter, as it would have been more useful to you than to me, and I should have enjoyed its consumption by yourself and the girls more than by me.

And on December 30, 1864:

Yesterday afternoon three little girls walked into my room, each with a small basket. The eldest carried some fresh eggs laid by her own hens; the second, some pickles made by her mother; the third, some pop corn which had grown in her garden. They were accompanied by a young maid with a block of soap made by her mother. They were the daughters of a Mrs. Nottingham, a refugee from Northhampton County, who lived near Eastville, not far from old Arlington. The eldest of the girls, whose age did not exceed eight years, had a small wheel on which she spun for her mother, who wove all the cloth for her two brothers—boys of twelve and fourteen years. I have not had so pleasant a visit for a long time. I fortunately was able to fill their baskets with apples, which distressed poor Bryan [his steward], and begged them to bring me nothing but kisses and to keep the eggs, corn, etc., for themselves. I pray daily and almost hourly to our Heavenly Father to come to the relief of you [Mrs. Lee was sick] and our afflicted country. I know He will order all things for our good, and we must be content.

I add a number of official letters and reports, which indicate the current of events and Lee's views, before giving a brief outline of the closing campaign:

(Telegram from Headquarters A. N. Va.)
HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 11, 1865.

HON. J. A. SEDDON:

There is nothing within reach of this army to be impressed. The country is swept clear; our only reliance is upon the railroads. We have but two days' supplies.

R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 16, 1865.

HON. SEC. OF WAR, Richmond.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., with its enclosures. I thank you for your prompt, energetic measures for the relief of the army. As soon as I was informed of the break in our railroad connections I issued the enclosed appeal to the farmers and others in the country accessible by our remaining communications, and sent Major Tannahill to them to obtain all the supplies that could be procured. I am glad to say that, so far as I know, the crisis in relation to this matter is now past.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE,
General.

(Indorsement.)

Noted with pleasure. It was the most effectual mode of obtaining supplies—more effective, I doubt not, than coercive action of the Department.

J. A. S.

January 19, 1865.

(Enclosure.)

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 12, 1865.

TO THE FARMERS EAST OF THE BLUE RIDGE AND SOUTH OF JAMES RIVER:

The recent heavy freshet having destroyed a portion of the railroad from Danville to Goldsboro, and thereby cut off temporarily necessary supplies for the Army of Northern Virginia, an appeal is respectfully made to the farmers, millers, and other citizens to furnish with all possible promptness whatever breadstuffs, meats (fresh or salt), and molasses they can spare. Such citizens as Major Robert Tannahill may select are asked to act as agents in purchasing and collecting supplies through the various officers connected with the commissary department on the lines of railroad.

Arrangements have been made to pay promptly for all supplies delivered under this appeal, or to return the same in kind as soon as practicable.

R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 19, 1865.

HON. SEC. OF WAR, Richmond.

SIR: There is great suffering in the army for want of soap. The neglect of personal cleanliness has occasioned cutaneous dis-

eases to a great extent in many commands. The Commissary Department has been applied to, but the supply received from it is entirely inadequate. Soap is an article of home manufacture in every family almost. The materials for making it are found in every household, and the art is familiar to all well-trained domestics. I cannot but think that by proper efforts a plan might be devised to meet this want of our soldiers. All that is necessary, I think, is to employ or contract with some intelligent and practical business men in the different States to insure a supply. I do not suppose that agents or officers of the C. S. Department can succeed as well as private individuals, if it be made to the interest of the latter to procure what we need. I beg that you will endeavor to make arrangement by which the suffering of the men in this particular can be relieved.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

(Circular.)

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
January 25, 1865.

To arm and equip an additional force of cavalry there is need of carbines, revolvers, pistols, saddles, and other accouterments of mounted men. Arms and equipments of the kind desired are believed to be held by citizens in sufficient numbers to supply our wants. Many keep them as trophies, and some with the expectation of using them in their own defense. But it should be remembered that arms are now required for use, and that they cannot be made so effectual for the defense of the country in any way as in the hands of organized troops. They are needed to enable our cavalry to cope with the well-armed and equipped cavalry of the enemy, not only in the general service, but in resisting those predatory expeditions which have inflicted so much loss upon the people of the interior. To the patriotic I need make no other appeal than the wants of the service; but I beg to remind those who are reluctant to part with the arms and equipments in their possession that by keeping them they diminish the ability of the army to defend their property, without themselves receiving any benefit from them. I therefore urge all persons not in the service to deliver promptly to some of the officers designated below such arms and equipments (especially those suitable for cavalry) as they may have, and to report to those officers the names of such persons as neglect to surrender those in their possession. Every citizen who prevents a carbine or pistol from remaining unused will render a service to his country. Those who think to retain

arms for their own defense should remember that if the army cannot protect them, the arms will be of little use.

While no valid title can be acquired to public arms and equipments except from the Government, it is reported that many persons have ignorantly purchased them from private parties. A fair compensation will, therefore, be made to all who deliver such arms and equipments to any ordnance officers, officer commanding at a post, officers and agents of the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments at any station, or officers in the enrolling service or connected with the nitre and mining bureau. All these officers are requested, and those connected with this army are directed, to receive and receipt for all arms and equipments, whatever their condition, and forward the same, with a duplicate receipt, to the Ordnance Department at Richmond, and report their proceedings to these headquarters. The persons holding the receipt will be compensated upon presenting it to the ordnance bureau.

While it is hoped that no one will disregard this appeal, all officers connected with the Army are required, and all others are requested, to take possession of any public arms and equipments they may find in the hands of persons unwilling to surrender them to the service of the country, and to give receipts therefor. A reasonable allowance for their expenses and trouble will be made to such patriotic citizens as will collect and deliver to any of the officers above designated such arms and equipments as they may find in the hands of persons not in the service, or who will report the same to those officers. A prompt compliance with this call will greatly promote the efficiency and strength of the Army, particularly of the cavalry, and render it better able to protect the homes and property of the people from outrage.

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters, Petersburg, February 4, 1865.

Gen. S. Cooper,
A. and I. General, Richmond, Va.

General: I received your telegram of the 1st inst. announcing my confirmation by the Senate as general-in-chief of the armies of the Confederate States. I am indebted alone to the kindness of his Excellency the President for my nomination to this high and arduous office, and I wish I had the ability to fill it to advantage. As I have received no instructions as to my duties, I do not know what he desires me to undertake.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

(Telegram.)

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
February 8, 1865.

HON. JAS. A. SEDDON,
Sec. of War, Richmond, Va.

SIR: All the disposable force of the right wing of the army has been operating against the enemy beyond Hatcher's Run since Sunday. Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, they had to be retained in line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, heightened by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men had been without meat for three days, and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail, and sleet. I have directed Colonel Cole, chief commissary, who reports that he has not a pound of meat at his disposal, to visit Richmond and see if nothing can be done. If some change is not made and the Commissary Department reorganized, I apprehend dire results. The physical strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment. Our cavalry has to be dispersed for want of forage. Fitz Lee's and Lomax's divisions are scattered because supplies cannot be transported where their services are required. I had to bring Wm. H. F. Lee's division forty miles Sunday night to get him in position. Taking these facts in connection with the paucity of our numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us. According to reports of prisoners, we were opposed on Hatcher's Run by the Second and Fifth Corps, part of the Ninth, one division of the Sixth, Gregg's division (Third Brigade of cavalry). It was also reported that the Twenty-third Corps (Schofield's) reached City Point on the 5th, and that it was present. But this is not confirmed by other reports. At last accounts it was stated to be on the Potomac, delayed by ice. A scout near Alexandria reports it is to march on Gordonsville, General Baker on Kinston. I think it more probable it will join Grant here.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

Respectfully sent to the President for perusal. Please return it.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Secretary of War.

(Indorsement.)

This is too sad to be patiently considered, and cannot have occurred without criminal neglect or gross incapacity. Let supplies be had by purchase or borrowing or other possible mode. J. D.

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE ARMY,
February 9, 1865.

General Orders,
No. 1.

In obedience to General Order No. 3, Adjutant and Inspector-General's Office, 6th February, 1865, I assume command of the military forces of the Confederate States.

Deeply impressed with the difficulties and responsibilities of the position, and humbly invoking the guidance of Almighty God, I rely for success upon the courage and fortitude of the Army, sustained by the patriotism and firmness of the people, confident that their united efforts, under the blessing of Heaven, will secure peace and independence.

The headquarters of the Army, to which all special reports and communications will be addressed, will be for the present with the Army of Northern Virginia. The stated and regular returns and reports of each army and department will be forwarded, as heretofore, to the office of the Adjutant and Inspector-General.

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES,
14th February, 1865.

General Orders,
No. 2.

In entering upon the campaign about to open the General-in-Chief feels assured that the soldiers who have so long and so nobly borne the hardships and dangers of the war require no exhortation to respond to the calls of honor and duty.

With the liberty transmitted by their forefathers they have inherited the spirit to defend it.

The choice between war and abject submission is before them.

To such a proposal brave men with arms in their hands can have but one answer. They cannot barter manhood for peace nor the right of self-government for life or property.

But justice to them requires a sterner admonition to those who have abandoned their comrades in the hour of peril.

A last opportunity is afforded them to wipe out the disgrace and escape the punishment of their crimes.

By authority of the President of the Confederate States a pardon is announced to such deserters and men improperly absent as shall return to the commands to which they belong within the shortest possible time, not exceeding twenty days from the publication of this order, at the headquarters of the department in which they may be.

Those who may be prevented by interruption of communication may report within the time specified to the nearest enrolling officer or other officer on duty, to be forwarded as soon as practicable, and upon presenting a certificate from such officer showing compliance with the requirement will receive the pardon hereby offered.

Those who have deserted to the service of the enemy, or who have deserted after having been once pardoned for the same offense, and those who shall desert or absent themselves without authority after the publication of this order, are excluded from its benefits. Nor does the offer of pardon extend to other offenses than desertion and absence without permission.

By the same authority it is also declared that no general amnesty will again be granted, and those who refuse to accept the pardon now offered, or who shall hereafter desert or absent themselves without leave, shall suffer such punishment as the courts may impose, and no application for clemency will be entertained.

Taking new resolution from the fate which our enemies intend for us, let every man devote all his energies to the common defense.

Our resources, wisely and vigorously employed, are ample, and with a brave army, sustained by a determined and united people, success with God's assistance cannot be doubtful.

The advantage of the enemy will have but little value if we do not permit them to impair our resolution. Let us then oppose constancy to adversity, fortitude to suffering, and courage to danger, with the firm assurance that He who gave freedom to our fathers will bless the efforts of their children to preserve it.

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters, Petersburg, February 19, 1865.

His Excellency J. C. Breckinridge,
Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.

Sir: The accounts received today from South and North Carolina are unfavorable. General Beauregard reports from Winnsborough that four corps of the enemy are advancing on that place, tearing up the Charlotte Railroad, and they will probably reach Charlotte by the 24th and before he can concentrate his troops there. He states that General Sherman will doubtless move thence on Greensboro, Danville, and Petersburg, or unite with General Schofield at Raleigh or Weldon.

General Bragg reports that General Schofield is now preparing to advance from New Berne to Goldsboro, and that a strong expedition is moving against Weldon Railroad at Rocky Mount. He says that little or no assistance can be received from the State of North Carolina—that exemptions and reorganizations under late laws have disbanded the State forces, and that they will not be ready for the field for some time.

I do not see how Sherman can make the march anticipated by General Beauregard, but he seems to have everything his own way; which is calculated to cause apprehension. General Beauregard does not say what he proposes or what he can do. I do not know where his troops are or on what lines they are moving. His dispatches only give movements of the enemy. He has a difficult task to perform under present circumstances, and one of his best officers, General Hardee, is incapacitated by sickness. I have also heard that his own health is indifferent, though he has never so stated. Should his strength give way, there is no one on duty in the department that could replace him, nor have I any one to send there. Gen. J. E. Johnston is the only officer whom I know who has the confidence of the army and people, and if he was ordered to report to me I would place him there on duty. It is necessary to bring out all our strength, and, I fear, to unite our armies, as separately they do not seem able to make head against the enemy. Everything should be destroyed that cannot be removed out of the reach of Generals Sherman and Schofield. Provisions must be accumulated in Virginia, and every man in all the States must be brought off. I fear it may be necessary to abandon all our cities, and preparation should be made for this contingency.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

(Confidential.)

Headquarters, Petersburg, February 21, 1865.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge,
Sec. of War, Richmond.

Sir: I have had the honor to receive your letter of yesterday's date. I have repeated the orders to the commanding officers to remove and destroy everything in enemy's route. In the event of the necessity of abandoning our position on the James River, I shall endeavor to unite the corps of the army about Burkeville (junction of Southside and Danville Railroad), so as to retain communication with the North and South as long as practicable, and also with the West.

I should think Lynchburg or some point west the most advantageous place to which to remove stores from Richmond. This, however, is a most difficult point at this time to decide, and the place may have to be changed by circumstances.

It was my intention in my former letter to apply for Gen. J. E. Johnston, that I might assign him to duty should circumstances permit. I have had no official report of the condition of General Beauregard's health; it is stated from many sources to be bad; if he should break entirely down, it might be fatal. In that event I should have no one with whom to supply his place. I therefore respectfully request that General Johnston may be ordered to report to me, and that I may be informed where he is.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters, Petersburg, February 22, 1865.

Hon. J. C. Breckinridge,
Sec. of War, Richmond, Va.

Sir: I have just received your letter of the 21st. I concur fully as to the necessity of defeating Sherman. I hope that General Beauregard will get his troops in hand at least before he can cross the Roanoke. If any additions can be given him, it cannot be south of that stream. The troops in the Valley are scattered for subsistence, nor can they be concentrated for the want of it. The infantry force is very small. At the commencement of winter I think it was reported under 1,800. That in western Virginia you know more about than I do, and there are only two regiments in western North Carolina. These united would be of some assistance. At the rate that Beauregard supposes Sherman will march, they could not be collected at Greensboro in time, still, I hope to make some use of them. But you may expect Sheridan to move up the Valley and Stoneman from Knoxville as Sherman draws near Roanoke. What, then, will become of those sections of country? I know of no other troops that could be given to Beauregard. Bragg will be forced back by Schofield, I fear, and until I abandon James River nothing can be sent from this army.

Grant, I think, is now preparing to draw out by his left with the intent of enveloping me. He may wait till his other columns approach nearer, or he may be preparing to anticipate my withdrawal. I cannot tell yet. I am endeavoring to collect supplies convenient to Burkeville. Everything of value should be removed from Richmond. It is of the first importance to save all powder.

The cavalry and artillery of the army are still scattered for want of provender, and our supply and ammunition trains, which ought to be with the army in case of a sudden movement, are absent collecting provisions and forage, some in western Virginia and some in North Carolina. You will see to what straits we are reduced. But I trust to work out.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

(Circular.)

Headquarters Armies of The Confederate States,
22d February, 1865.

General:

The spirit which animates our soldiers and the natural courage with which they are so liberally endowed have led to a reliance upon these good qualities to the neglect of those measures which would increase their efficiency and contribute to their safety. Many opportunities have been lost and hundreds of valuable lives uselessly sacrificed for want of a strict observance of discipline.

Its object is to enable an army to bring promptly into action the largest possible number of its men, in good order and under the control of their officers. Its effects are visible in all military history, which records the triumphs of discipline and courage far more frequently than those of numbers and resources.

At no time in the war has the necessity of close attention to this important subject been greater than at present, and at no time has its cultivation promised more valuable results. The proportion of experienced troops is larger in our army than in that of the enemy, while his numbers exceed our own. These are the circumstances most favorable for the display of the advantages of discipline, and in which the power it imparts will be most clearly perceived.

I desire therefore that you will direct every effort to improve the discipline of your troops. This will not only require your own unremitting attention, but also the zealous cooperation of your officers, commissioned and non-commissioned.

The recent law abolishing the system of elections and opening the way to promotion to all who distinguish themselves by the faithful discharge of duty affords a new incentive to officers and men. In addition to the usual and stated instructions, which must be given at all times as fully as circumstances will permit, the importance and utility of thorough discipline should be impressed on officers and men on all occasions by illustrations taken

from the experience of the instructor or from other sources of information. They should be made to understand that discipline contributes no less to their safety than to their efficiency. Disastrous surprises and those sudden panics which lead to defeat and the greatest loss of life are of rare occurrence among disciplined troops. It is well known that the greatest number of casualties occur when men become scattered, and especially when they retreat in confusion, as the fire of the enemy is then more deliberate and fatal. The experience of every officer shows that those troops suffer least who attack most vigorously, and that a few men retaining their organization and acting in concert accomplish far more with smaller loss than a larger number scattered and disorganized.

The appearance of a steady, unbroken line is more formidable to the enemy, and renders his aim less accurate and his fire less effective. Orders can be readily transmitted, advantage can be promptly taken of every opportunity, and, all efforts being directed to a common end, the contest will be briefer and success more certain.

Let officers and men be made to feel that they will most effectually secure their safety by remaining steadily at their posts, preserving order, and fighting with coolness and vigor.

Fully impressed with the truth of these views, I call your attention particularly to the accompanying order with reference to the duties of file-closers, which you will immediately carry into execution.

Impress upon your officers that discipline cannot be attained without constant watchfulness on their part. They must attend to the smallest particulars of detail. Men must be habituated to obey or they cannot be controlled in battle, and the neglect of the least important order impairs the proper influence of the officer.

In recommending officers or men for promotion you will always, where other qualifications are equal, give preference to those who show the highest appreciation of the importance of discipline and evince the greatest attention to its requirements.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
February 24, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY Z. B. VANCE,
Governor of North Carolina, Raleigh.

GOVERNOR: The state of despondency that now prevails among our people is producing a bad effect upon the troops. Desertions are becoming very frequent, and there is good reason to believe that they are occasioned to a considerable extent by letters written to the soldiers by their friends at home. In the last two weeks several hundred have deserted from Hill's corps, and as the divisions from which the greatest number of desertions have taken place are composed chiefly of troops from North Carolina, they furnish a corresponding proportion of deserters. I think some good can be accomplished by the efforts of influential citizens to change public sentiment and cheer the spirits of the people. It has been discovered that despondent persons represent to their friends in the army that our cause is hopeless, and that they had better provide for themselves. They state that the number of deserters is so large in the several counties that there is no danger to be apprehended from the home-guards. The deserters generally take their arms with them. The greater number are from regiments from the western part of the State. So far as the despondency of the people occasions this sad conditions of affairs, I know of no other means of removing it than by the counsel and exhortation of prominent citizens. If they would explain to the people that the cause is not hopeless, that the situation of affairs, though critical, is so to the enemy as well as ourselves, that he has drawn his troops from every other quarter to accomplish his designs against Richmond, and that his defeat now would result in leaving nearly our whole territory open to us; that this great result can be accomplished if all will work diligently, and that his successes are far less valuable in fact than in appearance,—I think our sorely-tried people would be induced to make one more effort to bear their sufferings a little longer, and regain some of the spirit that marked the first two years of the war. If they will, I feel confident that with the blessing of God what seems to be our greatest danger will prove the means of deliverance and safety.

Trusting that you will do all in your power to help us in this great emergency,

I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
March 9, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY Z. B. VANCE,
Governor of North Carolina, Raleigh.

GOVERNOR: I received your letter of the 2d inst. and return you my sincere thanks for your zealous efforts in behalf of the Army and the cause. I have read with pleasure and attention your proclamation and appeal to the people, as also extracts from your addresses. I trust you will infuse into your fellow-citizens the spirit of resolution and patriotism which inspires your own action. I have now no cavalry to spare for the purpose you mention, and regret that I did not receive the suggestion at an earlier period. I think it a very good one and would have been glad to adopt it. I have sent a force of infantry under Brigadier-General Johnston (R. D.) to guard the line of the Roanoke and operate as far as practicable in the adjacent counties to arrest deserters. Another detachment of 500 men under Colonel McAllister has been sent to Chatham and Moore counties, in which the bands of deserters were represented to be very numerous. They will, however, operate in other quarters as occasion may require. They are instructed to take no prisoners among those deserters who resist with arms the civil or military authorities. I hope you will raise as large a force of local troops to cooperate with them as you can, and think that the sternest course is the best with the class I have referred to. The immunity which these lawless organizations afford is a great cause of desertion, and they cannot be too sternly dealt with. I hope you will be able to aid General Johnston, who needs all the reinforcements you can give him. If he can check the progress of General Sherman, the effect would be of the greatest value. I hope the late success of General Bragg near Kinston will revive the spirits of the people and render your labors less arduous. The conduct of the widow lady whom you mention deserves the highest commendation. If all our people possessed her spirit, our success I should feel to be assured.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, March 17, 1865.

HON. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Sec. of War, Richmond, Va.

SIR: A dispatch from Lieutenant-General Taylor at Meridian on the 12th inst. states that he had returned that morning from West Point; that Thomas was reported to be moving with the

Fourth Army Corps and about 12,000 cavalry; that General Maury reports enemy, some 30,000 strong, moving with fleet and by land from Pensacola on Mobile; that about 30,000 bales of cotton in Mobile will be burned as soon as the city is invested; that he has provided for these movements as fully as his resources permitted, but that he had received no aid from Mississippi or Alabama, yet hoped to embarrass the enemy in his efforts to take those States. If the estimate of the enemy's strength is correct, I see little prospect of preserving Mobile, and had previously informed him that he could not rely upon the return of the Army of Tennessee to relieve that city, and suggested the propriety of withdrawing from it, and endeavor to beat the enemy in the field. I hope this course will meet with the approbation of the Department.

General Johnston on the 16th, from Smithfield, reports the Federal army south of the Cape Fear, but near Fayetteville. He had ordered 1,000 wagons of the Tennessee army to be used in filling gaps in railroads and 100 wagons to collect supplies in South Carolina for this army. I hope this will furnish some relief.

General Echols at Wytheville, on the 12th, reports that a portion of the troops in East Tennessee had removed south of Knoxville, destination not known, and that the engineer corps which had commenced to repair the Tennessee Railroad from Knoxville east had been withdrawn and sent to Chattanooga for the purpose, it was thought, of repairing the road toward Atlanta. He also states that an intelligent scout just from Kentucky reports Burbridge's force had been taken to Nashville, and that considerable bodies of troops were passing up the Ohio on their way to Grant. He believed all these reports may be relied on.

The enemy seems still to be collecting a force in the Shenandoah Valley, which indicates another movement as soon as the weather will permit. Rosser's scouts report that there is some cavalry and infantry now at Winchester, and that Hancock has a portion of his corps at Hall Town. I think these troops are intended to supply the place of those under General Sheridan, which it is plain General Grant has brought to his army. The addition of these three mounted divisions will give such strength to his cavalry, already numerically superior to ours, that it will enable him, I fear, to keep our communications to Richmond broken. Had we been able to use the supplies which Sheridan has destroyed in his late expedition in maintaining our troops in the Valley in a body, if his march could not have been arrested it would at least have been rendered comparatively harmless, and we should have

been spared the mortification that has attended it. Now, I do not see how we can sustain even our small force of cavalry around Richmond. I have had this morning to send Gen. William H. F. Lee's division back to Stony Creek, whence I had called it in the last few days, because I cannot provide it with forage. I regret to have to report these difficulties, but think you ought to be apprised of them, in order if there is any remedy it should be applied.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Confederate States Armies,
March 27, 1865.

Hon. Sec. of War, Richmond.

Sir: I have been awaiting the receipt of the order from the Department for raising and organizing the colored troops before taking any action in the matter. I understand that orders have been published in the newspapers, but have not seen them. In the mean time, I have been informed that a number of recruits may be obtained in Petersburg if suitable persons be employed to get them to enlist. . . . . .

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
April 1, 1865.

Hon. Sec. of War, Richmond.

Sir: After my dispatch of last night I received a report from General Pickett, who with three of his own brigades and two of General Johnston's supported the cavalry under Gen. Fitz Lee near Five Forks on the Road from Dinwiddie Court House to the Southside road. After considerable difficulty, and meeting resistance from the enemy at all points, General Pickett forced his way to within less than a mile of Dinwiddie Court House. By this time it was too dark for further operations, and General Pickett resolved to return to Five Forks to protect his communications with the railroad. He inflicted considerable damage upon the enemy, and took some prisoners. His own loss was severe, including a good many officers. General Terry had his horse killed by a shell, and was disabled himself. Gen. Fitz Lee's and Rosser's divisions were heavily engaged, but their loss was slight. Gen. W. H. F. Lee lost some valuable officers. General Pickett did not retire from the vicinity of Dinwiddie Court House until early this morning, when his left flank being threat-

ened by a heavy force, he withdrew to Five Forks, where he took position with Gen. W. H. F. Lee on his right, Fitz Lee and Rosser on his left, with Robert's brigade on the White Oak road, connecting with General Anderson.

The enemy attacked General Roberts with a large force of cavalry, and after being once repulsed drove him back across Hatcher's Run.

A large force of infantry, believed to be the Fifteenth Corps with other troops, turned General Pickett's left, and drove him back on the White Oak road, separating him from Gen. Fitz Lee, who was compelled to fall back across Hatcher's Run. General Pickett's present position is not known. Gen. Fitz Lee reports that the enemy is massing his infantry heavily behind the cavalry in his front. The infantry that engaged General Anderson yesterday has moved from his front toward our right, and is supposed to participate in the operations above described. Prisoners have been taken today from the Twenty-fourth Corps, and it is believed that most of the corps is now south of the James. Our loss today is not known. A report from Staunton represents that the Eighth Corps passed over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from the 20th to the 25th ult. General Hancock is at Harper's Ferry with 2,000 men. One division of the Tenth Corps is at Winchester with about 1,000 cavalry. The infantry at Winchester have marching orders, and all these troops are said to be destined for General Grant's army.

The enemy is also reported to have withdrawn all his troops from Wolf Run Shoals and Fairfax Station, and to have concentrated them at Winchester.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

Gen. J. C. Breckinridge,
Sec. of War.

Sir: It is absolutely necessary that we should abandon our position tonight or run the risk of being cut off in the morning. I have given all the orders to officers on both sides of the river, and have taken every precaution that I can to make the movement successful. It will be a difficult operation, but I hope not impracticable. Please give all orders that you find necessary in and about Richmond. The troops will all be directed to Amelia Court House.

R. E. Lee.

HEADQUARTERS, VIA PETERSBURG, April 2, 1865.

GEN. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE.

I see no prospect of doing more than holding our position here till night. I am not certain that I can do that; if I can, I shall withdraw tonight north of the Appomattox, and if possible it will be better to withdraw the whole line tonight from James River; the brigades on Hatcher's Run are cut off from us. Enemy have broken through our lines and interposed between us and them, and there is no bridge over which they can cross the Appomattox this side of Goode or Bevel, which are not very far from the Danville Railroad. Our only chance, then, of concentrating our forces is to do so near Danville Railroad, which I shall endeavor to do at once. I advise that all preparations be made for leaving Richmond tonight. I will advise you later according to circumstances.

R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 2, 1865.

Generals Longstreet's and Hill's corps will cross the pontoon bridge at Battersea Factory and take the river road, north side of Appomattox to Bevel's Bridge tonight. General Gordon's corps will cross at Pocahontas and railroad bridge, his troops taking Hickory road, following General Longstreet to Bevel's Bridge, and his wagons taking the Woodpecker road to Old Colville, endeavoring not to interfere with Mahone's troops from Chesterfield Court House, who will take the same road. General Mahone's division will take the road to Chesterfield Court House, thence by Old Colville to Goode's Bridge. Mahone's wagons will precede him on the same road or take some road to his right. General Ewell's command will cross the James River at and below Richmond, taking the road to Branch Church, via Gregory's, to Genito road, via Genito Bridge, to Amelia Court House. The wagons from Richmond will take the Manchester pike and Buckingham road, via Meadville, to Amelia Court House. The movement of all the troops will commence at eight o'clock, the artillery moving out quietly first, the infantry following, except the pickets, who will be withdrawn at three o'clock. The artillery not required with the troops will be moved by the roads prescribed for the wagons or such other as may be most convenient. Every officer is expected to give his unremitting attention to cause the movement to be made successfully.

By order of General Lee.

W. H. TAYLOR,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 3, 1865, 6.30 P. M.
HEBRON CHURCH, 6 miles from Goode's Ford.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL EWELL:

When you were directed to cross the Appomattox at Genito Bridge, it was supposed that a pontoon bridge had been laid at that point, as ordered. But I learn today from Mr. Hascall that such is not the case. Should you not be able to cross at that point or at some bridge higher up, you must take the best road to Rudd's Store on the Goode's Bridge road, and cross the Appomattox on the bridge at that point, and then conform to your original instructions.

This portion of the army is now on its way to Goode's Bridge, the flats of Bevel's Bridge being flooded by high water. Notify me of your approach to the bridge and passage of the Appomattox by courier to Amelia Court House or wherever I may be.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

P. S.—7.30 A. M., April 4th. The courier has returned with this note, having been able to learn nothing of you. I am about to cross the river. Get to Amelia Court House as soon as possible, and let me hear from you. R. E. LEE.

The situation at the opening of the spring campaign of 1865 was gloomy, indeed, for the Confederacy. Grant had 162,234 men, while Lee had only 33,000 to guard thirty-five miles of breastworks and protect his flanks, so that Grant could hold his lines, which had been made very strong by engineering skill, and ample material, with a force twice as large as Lee's whole army, and then send a force of 100,000 men to move around his flanks and operate on his rear. On March 28, Grant sent Sheridan—who the first of the month had moved up the Valley, dispersed the small force which Early now had at Waynesboro, broken up the railways and joined him at Petersburg—with 15,000 cavalry and the two infantry corps of Warren and Humphreys to turn Lee's right, cut his railways, and prevent his moving on Danville.

Lee sent what infantry and cavalry he could to meet this move, and on the evening of the 31st Pickett and Fitz Lee

attacked, and drove Sheridan's cavalry corps back to Dinwiddie Court House, but fell back to Five Forks on the morning of April 1.

Here that afternoon Sheridan, with his cavalry and infantry, attacked and routed Pickett, who was badly posted and with scarcely any cover, the Confederate loss being between 3000 and 4000 men, thirteen colors, and six guns.

Lee was obliged to weaken his lines until he had hardly a good skirmish line to guard his front, and at 4 A. M. the next day (April 2) Grant attacked along his whole line from the Appomattox to Hatcher's Run, and broke the Confederate lines at several points. General Lee said, "I had to stretch my lines until they broke."

An inner line was held all day against repeated efforts to break it, but Lee saw that evacuation was now necessary, and that morning sent the famous telegram to President Davis, which was delivered to him while he was quietly worshiping in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Richmond, of which he was a devout member. Mr. Davis received the message with the calm dignity and indomitable courage which so characterized the Confederate President, but preparations were immediately made to evacuate the city and the whole line that night.

Under a misapprehension of orders the tobacco warehouses in Richmond were set on fire, and the flame spread so rapidly that the heart of the business portion of the city was destroyed. Thus the heroic city, which for four years had resisted all of the mighty combinations against her, was literally "in sack-cloth and ashes" when on the morning of April 3, her brave defenders all gone, she opened her gates and General Wetzel marched his command into the city.

The able, accomplished, brave, and patriotic soldier Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill was instantly killed at Petersburg in endeavoring to join the part of his corps which was cut off when his lines were broken.

A. P. Hill had been a most conspicuous figure in that army since its first organization. An accomplished graduate of West

Point, he was known in the old Army as one of its best soldiers. Resigning his commission when the war broke out, and casting his lot with his native Virginia, he was successively colonel of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, brigadier-general of the First Virginia brigade, major-general of the famous "Light Division" of Jackson's corps, and lieutenant-general of the grand old Third Corps.

A. P. Hill's corps had been most conspicuously gallant and successful in the last campaign, having killed, wounded, and captured a far larger number of the enemy than it numbered, with guns, flags and other trophies, while its own battle line was never broken, and it lost no guns, and was driven from no position to which it was assigned. And now when at last its lines were broken, and the army which it had adorned was about to take up its sad retreat to Appomattox and surrender, its heroic leader sacrificed his life in an effort to retrieve its disaster, and the name of A. P. Hill—the last on the dying lips of both Lee and Jackson—passed into history as one of the brightest in the galaxy of Confederate leaders.

The defense of Fort Gregg, an enclosed work on the right of Lee's lines, with an obstinate courage and self-sacrificing devotion worthy to be written alongside the most heroic achievements of history, formed a fitting close to the grand defense of Petersburg.

General Lee's plan now was to concentrate his army at Amelia Court House, use the Richmond and Danville Railroad to transfer his army, and hurry south to unite with Johnston and strike Sherman. But when he reached Amelia Court House he found that the rations he had ordered to be placed there had not been provided. The day's delay in trying to collect rations from the surrounding country proved fatal, as it enabled Grant to cut the railway south of him. Then began that running fight between overwhelming odds of the enemy and Lee's ragged, weary, starving remnant of his glorious old army, which terminated at Appomattox. A great disaster befell the Confederates at Sailor's Creek, where they were attacked by

much greater numbers in front, flank, and rear, and lost nearly 6,000 men, among the prisoners being Generals Ewell, Custis Lee, Kershaw, Corse, Hunton, and Du Bose.

They lost heavily at other points, but in turn inflicted heavy loss on the enemy, capturing more prisoners than they knew what to do with, paroling a number, and having with them over 1,000 when they reached Appomattox Court House. On the 7th of April Grant wrote Lee suggesting his surrender, and the famous correspondence between them ensued, and on the same day his corps commanders suggested to Lee that the time for negotiations had come. In a conference with these (Longstreet, and Gordon commanding the infantry, Fitz Lee the cavalry, and Pendleton the chief of artillery) on the night of the 8th it was agreed that early the next morning Gordon and Fitz Lee should advance toward Appomattox Station, and cut their way through if nothing but cavalry barred the road, and that Longstreet should follow; but that if Grant's infantry was up in force they should call a halt and notify General Lee, who would raise a flag of truce, and seek General Grant with a view to surrender.

The interview with General Lee which General Pendleton had, prior to this conference with his corps commanders, in which Pendleton told the views of the generals, has been thus described by General Pendleton:

General Lee was lying on the ground. No other heard the conversation between him and myself. He received my communication with the reply: "Oh, no! I trust it has not come to that." And added, "General, we have yet too many bold men to think of laying down our arms. The enemy do not fight with spirit, while our boys still do. Besides, if I were to say a word to the Federal commander he would regard it as such a confession of weakness as to make it the occasion of demanding unconditional surrender—a proposal to which I will never listen. I have resolved to die first; and if it comes to that we shall force through or all fall in our places.

"General, this is no new question with me. I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless for-

eign Powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us. This I was sure it was their interest and duty to do, and I hoped they would so regard it. But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."

These were, as nearly as I can recall them, the exact words of General Lee on that most critical occasion. You see in them the soul of the man. What his conscience dictated and his judgment decided, there his heart was.

The attack of Gordon and Fitz Lee on Sheridan on the morning of the 9th was at first highly successful. They drove the cavalry back about a mile and a half, capturing two pieces of artillery and many prisoners, and if only Sheridan had barred the way the surrender would not have occurred that day; but they now ran up against the Army of the James, under General Ord, 40,000 strong. What then occurred is told by Col. Charles S. Venable, of General Lee's staff, in an address he made at the great Lee Memorial Meeting held in Richmond after General Lee's death. Colonel Venable says:

At 3 o'clock on the morning of that fatal day General Lee rode forward, still hoping that we might break through the countless hordes of the enemy which hemmed us in. Halting a short distance in rear of our vanguard, he sent me on to General Gordon to ask him if he could break through the enemy. I found General Gordon and Gen. Fitz Lee on their front line in the dim light of the morning arranging an attack. Gordon's reply to the message (I give the expressive phrase of the gallant Georgian) was this: "Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps." When I bore this message back to General Lee, he said: "Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths." Convulsed with passionate grief, many were the wild words which we spoke, as we stood around him. Said one, "O General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" He replied, "Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, *is it right* to surrender this army? *If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility.*"

I had the privilege once in Lexington of hearing General Lee give his own account of the surrender, and I am able, therefore, to tell of that great event as he saw it. I may add that General Grant's account as given in his Memoirs does not differ materially from that which General Lee gave a party of us who were dining one day at his home in Lexington, Virginia. But before giving General Lee's account of the surrender I quote the correspondence had between the two generals:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
5 P. M., April 7, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate, Southern, army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General Commanding Armies of the U. S.

To which General Lee replied:

April 7, 1865.

GENERAL: I have received your note of this day. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE,
General.

LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT, Commanding the Armies of the United States.

On the succeeding day General Grant returned the following reply:

April 8, 1865.

TO GEN. R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: Your note of the last evening, in reply to mine of the same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received.

In reply I would say that peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you might name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

General Lee immediately responded:

April 8, 1865.

GENERAL: I received at a late hour your note of today. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposal would lead to that end. I cannot therefore meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. tomorrow on the old stage-road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies.

R. E. LEE,
General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.

After the scene at headquarters on the morning of the 9th described by Colonel Venable above, General Lee, accompanied only by Colonel Charles Marshall, of his staff, went to meet General Grant, having had a flag of truce sent him to tell Grant that he desired an interview for the purpose of negotiating terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. The situation at this time was simply this: There were only 7,892 jaded, half-famished Confederates with arms in their hands surrounded by *eighty thousand* Federal troops already in position with heavy reinforcements hurrying forward, and it seemed that the glorious remnant of our noble army was about to die in its tracks.

While awaiting Grant's reply Lee rested on some rails under an apple tree, where the staff officer who brought Grant's reply

found him. This is the origin of the story so widely published and believed that the two Generals "met under an apple tree."

The soldiers of the two armies not only cut up, root and branch, the tree under which the surrender was supposed to have occurred, but carried off, also, the whole of the small orchard of apple trees in which this particular tree stood. "Appomáttox apple tree" was in great demand by the relic hunters, and some of the returned Confederate soldiers when they got to Richmond determined to make a few greenbacks by supplying the demand. Accordingly they drove a brisk trade with pieces of apple tree cut from orchards around Richmond, and it would be a curious speculation to decide how many tons of "Appomattox apple tree" were scattered through the country. A gentleman present when General Lee was giving his account of the surrender said, "You met under an apple tree, did you not, General?" He replied, "No, sir; we did not. We met in Mr. McLean's parlor. If there was an apple tree there I did not see it."

General Lee said that when he went to meet General Grant he was accompanied only by his military secretary, Col. Charles Marshall; that General Grant had with him members of his staff, and Generals Sheridan and Ord, and perhaps others were in the room during the interview. He said that he had left orders with Longstreet and Gordon to hold their commands in readiness, as he was determined to put himself at their head and cut his way out, or die in the attempt, if satisfactory terms were not granted him. He said that when he met General Grant they exchanged polite salutations, and some little general conversation ensued, after which General Grant and himself drew up to a table to discuss the business on which they met.

Lee opened the interview by saying, "General, I am here to ascertain the terms upon which you will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia; but it is due to proper candor and frankness that I should say at once that I am not willing to discuss, even, any terms incompatible with preserving the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain at all hazards and to the last extremity."

General Grant replied, "I have no idea of proposing dishonorable terms, General, but I should like to know what terms you would consider satisfactory."

Lee replied that the terms indicated in his letter of the 8th seemed fair, and Grant assenting, Lee requested him to submit them in writing.

With a common lead pencil General Grant then wrote and handed General Lee the following paper:

Appomattox C. H., April 9, 1865.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

The officers to give their individual parole not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander to sign parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be packed and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them.

This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses, or baggage.

This done each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole, and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. Grant,
Lieutenant-General.

General Lee read it carefully and without comment except to say that most of the horses were the private property of the men riding them. General Grant replied that such horses would be exempt from surrender, and the paper was then handed to Colonel Parker, of Grant's staff, and copies in ink made by him and Colonel Marshall. While this was being done there were inquiries after the health of mutual acquaintances, but nothing bearing on the surrender, except that General Lee said that he

had on his hands some two or three thousand prisoners, for whom he had no rations. Sheridan at once said, "I have rations for 25,000 men."

General Grant having signed his note, General Lee conferred with Colonel Marshall, who wrote this brief note of acceptance of the terms of surrender offered, General Lee striking out the sentence, "I have the honor to reply to your communication," and substituting, "I have received your letter of this date":

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: I have received your letter of this date containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

This terminated the interview, and General Lee rode back to his headquarters, which were three-quarters of a mile northeast of the courthouse.

"General Grant returned your sword, did he not, General?" asked one of the gentlemen to whom General Lee was giving his brief but exceedingly interesting account.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply; "he had no opportunity of doing so. By the terms the side arms of officers were exempt from surrender, and I did not of course violate those terms by tendering him my sword. All that was said about swords was that General Grant apologized to me for not wearing his own sword, saying that it had gone off in his baggage and he had not been able to get it in time."

I had in my possession once an autograph letter from General Grant to a gentleman who made inquiry of him to the effect that *there was no tender of Lee's sword and no return of it,* and in his Memoirs he says, "The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword, and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance."

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

[AS GENERAL IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY]

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And yet the newspaper correspondents at the time vividly described this scene. "The historic apple tree" and "Grant's magnanimity in returning Lee's sword" have gone into the books, and at frequent intervals these stories are repeated.

The appearance of General Lee upon this historic occasion has been thus described by the correspondent of a Northern newspaper who was present—though it will be seen that he overestimated General Lee's height and his weight, as we have seen that he was five feet eleven inches high and weighed only one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

General Lee looked very much jaded and worn, but nevertheless presented the same magnificent physique for which he has always been noted. He was neatly dressed in gray cloth, without embroidery or any insignia of rank, except three stars worn on the turned position of his coat collar. His cheeks were very much bronzed by exposure, but still shone ruddy underneath it all. He is growing quite bald, and wears one of the side locks of his hair thrown across the upper portion of his forehead, which is as white and fair as a woman's. He stands fully six feet one inch in height, and weighs something over two hundred pounds, without being burdened with a pound of superfluous flesh. During the whole interview he was retired and dignified to a degree bordering on taciturnity, but was free from all exhibition of temper or mortification. His demeanor was that of a thoroughly possessed gentleman, who had a very disagreeable duty to perform, but was determined to get through it as well and as soon as he could.

As General Lee rode back from this interview his sad countenance told the story to all who met him, and when he explained it to his officers they one by one took him by the hand and, with deep emotion, expressed their approbation of what he had done.

The announcement was received by the troops generally with mingled emotions—satisfaction that "Marse Robert" had done right, but bitter grief that it had at last come to this.

As showing the spirit of the men who participated in the brilliant action that morning it may be mentioned that many of them crowded around the bearer of one of the flags of truce—a widely known and loved chaplain, Rev. Dr. A. C. Hopkins, who, since the capture of his regiment at Spottsylvania Court House,

had served with great gallantry on General Gordon's staff—and eagerly asked if the enemy had sent in to surrender their force on that road, thinking that in flanking us Grant had pushed a part of his force too far. They had no dream that they were to be surrendered. But gradually the truth broke upon them, and great was their chagrin when these high-mettled victors in the last battle of the Army of Northern Virginia learned that they must "yield to overwhelming numbers and resources"—that after all their marches, battles, victories, hardships and sufferings the cause they loved better than life itself must succumb to superior force. Many bosoms heaved with emotion, and

> "Something on the soldier's cheeks
> Washed off the stains of powder."

The next day General Lee published to the troops the following order,—the last which ever emanated from this peerless soldier,—which will go down the ages as a touching memento of that sad day at Appomattox Court House:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the *satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed;* and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy, and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

(Signed.) R. E. LEE,
General.

The spirit of the private soldiers may be illustrated by one of many similar incidents which occurred when the Confederate regiments were stacking their arms. A gallant color-bearer, as he delivered up the tattered remnant of his flag, burst into tears and said to the Federal soldiers who received it, "Boys, this is not the first time you have seen that flag. I have borne it in the very forefront of the battle on many a victorious field, and I had rather die than surrender it now." "Brave fellow," said General Chamberlain, of Maine, who heard the remark, "I admire your noble spirit, and only regret that I have not the authority to bid you keep your flag and carry it home as a precious heirloom."

The calm dignity of General Lee amid these trying scenes, the deep emotion with which the men heard his noble farewell address, and crowded around to shake his hand, how they were thrilled by his simple words. "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more;" Gordon's noble farewell speech; the tender parting of comrades who had been bound so closely together by common hardships, sufferings, dangers, and victories, and now, by this sad blighting of cherished hopes—can only be appreciated by those who witnessed that scene which is forever daguerreotyped upon the memories and hearts of that remnant of Lee's splendid army.

It is proper to add that General Grant's treatment of Lee, the kind courtesy with which he received him, the delicate consideration for the feelings of the vanquished with which he conducted the negotiations, and the magnanimity which he showed in ordering that no salutes be fired, and no cheering allowed, and the simple form of surrender adopted, won the highest admiration of the Confederate soldiers and people. The rank and file of the Federal army too were very kind to their old enemies, and the blue and the gray were soon mingling together in very friendly intercourse, the victors sharing their rations with the vanquished.

An amusing story is told of a ragged, battle-scarred old Confederate who said to some of his new-found friends in blue, "You uns need not think that you uns have done whipped we uns. You uns hain't done no sich a thing. We uns have just wore ourselves out a whipping of you uns. Now we uns are going to try to live peaceable with you uns, but if you uns don't behave yourselves mighty pretty we uns are going to whip you uns again!"

A Confederate orator expressed it in a more classic phrase when he said, "The Army of Northern Virginia was not conquered, but only wearied out with victory."

The day after the surrender General Lee had another interview with General Grant. They met in a field a little north of Appomattox Court House, near a hawthorn tree, and sitting on their horses they conversed for about an hour on matters of mutual interest. General Grant was anxious for General Lee to meet President Lincoln, but he had left Richmond before General Lee got there, and the meeting never took place.

General Long says:

General Meade made a friendly visit to Lee at his headquarters, and in the course of the conversation remarked, "Now that the war may be considered over, I hope you will not deem it improper for me to ask, for my personal information, the strength of your army during the operations about Richmond and Petersburg."

General Lee replied, "At no time did my force exceed 35,000 men; often it was less."

With a look of surprise Meade answered, "General, you amaze me! We always estimated your force at about 70,000 men."

This conversation was repeated to the writer by General Lee immediately after his visitor had withdrawn.

An amusing portion of the conversation between Meade and Lee has been published by General de Chanal, a French officer, who was present. He states that during the interview Lee turned to Meade, who had been an associate with him as an officer of engineers in the old army, and said pleasantly, "Meade, years are telling on you; your hair is getting quite gray." "Ah, General Lee," was Meade's prompt reply, "it is not the work of years; you are responsible for my gray hairs."

General Hunt also had an interview with Lee on that day, which he describes in the following language:

"At Appomattox I spent half an hour with General Lee in his tent. He looked, of course, weary and careworn, but in this supreme hour was the same self-possessed, dignified gentleman that I had always known him. After a time General Wise came in, and in a few minutes I took my leave, asking General Lee how General Long was and where I would find him. He answered, 'Long will be very glad to see you, but you will find him much changed in appearance; he has suffered much from neuralgia of the face. He is now with General Longstreet's corps.'

"He then described the place to me, but General Wilcox, coming in, offered to ride with me to General Long's camp, where I spent the afternoon. Long had been a lieutenant in my battery before the war and we were old friends. This was the last time I saw General Lee—a truly great man, as great in adversity as in prosperity."

Several years after the surrender, when on a visit to Appomattox Court House, a citizen who witnessed the second meeting between Lee and Grant pointed out to me the exact spot. I gathered some thorns from the tree near the place, and afterwards covered them with evergreens and immortelles from General Lee's bier, and labeled the wreath, *"The thorns of Appomattox covered with the immortelles of Lee's last great victory."*

Though General Lee was so calm under all this terrible ordeal, no one can ever know what he suffered. Colonel Venable said, in the speech from which I have already quoted:

> Fellow-soldiers, though he alone was calm, in that hour of humiliation the soul of our great Captain underwent the throes of death for his grand old army surrendered, and for his people so soon to lie at the mercy of the foe; and the sorrows of this first death at Appomattox Court House, with the afflictions which fell upon the devoted South, weighed upon his mighty heart to its breaking, when the welcome messenger came from God to translate him to his home in heaven.

One day in 1866 the writer was conversing with General Lee in reference to certain results of the war, when he said very emphatically, "Yes! all that is very sad, and might be a cause of self-reproach, *but that we are conscious that we have humbly tried to do our duty.* We may therefore, with calm satisfaction, trust in God and leave results to Him."

General Gordon testifies that in the deep agony of spirit with which Lee witnessed the grief of his soldiers at the surrender, he exclaimed, "I could wish that I were numbered among the slain of the last battle!" but that he at once recalled the wish and said, "No! we must live for our afflicted country."

And one of his officers relates that during those hours of terrible suspense, when he was considering the question of surrender, he exclaimed from the depths of a full heart, "How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest. I have only to ride along the lines, and all will be over. But," he quickly added, "*it is our duty to live, for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to support and protect them!*"

Capt. Robert E. Lee, Jr., gives this glimpse of his father after Appomattox:

The day after the surrender at Appomattox, General Lee and several officers of his staff, as paroled prisoners of war, started for Richmond, accompanied by some of his staff, and on the way he stopped at the house of his eldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, who lived on the upper James. The evening was spent in talking with his brother, but when bedtime came, though entreated to take the room and bed prepared for him, he insisted upon going to his old tent, pitched by the roadside, and passed the night in his accustomed army quarters.

When he reached Richmond he was at once recognized by the people in the streets. Men, women, and children crowded around him, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs, as if welcoming a conqueror. He raised his hat in response to their greetings, and rode quietly to his house, on Franklin street, the building now occupied by the Virginia Historical Society, where my mother and sisters were anxiously awaiting him. Thus General Lee returned to that private family life for which he had always longed, and became what he always desired to be—a peaceful citizen in a peaceful land.

After the close of the war, my father, though strongly in favor of my returning to college, told me that if I preferred I might at once take possession of my farm in King William County, which I had inherited from my grandfather, Mr. Custis, and make my home there. There was but little left of the farm save the land, but my father thought he could arrange to help me build a house and purchase stock and machinery. My brother,

Gen. W. H. F. Lee, had already gone to his farm, the historic "White House," in New Kent County. He and Maj. John Lee (our first cousin) had put up a shanty there, hitched their cavalry horses to the plow, and gone to work breaking land for a crop. I knew my father would need any means he might have in caring for my mother and sisters, and so I determined to become a farmer at once. However, I was not at first positive in this decision, and in the mean time it was thought best that I should join my brother and cousin at the White House and help them make their crop of corn. So I started for New Kent with three servants and eight horses, and my arrival at the White House with these reinforcements was hailed with delight.

Though I have been a farmer from that day to this, I will say that the crop of corn which we planted that summer,—and which we did not finish planting until the 9th of June,—with ourselves and our army servants as labor, and our old cavalry horses as team, was the best I ever made.

Thus General Lee ended his career as a soldier, and his grand old army marched into history,—himself "the tallest, whitest chieftain of them all,"—and I think I put it very conservatively when I say that he had proven himself the greatest soldier of the war, if not of history.

CHAPTER IX

AFTER THE WAR—PROMOTING PEACE

In Richmond—Removal to Powhatan County—Indicted for "treason" in Judge Underwood's court—His letter to General Grant and application for amnesty—General Grant's letter to General Lee, and magnanimous course—General Lee's letters to his old soldiers and others, urging them to be law-abiding citizens—His refusal to become Governor of Virginia—He did not believe in "military statesmen or political generals"—His want of bitterness toward the North illustrated—His quiet rebuke of a distinguished clergyman and of other friends.

General Lee remained for a time in Richmond with his family, occupying the house on Franklin street which Gen. Custis Lee had rented from Mr. John Stuart, and which the owner urged that he occupy indefinitely, writing to Mrs. Lee:

I am not presuming on your good opinion when I feel that you will believe me,—first, that you and yours are heartily welcome to the house as long as your convenience leads you to stay in Richmond; and next that you owe me nothing, but that if you insist on pay that the payment must be made in Confederate money, for which alone it was rented to your son. You do not know how much gratification it is, and will afford me and my whole family during the remainder of our lives, to know that we have been brought into contact with, and to know and to appreciate you, and all that are dear to you.

It would have been very pleasant in many respects for General Lee and his family to remain in Richmond, but they had not opportunity there for the rest and quiet which he so coveted and so much needed.

His old soldiers and admiring friends constantly crowded upon him, and there were troops of tourists who came to visit "the Rebel capital," and regarding "the Rebel Chief" as one of the principal objects of interest did not hesitate to obtrude upon his privacy. And so he sought some quiet country home

away from the busy bustle of the world, where he could enjoy his family, and rest after his herculean labors.

While looking out for such a home, Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Cocke, granddaughter of Virginia's great statesman, Edmund Randolph, offered him the use of a dwelling-house situated on a portion of her estate in Powhatan County. To this asylum of rest he moved his family, and spent the spring and summer in this delightful home.

Immediately after the surrender General Lee took the ground that everything proper should be done by the Southern people to restore order and to bring themselves into affiliation with the Government and secure their old place as citizens. Accordingly, as soon as President Johnson—after the assassination of President Lincoln, which General Lee denounced as a "crime previously unknown to the country, and one that must be deprecated by every American"—became President, and issued his "amnesty" proclamation, General Lee applied for the benefits of its terms.

He by no means admitted that he had committed any crime or in that sense needed "pardon," for he said in June, 1869, to his great lieutenant, Wade Hampton, in speaking of his conduct, "I could have taken no other course save with dishonor, and if it were to be all gone over again, I should act in precisely the same way." But he wanted to put himself in position to meet his duties as citizen, and to set an example to his people.

About this time (June, 1865) he was indicted for "treason," together with Mr. Davis and others, by a mixed grand jury of negroes and whites manipulated by Judge Underwood, of the U. S. District Court.

He said, "I have heard of the indictment by the grand jury at Norfolk, and made up my mind to let the authorities take their course. I have no wish to avoid any trial the Government may order, and cannot flee."

He wrote the following letter to General Grant, enclosing his application to President Johnson:

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, June 13, 1865.

LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT,
Commanding the Armies of the United States.

GENERAL: Upon reading the President's proclamation of the 29th ult., I came to Richmond to ascertain what was proper or required of me to do, when I learned that, with others, I was to be indicted for treason by the grand jury at Norfolk. I had supposed that the officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia were, by the terms of their surrender, protected by the United States Government from molestation so long as they conformed to its conditions. I am ready to meet any charges that may be preferred against me, and do not wish to avoid trial; but, if I am correct as to the protection granted by my parole, and am not to be prosecuted, I desire to comply with the provisions of the President's proclamation, and therefore enclose the required application, which I request, in that event, may be acted on.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,
(Signed.) R. E. LEE.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, June 13, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY ANDREW JOHNSON,
President of the United States.

SIR: Being excluded from the provisions of amnesty and pardon contained in the proclamation of the 29th ult., I hereby apply for the benefits and full restoration of all rights and privileges extended to those included in its terms. I graduated at the Military Academy at West Point in June, 1829; resigned from the United States Army, April, 1861; was a general in the Confederate Army, and included in the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, April 9, 1865.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed.) R. E. LEE.

General Grant, to his honor be it said, took the strongest ground against the prosecution of General Lee, or any of the paroled prisoners, and it is said that he went so far as to tell President Johnson that he was in honor bound to protect his paroled prisoners and should do so to the full extent of his power as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He wrote General Lee the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, June 20, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE, Richmond, Virginia:

Your communication of date of the 13th instant, stating the steps you had taken after reading the President's proclamation of the 29th ultimo, with a view of complying with its provisions when you learned that, with others, you were to be indicted for treason by the grand jury at Norfolk; that you supposed the officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia were by the terms of their surrender protected by the United States Government from molestation so long as they conformed to its conditions; that you were ready to meet any charges that might be preferred against you, and did not wish to avoid trial, but that if you were correct as to the protection granted by your parole, and were not to be prosecuted, you desired to avail yourself of the President's amnesty proclamation, and enclosing an application therefor, with the request that in that event it be acted on, has been received and forwarded to the Secretary of War, with the following opinion indorsed thereon by me:

"In my opinion the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court House, and since, upon the same terms given to Lee, cannot be tried for treason so long as they observe the terms of their parole. This is my understanding. Good faith, as well as true policy, dictates that we should observe the conditions of that convention. Bad faith on the part of the Government, or a construction of that convention subjecting the officers to trial for treason, would produce a feeling of insecurity in the minds of all the paroled officers and men. If so disposed they might even regard such an infraction of terms by the Government as an entire release from all obligations on their part. I will state further that the terms granted by me met with the hearty approval of the President at the time, and of the country generally. The action of Judge Underwood, in Norfolk, has already had an injurious effect, and I would ask that he be ordered to quash all indictments found against paroled prisoners of war, and to desist from the further prosecution of them."

This opinion, I am informed, is substantially the same as that entertained by the Government. I have forwarded your application for amnesty and pardon to the President with the following indorsement thereon:

"Respectfully forwarded through the Secretary of War to the President, with the earnest recommendation that this application of Gen. R. E. Lee for amnesty and pardon may be granted him.

The oath of allegiance required by recent order of the President to accompany applications does not accompany this for the reason, as I am informed by General Ord, the order requiring it had not reached Richmond when this was forwarded."

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

The indictment against General Lee was promptly quashed, though if it had not been it would have amounted to nothing, as did the indictment against Mr. Jefferson Davis, who clamored for the trial which was never given him because the ablest lawyers at the North, Chief Justice Chase at their head, decided that under the Constitution of the United States he could not be convicted of treason.

But it is to be regretted that President Johnson never took the slightest notice of General Lee's application for amnesty, and that he died "a prisoner of war on parole," denied the privileges of citizenship accorded to the most ignorant negro in the land.

Nevertheless, General Lee pursued the even tenor of his way, refused to leave the country as he was urged to do, and exerted all of his wide and potent influence to induce his people to "accept the situation" and become good and peaceable citizens, rendering due obedience to "the powers that be."

He was very careful not to attend public meetings that might seem to oppose the Government, or to extol the cause of the Confederacy. When I had the privilege after his death of examining his private letter-book I found it literally crowded with letters advising his old soldiers and others to submit to all authority and become law-abiding citizens. I can only give here several of the many letters he wrote.

The following was to the able "War Governor" of Virginia, Hon. John Letcher, who had just returned from prison:

NEAR CARTERSVILLE, VIRGINIA, 28th August, 1865.

HON. JOHN LETCHER, Lexington, Va.

MY DEAR SIR: I was much pleased to hear of your return to your home and to learn by your letter of the 2d of the kindness and consideration with which you were treated during your arrest,

and of the sympathy extended to you by your former congressional associates and friends in Washington. The conciliatory manner in which President Johnson spoke of the South must have been particularly agreeable to one who has the interest of its people so much at heart as yourself. I wish that spirit could become more general. It would go far to promote confidence and to calm feelings which have too long existed. The questions which for years were in dispute between the State and General Governments, and which unhappily were not decided by the dictates of reason, but referred to the decision of war, having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result, and of candor to recognize the fact.

The interests of the State are therefore the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain if possible in the country; promote harmony and good feeling; qualify themselves to vote, and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men, who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavored to practice it myself. I am much obliged to you for the interest you have expressed in my acceptance of the Presidency of Washington College. If I believed I could be of advantage to the youth of the country, I should not hesitate. I have stated to the committee of Trustees the objections which exist in my opinion to my filling the position, and will yield to their judgment. Please present me to Mrs. Letcher and your children, and believe me

Most truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

The following to a distinguished naval officer will show the character of the influence which General Lee exerted:

Near Cartersville, Virginia, 7th September, 1865.

Capt. Josiah Tatnall, Savannah, Ga.

Sir: I have received your letter of the 23d ult., and in reply will state the course I have pursued under circumstances similar to your own, and will leave you to judge of its propriety. Like yourself I have since the cessation of hostilities advised all with whom I have conversed on the subject who come within the terms of the President's proclamation to take the oath of alle-

giance and accept in good faith the amnesty offered. But I have gone farther and have recommended to those who were excluded from their benefits to make application under the proviso of the proclamation of the 29th of May to be embraced in its provisions. Both classes in order to be restored to their former rights and privileges were required to perform a certain act, and I do not see that an acknowledgment of fault is expressed in one more than the other. The war being at an end, the Southern States having laid down their arms and the questions at issue between them and the Northern States having been decided, I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country and the reestablishment of peace and harmony. These considerations governed me in the counsels I gave to others and induced me on the 13th of June to make application to be included in the terms of the amnesty proclamation. I have not received an answer and cannot inform you what has been the decision of the President. But whatever that may be, I do not see how the course I have recommended and practiced can prove detrimental to the former President of the Confederate States. It appears to me that the allayment of passion, the dissipation of prejudice, and the restoration of reason will alone enable the people of the country to acquire a true knowledge and form a correct judgment of the events of the past four years. It will I think be admitted that Mr. Davis has done nothing more than all citizens of the Southern States, and should not be held accountable for acts performed by them in the exercise of what had been considered by them an unquestionable right. I have too exalted an opinion of the American people to believe that they will consent to injustice; and it is only necessary in my opinion that truth should be known for the rights of every one to be secured. I know of no surer way of eliciting the truth than by burying contention with the war. I enclose a copy of my letter to President Johnson and feel assured that however imperfectly I may have given you my views on the subject of your letter your own high sense of honor and right will lead you to a satisfactory conclusion as to the proper course to be pursued in your own case. With great respect and esteem,

I am, your most obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

The following letter to the great scientist whom the whole world honored and whose death was so widely deplored,—who

was General Lee's intimate friend, and in whose society in Lexington he seemed so much to delight,—will be read with peculiar interest:

NEAR CARTERSVILLE, VIRGINIA, 8th September, 1865.
CAPT. M. F. MAURY.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: I have just received your letter of the 8th ult. We have certainly not found our form of government all that was anticipated by its original founders; but that may be partly our fault in expecting too much and partly in the absence of virtue in the people. As long as virtue was dominant in the Republic so long was the happiness of the people secure. I cannot, however, despair of it yet. I look forward to better days and trust that time and experience, the great teachers of men under the guidance of an ever-merciful God, may save us from destruction and restore to us the right hopes and prospects of the past. The thought of abandoning the country and all that must be left in it is abhorrent to my feelings, and I prefer to struggle for its restoration and share its fate, rather than to give up all as lost. I have a great admiration for Mexico. The salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the magnificence of its scenery possess for me great charms; but I still look with delight upon the mountains of my native State.

To remove our people with their domestics to a portion of Mexico which would be favorable to them would be a work of much difficulty. Did they possess the means, and could the system of apprenticeship you suggest be established, the United States Government I think would interpose obstacles, and under the circumstances there would be difficulty in persuading the freedmen to emigrate. Those citizens who can leave the country and others who may be compelled to do so, will reap the fruits of your considerate labor; but I shall be very sorry if your presence be lost to Virginia. She has now need for all of her sons, and can ill afford to spare you. I am very much obliged to you for all you have done for us, and hope your labors in the future may be as efficacious as in the past, and that your separation from us may not be permanent. Wishing you every prosperity and happiness,

I am, most truly yours,
(Signed.) R. E. LEE.

The following to the gallant and distinguished soldier with whom General Lee always preserved the kindest relations, will be appropriately introduced in this connection:

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, 3d October, 1865.

GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, New Orleans, La.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have received your letter of the 1st ult., and am very sorry to learn that the papers of yourself and Johnston are lost, or at least beyond your reach; but I hope they may be recovered. Mine never can be, though some may be replaced. Please supply all you can. It may be safer to send them by private hand, if practicable, to Mr. Caskie at Richmond, or to me at this place. I hope both you and Johnston will write the history of your campaigns. Every one should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find a place in history, and descend to posterity. I am glad to see no indication in your letter of an intention to leave the country. I think the South requires the aid of her sons now more than at any period of her history. As you ask for my purpose, I will state that I have no thought of abandoning her unless compelled to do so.

After the surrender of the Southern armies in April, the revolution in the opinions and feelings of the people seemed so complete, and the return of the Southern States into the union of all the States so inevitable, that it became in my opinion the duty of every citizen, the contest being virtually ended, to cease opposition, and place himself in a position to serve the country. I, therefore, upon the promulgation of the proclamation of President Johnson of 29th of May, which indicated his policy in the restoration of peace, determined to comply with its requirements, and applied on the 13th of June to be embraced within its provisions. I have not heard the result of my application. Since then I have been elected to the Presidency of Washington College, and have entered upon the duties of the office in the hope of being of some service to the noble youth of our country. I need not tell you that true patriotism sometimes requires of men to act exactly contrary, at one period, to that which it does at another, and the motive which impels them—the desire to do right—is precisely the same. The circumstances which govern their actions change; and their conduct must conform to the new order of things. History is full of illustrations of this. Washington himself is an example. At one time he fought against the French under Braddock, in the service of the King of Great Britain; at another, he fought with the French at Yorktown, under the orders of the Continental Congress of America, against him. He has not been branded by the world with reproach for this; but his course has been applauded. With sentiments of great esteem, I am, most truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

The following was written to one of his oldest and most cherished friends:

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, 9th July, 1866.

CAPT. JAMES MAY, Rock Island, Illinois.

MY DEAR SIR: I was truly glad to receive your friendly letter, after so many years of silence and separation, and I rejoice to read in it the expression of the same feelings of kindness and friendship that characterized our intercourse in early life. I assure you these feelings are cordially reciprocated by Mrs. Lee and myself, and we shall never forget the numerous kind acts extended to us by you during our sojourn in the West.

Your letter deserved and should have received an earlier answer, but when it reached me I was engaged in the annual examination exercises at Washington College, which continued over three weeks, and since their termination I have been continuously occupied in business relating to the Institution.

I must give you my special thanks for doing me the justice to believe that my conduct during the last five eventful years has been governed by my sense of duty. I had no other guide, nor had I any other object than the defense of those principles of American liberty upon which the constitutions of the several States were originally founded, and unless they are strictly observed, I fear there will be an end to republican government in this country. I concur with you in opinion as to the propriety and duty of all persons uniting in the present posture of affairs for the restoration and reconciliation of the country. I have endeavored to pursue this course myself since the cessation of hostilities, and have recommended it to others. So far as my knowledge extends there is no opposition at the South to the General Government. Every one approves of the policy of President Johnson, gives him his cordial support, and would I believe confer on him the Presidency for another term, if it was in his power. I do not know what more you desire, and even if I possessed the influence you attribute to me, how I could exercise it otherwise than as I have. But I have no influence, and do not feel at liberty to take a more active part in public affairs than I have done.

The whole attention of the people at the South is confined to their private business. They have no influence in the regulation of public affairs, and whatever is done must be accomplished by those who control the councils of the country. You and your friends at the North are the only persons who can exercise a beneficial influence.

I hope the long years which have passed since we met have brought you nothing but prosperity and happiness, and that the future may give you tranquillity and peace.

I am, with great respect, your friend and servant,

(Signed.) R. E. Lee,

Lexington, Virginia, 20th April, 1867.

Gov. Frank Fuller, 57 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

My dear Sir: I hasten to return my thanks for your invitation to deliver a lecture before the "Peabody Institute of New York and Brooklyn," and am much indebted to you for the motives which prompted it. For reasons which I am sure you can appreciate, I have felt great reluctance to appear before the public in any manner, and do not think that I could accomplish any good by departing from this course. My opinions would have no influence in correcting the misunderstanding which has existed between the North and South, and which I fear is still destined to involve the country in greater calamities. Apart from these considerations, my present duties occupy all my time, and I am unable to neglect them without inconvenience to others. I am therefore obliged respectfully to decline your invitation.

With great respect your obedient servant,

(Signed.) R. E. Lee.

The following was to one of the most gallant of his generals:

Lexington, Virginia, May 23, 1867.

My dear General: I was very glad to hear from your letter of last month the prosperous condition of the Southern Hospital Association, and the relief that has already been afforded to disabled and needy men. I trust that as our political troubles are reconciled, and business becomes reestablished and extended in the South, that the sufferings of all may be relieved. I feel assured that, under the present management of the association, all will be done that can be done, and those who are devoting their time and energies to this praiseworthy work will receive from posterity, as well as from the present generation, the thanks which are due.

As regards the course Virginia may take under the recent laws of Congress, to which you refer, it is difficult to see what may eventually be the best. I think, though, it is plain in the execution of the laws, that a convention will be called, and a State Constitution formed. The question, then, is, shall the members of the convention be selected from the best available men in the State, or from the worst? Shall the machinery of the State Government

be arranged and set in motion by the former or by the latter? In this view of the case, I think it is the duty of all citizens not disfranchised to qualify themselves to vote, attend the polls, and elect the best men in their power. Judge Underwood, Messrs. Botts, Hunnicut, etc., would be well pleased, I presume, if the business were left to them and the negroes. But I do not think this course would be either for the interest of the State or country. When the convention assembles it will be for them to determine what, under the circumstances of the case, it will be best for the people to do, and their decision should be submitted to by all as the decision of the State. I look upon the Southern people as acting under compulsion, not of their free choice, and that it is their duty to consult the best interest of their States as far as may be in their power to do.

I hope that all our friends in New Orleans may do well, and that each may succeed in the business which they have undertaken. Every man must now look closely to his own affairs and depend upon his own good sense and judgment to push them onward. We have but little to do with general politics. We cannot control them, but by united efforts, harmony, prudence, and wisdom, we may shape and regulate our domestic policy.

Please present my kindest regards to Generals Beauregard, Longstreet, Hood, Buckner, and all friends. Wishing you every happiness, I am truly yours,

(Signed.) R. E. Lee.

To Gen. D. H. Maury.

The following explains itself, and is most significant as showing that while fully "accepting the situation" he could by no means approve of the course of Southern men who united with the dominant party:

Lexington, Virginia, 29th October, 1867.

Gen. J. Longstreet, 21 Carondelet street, New Orleans, La.

My dear General: When I received your letter of the 8th June I had just returned from a short trip to Bedford County, and was preparing for a more extended visit to the White Sulphur Springs for the benefit of Mrs. Lee's health. As I could not write such a letter as you desired, and as you stated that you would leave New Orleans for Mexico in a week from the time you wrote, to be absent some months, I determined to delay my reply till my return. Although I have been here more than a month, I have been so occupied by necessary business and so incon-

venienced by the effects of an attack of sickness, from which I have not yet recovered, that this is the first day that I have been able to write to you.

I have avoided all discussion of political questions since the cessation of hostilities. And have in my own conduct and in my recommendations to others, endeavored to conform to existing circumstances. I consider this the part of wisdom as well as of duty. But while I think we should act under the law and according to the law imposed upon us, I cannot think the course pursued by the dominant political party the best for the interests of the country, and therefore cannot say so, or give them my approval. This is the reason why I could not comply with the request in your letter. I am of the opinion that all who can should vote for the most intelligent, honest, and conscientious men eligible to offices, irrespective of former party opinions, who will endeavor to make the new constitutions and the laws passed under them as beneficial as possible to the true interest, prosperity, and liberty of all classes and conditions of the people. With my best wishes for your health and happiness and my kindest regards to Mrs. Longstreet and your children,

I am with great regards, very truly and sincerely yours,

R. E. Lee.

It may be added in this connection that he was accustomed sometimes to express himself in terms of strongest condemnation of the injustice done the South by some of the ultra measures of Congress. In a word, he never ceased to be a Virginian and a Southerner.

The following indorsement of his narrative of the campaign of 1864 will be appreciated by the many friends of the distinguished soldier to whom it is addressed:

Lexington, Virginia, October 15, 1866.

Gen. J. A. Early, Toronto, C. W.

My dear General: I am much obliged to you for the narrative forwarded with your letter of the 4th ult. I have read it with interest, and have tried to find the means of replying. Not being able to do so, I shall wait no longer; but will trust to the mail, hoping it may reach you safely. Your account corresponds generally with my recollection, though I cannot pretend to express an opinion as to the accuracy of your statements, without giving the subject more investigation than I have now time to devote. I have no objection to the publication of the narrative

of your operations before leaving the Army of Northern Virginia. I would recommend, however, that, while giving facts which you think necessary for your own vindication, you omit all epithets or remarks calculated to excite bitterness or animosity between different sections of the country.

With the most sincere wishes for your welfare,

I am, very truly yours,

(Signed.) R. E. Lee.

The following will be read with deep interest, and will go down to history in vivid contrast with the political ambition of many others:

Lexington, Virginia, February 4, 1867.

Hon. Robert Ould, Virginia Senate, Richmond, Va.

My dear Sir: I received today your letter of the 31st ult., and the subject to which it relates is so important that, though confined to my room by indisposition, I reply at once. I feel greatly honored at what you say is the prevailing wish of leading men in the State, that I should accept the nomination for the office of Governor of Virginia, and I duly appreciate the spirit that has led them to name me for that high position. I candidly confess, however, that my feelings induce me to prefer private life, which I think more suitable to my condition and age, and where I believe I can better advance the interests of my State than in that you propose. You will agree with me, I am sure, in the opinion that this is no time for the indulgence of personal or political considerations in selecting a person to fill that office; nor should it be regarded as a means of rewarding individuals for supposed former services. The welfare of the State and the interests of her citizens should be the only principle of selection. Believing that there are many men in the State more capable than I am of filling the position, and who could do more to promote the interests of the people, I most respectfully decline to be considered a candidate for the office.

I think it important, in selecting a Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, for the citizens to choose one capable of fulfilling its high trust, and at the same time not liable to the misconstruction which their choice of one objectionable to the General Government would be sure to create, and thereby increase the evils under which the State at present labors.

I have no means of knowing, other than are apparent to you, whether my election as Governor of Virginia would be personally injurious to me or not, and, therefore, the consideration of that

question in your letter has not been embraced in my reply. But I believe it would be used by the dominant party to excite hostility toward the State, and to injure the people in the eyes of the country; and I, therefore, cannot consent to become the instrument of bringing distress upon those whose prosperity and happiness are so dear to me. If my disfranchisement and privation of civil rights would secure to the citizens of the State the enjoyment of civil liberty and equal rights under the Constitution, I would willingly accept them in their stead.

What I have written is intended only for your own information. With grateful thanks for your friendly sentiments,

I am, very truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

The following extract from a speech delivered in Atlanta, Georgia, by Hon. B. H. Hill, may be appropriately introduced here:

When the future historian comes to survey the character of Lee he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he will have to lift his eyes toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of the great commanders, without treachery; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was a Cæsar without his ambition; a Frederick without his tyranny; a Napoleon without his selfishness; and a Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and loyal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.

There were many peculiarities in the habits and character of Lee which are but little known, and may be studied with profit. He studiously avoided giving opinions upon subjects which it had not been his calling or training to investigate; and sometimes I thought he carried this great virtue too far. Neither the President, nor Congress, nor friends could get his views upon any public question not strictly military, and no man had as much quiet, unobtrusive contempt for what he called "military statesmen and political generals." Meeting him once on the streets of Richmond, I said to him, "General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of government and going farther south."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it; I shall endeavor to take care of the Army, and you must make the laws and control the Government."

"Ah, General," I said, "but you will have to change that rule, and form and express political opinions; for, if we establish our independence, the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir," he replied with a firm dignity that belonged only to Lee. "That I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct, if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well, but, General," I insisted, "history does not sustain your view. Cæsar, and Frederick of Prussia, and Bonaparte were great statesmen, as well as great generals."

"And great tyrants," he promptly responded. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where, I think, we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both, and yet not a tyrant," I repeated.

And with a beautiful smile he said, "Washington was an exception to all rule, and there was none like him."

I could find no words to answer further, but instantly I said in thought, "Surely Washington is no longer the only exception; for one like him, if not even greater, is here."

General Lee was conspicuous for a lack of bitterness toward the United States authorities and the people of the North. He certainly had much which others would have taken as an occasion of bitterness if not absolute hatred. While he was suffering privation and hardship and meeting danger in opposing what he honestly believed to be the armed hosts of oppression and wrong, his home was seized (and held) by the Government, and his property destroyed.

When at the close of the war he faithfully and scrupulously sought to carry out his parole, avoided the popular applause that his people were everywhere ready to give him, and sought a quiet retreat where he could labor for the good of the young men of the South, his motives were impugned, his actions were

misrepresented, and certain of the Northern journals teemed with bitter slanders against him, while a United States grand jury (in violation of the terms of his parole, as General Grant himself maintained) found against him an indictment for "treason and rebellion." And yet amid all these provocations he uttered no word of bitterness, and always raised his voice for moderation and charity.

Upon several occasions the writer has heard him rebuke others for bitter expressions, and the severest terms he was accustomed to employ were such as he used to his son (Robert) to whom he said one day, as he was bravely working one of the guns of the Rockbridge Artillery, which was engaged in a fierce fight with the enemy, "That's right, my son; drive those people back."

When told of Jackson's wound and of his plan to cut Hooker off from the United States ford and drive back his army on Chancellorsville, the eye of the great Captain sparkled, and his face flushed as he remembered that in the loss of his lieutenant he had been "deprived of his right arm;" but his quiet reply was, "General Jackson's plans shall be carried out—those people shall be driven today."

He used sometimes to speak of the enemy as "General Meade's people," "General Grant's people," or "our friends across the river."

When in 1863 the head of the Army of Northern Virginia was turned northward, and it was understood that an invasion of Pennsylvania was contemplated, there resounded through the South a cry for retaliation there for the desolation inflicted by the Federal armies upon our own fair land. The newspapers recounted the outrages that we had endured, painted in vivid colors the devastation of large sections of the South, reprinted the orders of Pope, Butler, and others of like spirit, and called upon the officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia to remember these things when they reached the rich fields of Pennsylvania, arguing that the best way of bringing the war to a successful termination was to let the people of the North

feel it as we had done. Prominent men urged these views on General Lee, and it would not have been surprising if he had so far yielded to the popular clamor as to have at least winked at depredations on the part of his soldiers. But he did not for a single moment forget that he led the army of a people who professed to be governed by the principles of Christian civilization, and that no outrages on the part of others could justify him in departing from these high principles. Accordingly, as soon as the head of his column crossed the Potomac he issued a beautiful address in which he called upon his men to abstain from pillage and depredations of every kind, and enjoined upon his officers to bring to speedy punishment all offenders against this order. If this had been intended for *effect* merely while the soldiers were to be allowed to plunder at will, nothing further would have been necessary.

But we find him publishing the following, which forms one of the brightest pages in the history of that unhappy strife and will go down to coming ages in vivid contrast with the orders of Pope, Sherman, Milroy, Butler, Sheridan and other Federal generals, and will for all time reflect the highest honor alike upon our Christian chieftain and the army he led:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27, 1863.

General Orders,
No. 73.

The Commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude, or better have performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

There have been, however, instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our

whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, and without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

The Commanding General, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. Lee,
General.

That those orders were in some instances violated is not denied, but both General Lee and his officers exerted themselves to have them carried out, and with almost perfect success, as even the Northern press abundantly testified to at the time.

No blackened ruins, desolated fields, or wanton destruction of private property marked the line of his march. His official dispatches are blotted by no wicked boast of the number of barns burned and the amount of provisions destroyed, until he had made the country "such a waste that even a crow flying over would be compelled to carry his rations." But the order above quoted not only expressed the feelings of the commander-in-chief, but was an index to the conduct of his officers, and the troops under their command.

Soon after the grand jury found its indictment against General Lee, at a time when President Andrew Johnson was showing a purpose to carry out his threat to "make treason odious by hanging the chief of the Rebel leaders," and when ultra men at the North were clamoring for vengeance for what they claimed as "the complicity of the South" in the assassination

of Mr. Lincoln, a party of friends were spending an evening at his house in Richmond, and the conversation naturally turned on these matters. Rev. Dr. —— led the conversation in expressing in terms of decided bitterness the indignation of the South at the indictment of General Lee. The General pleasantly remarked, "Well, it matters little what they may do to me. I am old and have but a short time to live anyhow," and very soon turned the conversation into other channels. Presently Dr. —— got up to go, and General Lee followed him out to the door and said, "Doctor, there is a good old book which I read, and you preach from, which says, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.' Do you think your remarks this evening were quite in the spirit of that teaching?" Dr. —— made some apology for the bitterness which he felt and had expressed, and General Lee added with that peculiar sweetness of tone and manner that we remember so well, "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

If the world's history affords a sublimer spectacle than that of this stern warrior teaching a minister of the Gospel of Peace the duty of love to enemies, the present writer has failed to note it.

It is related that one day during the war, as they were reconnoitering the countless host opposed to them, one of his subordinates exclaimed in bitter tones, "I wish those people were all dead!" General Lee, with that inimitable grace of manner peculiar to him, promptly rejoined, "How can you say so, General? Now I wish that they were all at home attending to their own business and leaving us to do the same."

One day in the autumn of 1869 I saw General Lee standing at his gate talking to an humbly clad man, who turned off, evidently delighted with his interview, just as I came up. After

exchanging salutations the General pleasantly said, pointing to the retreating form, "That is one of our old soldiers who is in necessitous circumstances." I took it for granted that it was some veteran Confederate, and asked to what command he belonged, when the General quietly and pleasantly added, *"He fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now."*

The man afterwards came to my house, and said to me in speaking of his interview with General Lee, "Sir, he is the noblest man that ever lived. He not only had a kind word for an old soldier who fought against him, but he gave me some money to help me on my way."

What a beautiful illustration of the teaching of the apostle, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

Upon the occasion of the delivery of an address at Washington College by a certain distinguished orator, General Lee came to me and said, "I saw you taking notes during the address. It was in the main very fine; but if you propose publishing any report of it I would suggest that you leave out all of the bitter expressions against the North and the United States Government. They will do us no good under our present circumstances, and I think all such expressions undignified and unbecoming." Soon after the passage of some of the most objectionable of the so-called "Reconstruction Acts" two of the professors of the College were conversing with him, when one of them expressed himself in very bitter terms concerning the dominant party and their treatment of the people of the South. General Lee quietly turned to his table, and picking up a manuscript (which afterwards proved to be his memoir of his father) read the following lines:

> "'Learn from your Orient shell to love thy foe,
> And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe:
> Free like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
> Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side:
> Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower,
> With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flower;
> All nature cries aloud, shall man do less
> Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?'"

He then said that these lines were written "in Arabia and by a Mussulman, the poet of Shivaz, the immortal Hafiz," and quietly asked, "Ought not we who profess to be governed by the principles of Christianity to rise at least to the standard of this Mohammedan poet and learn to forgive our enemies."

The conduct of Lee's soldiers after the close of the war has excited the attention and elicited the admiration of the world. There was much in the state of things just after the surrender to excite the serious apprehension of thinking men that these disbanded soldiers would render the condition of the South far worse by entering upon a career of lawlessness. After long exposure to the demoralizing influences of the camp, and a long cessation from any industrial pursuit, these young men returned to find their fondly cherished hopes blighted, their fortunes ruined, their fields laid waste, and in not a few instances blackened ruins marking the spot of their once happy homes. It would not have been surprising if they had yielded to despair and had sought redress by taking the law into their own hands. I claim to have thoroughly known the veterans of Lee's army, and to have had some peculiar opportunities of seeing them after the close of the war. In traveling very extensively through the South I made it a point always to inquire after them, and the invariable response was, "They have gone to work, and are quiet, orderly members of society." Many of them who had been raised in luxury and ease took off their coats and went into the corn, tobacco, or cotton fields of the South, or entered upon other pursuits with a zeal and earnestness truly marvelous to those who did not know the stuff of which these heroic men were made.

They "accepted the situation," and, amid provocations and insults not a few, have proven themselves "loyal" to their every pledge, law-abiding citizens of which any community might be proud. If asked the explanation of this, the simplest answer would be, *"The soldiers have continued to follow their commander-in-chief."*

General Lee was most scrupulous in observing the terms of his parole. He refused to attend political gatherings, avoided

discussing the war or its issues (except with intimate friends and in the freedom of private intercourse), and gave the young men of the South a striking example of quiet submission to the United States authorities.

He was accustomed to say, "I am now unfortunately so situated that I can do no good, and as I am anxious to do as little harm as possible I deem it wisest for me to remain silent." And yet, as has been intimated, the good order and law-abiding spirit of the soldiers and people of the South were due in no small measure to the quiet example and influence of this noble man.

CHAPTER X

The College President

Circumstances of his election—The condition of Washington College—Its history and associations—General Lee's feelings and purposes—His letter of acceptance—His simple arrival in Lexington and inauguration as president—His reforms and improvements in the College—His system of discipline—His thorough knowledge of the class standing and deportment of each student—His efforts for the religious welfare of the students—His great influence in that direction—Letter to the pastors—Conference with them and active cooperation—Prof. Edward S. Joynes on Lee as college president—Letters.

When General Lee went to Lexington, Virginia, in October, 1865, as President of Washington College, I went there at the same time as pastor, and served during the remainder of his life as one of the chaplains of the College. I thus had opportunity of seeing him illustrate that he was grander in peace than in war, and of watching his career as college president, until thoroughly convinced that he was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, college presidents whom this country ever produced.

I could easily write a volume on *Lee the College President;* I very much regret that my limited space will confine me to only a brief outline.

The idea of offering General Lee the presidency of the College originated with Hon. Bolivar Christian of Staunton, one of the trustees, and it was suggested to him by hearing of a remark made by one of his daughters to the effect, "They are offering my father everything except the only thing he will accept, a place to earn honest bread while engaged in some useful work."

Colonel Christian got a friend to write to General Lee, and if the answer declining to consider the question had not been

delayed by the irregular mails of the time he would probably have dropped the matter. But fortunately he did not see General Lee's letter declining to consider the proposition until after he had gone to the meeting of the Board of Trustees called in Lexington to nominate a President.

The trustees were very much surprised at the nomination, as they had no idea that the great soldier could be induced to become their President, but they finally determined to make the effort, and unanimously elected him, and appointed their Rector, Judge John W. Brockenbrough, to present in person the notice of their action, and urge on General Lee its acceptance.

It may be mentioned, as illustrating the times, that Judge Brockenbrough, who had been one of the United States District Judges, and was one of the ablest and purest men who ever wore the ermine, had to borrow a suit of clothes and the money necessary for his expenses in order to go to Powhatan County and present the matter to General Lee.

The College buildings, library, and apparatus had been sacked by General Hunter's troops at the time he burned the Virginia Military Institute, and Governor Letcher's private residence, and there were no funds available to rehabilitate them. The endowment of the College was now unproductive and might never yield an income, and the College had only 40 students from the surrounding country, taught by four professors. In that condition of things it did seem presumptuous to expect a man of world-wide fame, who was being flooded with offers of help, to become president of a college of such seemingly dismal prospects.

But on the other hand, it had an interesting history and hallowed associations clustering around it, which would naturally interest General Lee. Washington College was the outgrowth of an academy founded in 1749, and the first classical school in the Valley of Virginia. It was named "Liberty Hall Academy" at the opening of the Revolution, and sent into that struggle a company of its students named "Liberty Hall Volunteers," and had made such reputation that it attracted the

attention of Washington, and he endowed it with 100 shares of the old James River Company, which he accepted from Virginia only on the condition that he might give them to some educational institution.

The name was changed to "Washington College" in honor of its benefactor, and it received further endowment from the Cincinnati Society, and from John Robinson, an old Revolutionary soldier. It had a long career of usefulness, and had sent out alumni who had been very distinguished in all of the professions and walks of life.

Judge Brockenbrough skilfully presented these points to General Lee, and urged that while the College was now prostrate it would speedily arise under his magic influence and able management, and that he could thus revive and perpetuate the work which Washington had begun. These considerations, and the fact that he could thus engage "in teaching the young men of the country to do their duty in life," were very potent with General Lee, and he promised to take the matter under serious consideration.

His feelings at the time were thus given by Bishop Joseph P. B. Wilmer of Louisiana, in a Memorial address:

> I was seated, at the close of the day in my Virginia home, when I beheld, through the thickening shades of evening, a horseman entering the yard, whom I soon recognized as General Lee. The next morning he placed in my hands the correspondence with the authorities of Washington College at Lexington. He had been invited to become President of that institution. I confess to a momentary feeling of chagrin at the proposed change (shall I say revulsion?) in his history. The institution was one of local interest, and comparatively unknown to our people. I named others more conspicuous which would welcome him with ardor as their presiding head. I soon discovered that his mind towered above these earthly distinctions; that, in his judgment, the cause gave dignity to the institution and not the wealth of its endowment, or the renown of its scholars; that this door and not another was opened to him by Providence; and he only wished to be assured of his competency to fulfil the trust, and thus to make his few remaining years a comfort and blessing to his suffering country. I had spoken to his human feelings; he had now

revealed himself to me as one "whose life was hid with Christ in God." My speech was no longer restrained. I congratulated him that his heart was inclined to this great cause, and that he was spared to give to the world this august testimony to the importance of Christian education. How he listened to my feeble words; how he beckoned me to his side, as the fulness of heart found utterance; how his whole countenance glowed with animation as I spoke of the Holy Ghost as the great Teacher, whose presence was required to make education a blessing, which otherwise might be the curse of mankind; how feelingly he responded, how eloquently, as I never heard him speak before—can never be effaced from memory; and nothing more sacred mingles with my reminiscences of the dead.

His letter of conditional acceptance of the presidency of the College is so expressive, and characteristic of the man, that I give it in full as follows:

POWHATAN COUNTY, VIRGINIA, 24th August, 1865.

GENTLEMEN:

I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst., informing me of my election by the Board of Trustees to the Presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the Trustees, or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability but I fear more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to undergo the labor of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution.

There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and I think worthy of the consideration of the Board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States, of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of President might draw upon the College a feeling of hostility; and I should therefore cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance. I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Governments, directed to that

object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the College.

Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered me by the Board will be advantageous to the College and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it. Otherwise I must most respectfully decline the offer.

Begging you to express to the Trustees of the College my heartfelt gratitude for the honor conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated the decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, Your most obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

"Messrs. John W. Brockenbrough, Rector; S. McD. Reid, Alfred Leyburn, Horatio Thompson, D. D.; Bolivar Christian, T. J. Kirkpatrick, Committee."

The trustees, of course, assured him that his connection with the College would "greatly promote its prosperity and advance the general interests of education," and urged him to accept, and enter upon his duties at the earliest practicable day.

And thus "the happy audacity" of the trustees, as it was called, prevailed, and General Lee put aside many very lucrative offers that were made to him, and accepted the presidency of the College at an offered salary of $1,500, though even that was not in sight. This was eminently characteristic of the man, who only asked to know the path of duty, and rejoiced to walk therein.

The news that General Lee was to be President of Washington College spread far and wide, and attracted the deepest interest. Money from unexpected sources flowed into the treasury of the College, and students came from every quarter.

One day in the early autumn of 1865 a quiet horseman, mounted on a noble iron-gray, rode up Main street of Lexington, Virginia, attracting the attention of all who were on the street, but not being recognized until an old soldier, seeing him, yelled out, "There is Marse Robert," and rushed to hold his horse and stirrup as he dismounted at the hotel. Soon

the old soldiers and others flocked from every direction, and gave him "the old Confederate yell" as he retired to his room. Thus the new President came to his duties, having ridden across the country from Powhatan on his famous war horse Traveler.

In accordance with his wishes the inauguration ceremonies were very simple. On the 2d of October, 1865, in the presence of trustees, faculty, and students, and after a fervent and appropriate prayer led by the venerable Dr. Wm. S. White of the Presbyterian Church (Stonewall Jackson's old pastor), General Lee took the oath of office, administered by Wm. White, Esq., justice of the peace, and entered upon his duties.

He was no "figure-head," for if any supposed that he would be used simply "to attract students by the glitter of his great name," they soon saw that he was one of the ablest, most industrious, most earnest, and most tactful presidents that any college ever had. He introduced many reforms in the College, and greatly enlarged the course of instruction. He gathered around him a very able and accomplished faculty, raised the standard of scholarship, renovated the old buildings, and added new ones. It was supposed that he would, from his education and life-long profession, wish to convert the College into a military school, and the faculty and trustees were ready to concur in whatever he desired, but he very soon gave them to understand that he desired nothing of the kind. He introduced "the honor code" of discipline, and instead of a system of espionage, he "treated the students as gentlemen, and expected them to act as gentlemen." If one of them should prove disorderly, or negligent of his studies, he sent for him, and had with him a fatherly talk which almost always accomplished the desired end.

I heard of this case which will serve as an illustration: A young fellow made his boast that while the President frequently got the students whom he called into his office to crying, he would never get him to display that weakness, but "I will talk back at him, and get him to laughing the first thing he knows."

Not long afterwards this young student was summoned to

the President's office, and some of his friends gathered around to see him when he came out, and learn his experience. When he came there were traces of tears on his cheeks, and he had evidently been weeping. To their eager questions, "How did you come out?" "Did he scold you very severely?" he replied, "No, I wish he had. I wish he had whipped me. I could have stood it better. But he talked to me so kindly, and so tenderly, about my mother, and the sacrifices which she, a widow, is making to send me to college, and of how I ought to appreciate her love, and do credit to her, by diligence in my studies, and correct deportment—that the first thing I knew I was blubbering like a baby. I promised him that I would do better hereafter, and I tell you, boys, *I mean to do it.*" That student became one of the most diligent in the College, and one of the most correct young men in his deportment, and finally graduated with high honor.

General Lee knew every student by name, and kept in his mind a record of his standing and deportment. The students used to say that whenever they were disposed to be a little noisy on the street, and turned a corner, and met the President, and tried to hide their identity by pulling their hats down over their faces, that he was sure to lift his, with that inimitable grace which characterized him, and call each one of them by name.

Calling at his office one day with a visiting minister he asked about a young man who was a member of his congregation, and the General replied, "He is an excellent young fellow—has no bad habits, is full of life and fun and very popular with both the faculty and his fellow-students. But he is entirely too careful of the health of his father's son. He got last month only 50 on his Latin, 60 on his mathematics, and 45 on his Greek, and those marks are entirely too low as our maximum is a hundred. We do not want our students to injure their health studying, but we want them to come as near to it as possible to miss. This young gentleman you see is a long way from the 'danger line.'"

Very much surprised that he could give without consulting his report the exact class standing of one of his 400 students, I asked one of the faculty if it was possible that General Lee could give from memory the exact class standing of every student in the College, giving him this incident. He replied, "No, not exactly that. I suppose General Lee meant to send for that student, and had crammed up his marks for the occasion. But he does know the *relative* standing of all of the students, and no name ever comes up at a faculty meeting that the General does not know all about him. We had a striking illustration of this at our meeting yesterday. The name of a student was called and the General said, 'I am sorry to see that he has fallen so far behind on his mathematics!' The Professor of Mathematics replied, 'You are mistaken, General, he is one of the very best men in my class.' 'He only got 66 on his last month's report,' replied the General. Upon investigation it was found that the President was right on the face of the report made to him, but that the clerk had made a mistake in copying, and that the student's mark ought really to have been 96 instead of 66. I never knew General Lee to make a mistake in the *relative* standing of a student."

General Lee did not believe in *forcing* the students to attend chapel, but sought to influence them to do so, and I have known no other college where the attendance on chapel was more general, or where the simple exercises—singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer—seemed to be so warmly appreciated or so thoroughly enjoyed.

At the faculty meeting one day a member of the faculty, who rarely attended himself, made an eloquent speech on the importance of inducing the students to attend chapel, and when he closed General Lee quietly remarked, "The best way that I know of to induce students to attend is *to set them the example by always attending ourselves.*"

Accordingly, his own seat, near the front, was always filled. I never knew a college president to exert himself more actively for the religious good of the students than did General Lee.

I give herewith one of the letters he was accustomed to address to the pastors of Lexington, asking their cooperation:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA,
11th September, 1869.

REV. AND DEAR SIRS:

Desirous of making the religious exercises of the College advantageous to the students and wishing to use all means to inculcate among them the principles of true religion, the Faculty tender to you their cordial thanks for your past services, and request you to perform in rotation the customary daily exercises at the College Chapel. The hour fixed for these services is forty-five minutes past seven o'clock every morning, except Sunday during the session, save the three winter months, December, January and February, when the hour for prayer will be forty-five minutes past eight. The hours for lectures are fixed at eight and nine o'clock respectively during these periods. On Sundays the hour for prayer during the whole session is fixed at nine o'clock.

The Faculty also request that you will extend to the students a general invitation to attend the churches of their choice regularly on Sundays and other days, and invite them to join the Bible classes established in each; that you will as may be convenient and necessary, visit them in sickness and in health; and that you will in every proper manner urge upon them the great importance of the Christian religion.

The Faculty further ask that you will arrange among yourselves as may be most convenient, the periods of the session during which each will perform Chapel services, and that during those periods the officiating minister will consider himself Chaplain of the College for the purpose of conducting religious worship, prayers, etc.

The present session will open on the 16th inst. and close on the 25th June, 1870.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

To the Ministers of the Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian churches of Lexington, Va.

I prize beyond price the following autograph letter:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA,
4th March, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR:

I enclose fifty dollars of the fund contributed by the Faculty and students for the religious exercises of the College, not in

compensation for your voluntary services, but in grateful testimony of them.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones.

He wrote similar letters to the other pastors of the town, and frequently talked with us about the religious interest of the students. He was accustomed to make lists of the denominational preference of the student, giving each pastor a list of the members of his church, and the men whose parents belonged to his church, and would ask him afterwards if he had visited them, and if they attended his Bible class and his church, and thus he would seek to promote the interests of each student.

He said to Rev. Dr. W. S. White soon after coming to Lexington, "I shall be disappointed, sir; I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here, unless these young men become real Christians, and I wish you and others of your sacred calling to do all in your power to accomplish this."

He said to Rev. Dr. Brown, one of the trustees of the College, "I dread the thought of any student going away from the College without becoming a sincere Christian."

At the "Concert of Prayer for Colleges" in 1869 I made an address in which I urged that the great need of our colleges was a genuine, all-pervasive revival, which could only come from above by the power of the Holy Spirit. At the close of the meeting General Lee came to me, and said with more than his usual warmth, "I wish, sir, to thank you for your address; it was just what we needed. Our great want is a revival that shall bring these young men to Christ."

During the great revival in the Virginia Military Institute in 1869, when there were over one hundred professions of faith in Christ, he said to me with deep emotion, "That is the best news I have heard since I have been in Lexington. Would that we could have such a revival in our College, and in all of the colleges."

He said to Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick, the able and honored Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College, when they were

conversing about the religious interests of the students, his voice choking with emotion and his eyes overflowing with tears, "Oh! Doctor, if I could only know that all of the young men in the College were good Christians, I should have nothing more to desire."

He sent for me one day to consult about organizing a Y. M. C. A. in the College, and after we had organized it he took the liveliest interest in its success, and contributed to it every year $50 from his own scant resources.

With the first money that he raised after he went to the College he built a substantial and beautiful chapel, as, in his judgment, the most important building needed (more important than a President's house, he insisted), and it seems a fortunate Providence that he lies beneath that chapel, which he builded almost with his own hands, for he almost saw every block of granite placed in position, every brick laid, and every nail driven.

Professor Edward S. Joynes, the accomplished Professor of Modern Languages in Washington and Lee University, wrote soon after General Lee's death, in the *University Monthly*, an article on "Lee the College President," which I copy in full:

It is doubtless true that the voice of universal sorrow that came up from the entire South on the death of General Lee was, in its depth and fervor, a surprise even to his greatest admirers. Never, perhaps, did the death of any man in a time of peace produce so deep an impression throughout any community. In one universal voice, commencing at Lexington—a spot henceforth sacred as his home and burial-place—and circling the whole round of States, and cities, and villages throughout the South, the lamentation of a whole people went up to heaven, and a sense of personal loss was felt and expressed, as though every community had lost a friend, and each heart its hero.

General Lee had, indeed, not only become, for the whole Southern people, the most beloved representative of the principles for which they believed they had fought, but he had been accepted and revered by them as the highest type of their own ideal character. Their favorite hero in battle and victory, he had splendidly illustrated their most heroic qualities. He had also illustrated their profounder traits, not less by his sublime

bearing in defeat, than by the completeness of his self-sacrifice; and by his patience and serenity under continued adversity, and his uncomplaining devotion to the labors of a new life, he had at once set them the example of their highest duty as a people, and filled the measure of their admiration for his character. Thus, gradually, in the quiet but anxious years during which he had borne their sorrows, their affection seemed to have centered around him with ever-increasing strength; and when he died, the whole people went into mourning, with a grief even more profound and universal than if he had fallen in the shock of battle, in the very crisis of their fate!

Such is, we believe, the explanation of this remarkable expression of public grief. The explanation of the ulterior fact itself, as we understand it, is to be found, we think, not less in the manner of General Lee's life since the war, than in the peculiar qualities of his character. If his career during the war, and his character as then exhibited to the Southern people, were such as to attract their love and admiration, his subsequent life had certainly been such as to confirm and intensify these feelings to the utmost depth of devotion. And, strange as it may seem, this result had followed mainly from the very stillness and retirement of that life. General Lee, almost alone of the great Southern leaders, had not only taken no part in politics, but he had not been known—at least not until very recently—in connection with any of the ordinary enterprises of public business. He had also traveled but little, and had thus been but little seen by the people, and then at only long intervals; so that subsequent more ordinary associations had not grown up around his person to confuse the heroic memories of the past. In the midst of political commotions and of public calamities that affected his deepest interests, he had uttered no word, but had pursued, with quiet sereneness, the path of patience and of duty. In addition to all this, he was known to be laboring and enduring not for himself, but for the future of the South; and he was connected with a work in which, remote as it was alike from the gratification of personal ambition and from the possible pursuit of wealth for himself, the Southern people felt that they had a common interest, and that they and their children were the objects of his quiet but far-reaching labors. The life of General Lee at Washington College was a life of pure devotion, consecrated to the service of the people of the South; and they, feeling it to be such, repaid it with an ardor of affection and gratitude which quietly gathered strength year after year, and formed no small part of their sense of bereavement and sorrow at his death.

We propose to consider, briefly, some of the aspects of these last years of his life. We shall consider them rather in illustration of his own character, than with reference to the particular work itself. These years present, it seems to us, the most remarkable close that history records of such a life as his had been; and they illustrate his character not less signally than do his greatest public achievements. Indeed, without this final illustration the history of that character itself would have been incomplete, as it underwent its severest test, and received its highest and most emphatic vindication, in the serene patience and self-forgetting devotion of these very years. It seems, indeed, as if fortune had reserved Robert E. Lee for this work in order to perfect the example of a character superior to all her powers, and equal alike to the triumphs and calamities of the highest, and the cares and duties of the humblest lot.

General Lee accepted the presidency of Washington College, in the first place, from a profound and deliberate sense of duty. The same high principle of action that had characterized his conduct in the gravest crisis of public affairs, marked his decision here; and here, as ever, duty alone determined his choice. There was absolutely nothing in this position that could have tempted him. Not only was it uncongenial with all the habits of his past life, and remote from all the associations in which he had formerly taken pleasure; but it was, at that time, most uninviting in itself. The College to which he was called was broken in fortune and in hope. The war had practically closed its doors. Its buildings had been pillaged and defaced, and its library scattered. It had now neither money nor credit, and it was even doubtful whether it would be shortly reopened at all for the reception of students. The faculty were few in number, disorganized and dispirited. Of the slender endowment that had survived the war, hardly anything was available, and ready money could not be secured even for the most immediate and pressing wants of the College. Under these circumstances the offer of the presidency to General Lee seemed well-nigh presumptuous; and surely it was an offer from which he had nothing to expect either of fortune or of fame. The men, however, who had made this selection, the trustees of Washington College—ever honored be their memory for their noble conception—had not calculated in vain in their estimate of General Lee's character. They felt that this position, however humble it might seem, would afford to him, what from their knowledge of the man they felt would be the most acceptable to him—a sphere of duty in which he could

spend his days in the service of his beloved people; and though the country looked on astonished and incredulous, the result showed that they had not been mistaken. General Lee received the announcement, which was conveyed to him in person by the Rector, Hon. John W. Brockenbrough, with surprise and with deep feeling. He was at first disposed to decline the offer; but the distinguished Virginian who represented the trustees urged it upon him, and dwelt earnestly upon the high motives which had prompted their choice. These were motives to which General Lee could not be indifferent; and at last, reserving his answer, he promised to reflect upon the subject. Here, as ever, he was deliberate, as well as conscientious. Finally, after several days' consideration he accepted the position. Suffice it to say here, that it was a deliberate sense of duty to his fellow-countrymen, and desire to pay back, as far as he could, through their sons, the sufferings and sorrows of his own generation in the South, that determined his decision. He had already fully resolved not to leave Virginia under any circumstances; and this position, humble as it seemed to be, gave him the wished-for opportunity of laboring for her people, and for the South. Therefore he accepted it.

The profound sense of duty which marked General Lee's acceptance of this office characterized also his whole administration of it. He entertained the profoundest convictions on the importance of educational influences, both to individuals and to the country, and the deepest sense of personal responsibility in his own office. He felt that an institution like Washington College owed duty, not only to its own students, but to the whole country; and that its moral obligations were not only supreme within its own sphere, but were attached to the wider interests of public virtue and of true religion, among all the people. Everybody around him felt unconsciously that he was actuated by these principles, and all were impressed by his high conceptions of duty and the singleness of his devotion to it. Nothing else, indeed, could have sustained him so serenely through so many and so constant details of labor and of trial. Nothing else, in such a man, could have held his thoughts so high, or kept his heart so strong, in the midst of daily tasks, always so severe, often so trivial and discouraging. But he never flagged; and though he fully comprehended the difficulties of his office, and was often wearied with its incessant labors, no word of despondency fell from his lips. He felt that he was doing his duty. "I have," he said, as reported by the Hon. Mr. Hilliard, "a self-imposed task, which I cannot forsake;" and in this spirit he met all the

details of his daily labors, cheerfully to the last. Again and again, during his life at Lexington, were tempting offers urged upon him—offers of large incomes, with comparative ease and more active and congenial employment; but though he fully appreciated these considerations, and was not indifferent to the attractions presented by such offers, he turned from them all, with the same reply. He had chosen his post of duty, and he clung to it. Year by year the conception of this duty seemed to grow stronger with him; and year by year the College, as its instrument and representative, grew dearer to him. And as, gradually, the fruits of his labors began to be manifest, and the moral and intellectual results of his influence approved themselves even to his own modest self-estimate, his heart grew only warmer, and his zeal more zealous, in his work. His sense of personal duty was also expanded into a warm solicitude for all who were associated with him. To the faculty he was an elder brother, beloved and revered, and full of all tender sympathy. To the students, he was as a father, in carefulness, in encouragement, in reproof. Their welfare and their conduct and character as gentlemen, were his chief concern; and this solicitude was not limited to their collegiate years, but followed them abroad into life. He thought it to be the office of a college not merely to educate the intellect, but to make Christian men. The moral and religious character of the students was more precious in his eyes even than their intellectual progress, and was made the special object of his constant personal solicitude.

In his annual reports to the trustees, which were models of clear and dignified composition, he always dwelt with peculiar emphasis upon these interests; and nothing in the College gratified him more than its marked moral and religious improvements during his administration. To the Rev. Dr. White he said, as affectingly narrated by that venerable minister soon after General Lee's death, "I shall be disappointed, sir; I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here, unless these young men all become consistent Christians." Other expressions, bearing eloquent witness to the same truth, might be quoted; but none could be more eloquent than the steady tenor of his own life, quietly yet constantly devoted to the highest ends of duty and of religion.

Such were the principles which actuated General Lee, as President of Washington College; and their effects showed themselves in all the details of his administration. In the discipline of the College his moral influence was supreme. A disciplinarian in

the ordinary sense of the term, as it is often unworthily applied, he was not. He was no seeker-out of small offenses, no stickler for formal regulations. In his construction of college rules, and in his dealing with actions generally, he was most liberal; but in his estimate of motives, and in the requirement of principle and honor, he was exacting to the last degree. Youthful indiscretion found in him the most lenient of judges; but falsehood or meanness had no toleration with him. He looked rather to the principles of good conduct than to mere outward acts. He was most scrupulous in exacting a proper obedience to lawful authority; but he was always the last to condemn, and the most just to hear the truth, even in behalf of the worst offender. Hence in the use of college punishments he was cautious, forbearing, and lenient; but he was not the less firm in his demands, and prompt, when need was, in his measures. His reproof was stern, yet kind, and often even melting in his tenderness; and his appeals, always addressed to the noblest motives, were irresistible. The hardiest offenders were alike awed by his presence, and moved, often even to tears, by his words; and there was no student who did not dread a reproof from General Lee more than every punishment. In all his official action, and indeed in all his intercourse with the students, he looked to the elevation of the tone of principle and opinion among themselves, as the vital source of good conduct, rather than to the simple repression of vice. His discipline was moral rather than punitive. Hence there were few cases of dismission, or other severe punishment, during his administration; and hence, also, the need for such punishments became ever less and less. The influence of this policy, aided especially by the mighty influence of his personal character, was all-powerful. The elevation of tone, and the improvement in conduct, were steady and rapid. Immediately after the war, the young men of the South were wild and unrestrained, and acts of disorder were frequent; in the latter years of his administration hardly a single case of serious discipline occurred. We doubt, indeed, whether at any other college in the world so many young men could have been found as free from misconduct, or marked by as high a tone of feeling and opinion, as were the students of Washington College during these latter years of General Lee's life. The students felt this, and were proud of it; and they were proud of themselves and of their College, as representatives of the character and influence of Lee.

Yet not the less was he rigidly exacting of duty, and scrupulously attentive to details. By a system of reports, weekly and

monthly—almost military in their exactness—which he required of each professor, he made himself acquainted with the standing and progress of every student in every one of his classes. These reports he studied carefully, and was quick to detect short-comings. He took care, also, to make himself acquainted with each student personally, to know his studies, his boarding-house, his associations, disposition, and habits; and though he never obtruded this knowledge, the students knew that he possessed it, and that his interest followed them everywhere. Nor was it a moral influence alone that he exerted in the College. He was equally careful of its intellectual interests. He watched the progress of every class, attended all the examinations, and strove constantly to stimulate both professors and students to the highest attainments. The whole College, in a word, felt his influence as an ever-present motive, and his character was quietly yet irresistibly impressed upon it, not only in the general working of all its departments, but in all the details of each.

Of this influence, General Lee, modest as he was, was perfectly aware, and, like a prudent ruler, he husbanded it with a wise economy. He preferred to confine his direct interposition to purely personal acts; and rarely, and then only on critical occasions, did he step forward to present himself before the whole body of students in the full dignity of his presidential office. On these occasions, which were always rare, and in the latter years hardly ever occurred, he would quietly post an address to the students, in which, appealing only to the highest principles of conduct, he sought to dissuade them from threatened evil. These addresses, which the boys designated as his "General Orders," were always of immediate efficacy. No single case ever occurred in which they failed of instant and complete effect; and no student would have been tolerated by his fellow-students who would have dared to disregard such an appeal from General Lee. One of the addresses, the original of which was presented to the writer by General Lee himself, may be here quoted, as an interesting exhibition of his character, and of the kind influence he sought to exert:

"WASHINGTON COLLEGE, November 26, 1866.

"The Faculty desires to call the attention of the students to the disturbances which occurred in the streets of Lexington on the nights of Friday and Saturday last. They believe that none can contemplate them with pleasure, or can find any reasonable grounds for their justification. These acts are said to have been committed by students of the College, with the apparent object of disturbing the peace and quiet of a town whose inhabitants have

opened their doors for their reception and accommodation, and who are always ready to administer to their comfort and pleasure.

"It requires but little consideration to see the error of such conduct, which could only have proceeded from thoughtlessness and a want of reflection. The Faculty therefore appeal to the honor and self-respect of the students to prevent any similar occurrence, trusting that their sense of what is due to themselves, their parents, and the institution to which they belong, will be more effectual in teaching them what is right and manly, than anything they can say.

"There is one consideration connected with these disorderly proceedings which the Faculty wish to bring to your particular notice—the example of your conduct, and the advantage taken of it by others to commit outrages for which you have to bear the blame. They therefore exhort you to adopt the only course capable of shielding you from such charges: the effectual prevention of all such occurrences in the future.

"R. E. Lee,
"President Washington College."

General Lee was also most laborious in the duties of his office as a college president. He gave himself wholly to his work. His occupations were constant, almost incessant. He went to his office daily at eight o'clock, and rarely returned home until one or two. During this time he was almost incessantly engaged in college matters, giving his personal attention to the minutest details, and always ready to receive visitors on college business. It has sometimes been sneeringly alleged that General Lee was only "a figure-head" at Washington College, kept there merely for the attraction of his splendid name. Never was slander more false; for it was a slander upon him, more even than a slur upon the College. Never was a college president more laborious than he. He gave all his great powers entirely to his work. Though ably assisted by subordinate officers, whom he well knew how to employ, he yet had an eye for the supervision of every detail. The buildings, the repairs, the college walks and grounds, the wood-yard, the mess-hall, all received his attention, and a large portion of his time was given to the purely business affairs of the College. His office was always open to students or professors, all of whose interest received his ready consideration. His correspondence meanwhile was very heavy, yet no letter that called for an answer was ever neglected. It has been recently stated by an editor* that to a circular-letter of general

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educational interest, addressed by him to a large number of college presidents, General Lee was the only one that replied; yet he was the greatest and perhaps the busiest of them all. In addition to the formal circulars, which he always revised and signed himself, his correspondence with the parents and guardians of students was intimate and explicit, on every occasion that required such correspondence. Many of those letters are models of beautiful composition and noble sentiment.

These varied duties grew upon him year after year with the expanding interest of the College; and year after year he seemed to become more devoted to them. Again and again did the trustees and faculty seek to lessen his labors; but his carefulness of duty and natural love of work seemed to render it impossible. The writer has heard the remark made that General Lee gave himself to the duties of President of Washington College as though he had never known any other duties or any other ambition; and this was true. He himself writes to an old and famous comrade in arms, that he was "charmed with the duties of civil life." It can be truly said that he was wholly absorbed in his work, his noble conception of which made it great and worthy, even for him. This, we doubt not, is the explanation of the non-fulfilment of his purpose of writing the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. That he did entertain such a purpose, there can be no doubt; and he doubtless cherished the hope in accepting the presidency of Washington College, that he should there find leisure to complete the design. But once devoted to these duties, he found that they grew upon him and he gave himself up to them more and more, doubtless finding in them also a more and more acceptable relief from the recollections of that stirring but painful history; until at last the purpose was overlaid, and finally, we believe, abandoned. He felt, we would fain believe, that for him the past, at least, was secure, and that other hands would surely vindicate his fame and that of his beloved army; while for himself he found a more congenial task, and a more absorbing motive, in laboring for the living present and for the future, on behalf of the sons and orphans of those who, in that army, had so often followed him to battle and victory.

But General Lee was not only earnest and laborious, he was also able as a college president. He was perfectly master of the situation, and thoroughly wise and skilful in all of its duties, of organization and of policy, as well as of detail. To this let

the results of his administration bear testimony. He found the College practically bankrupt, disorganized, deserted; he left it rich, strong, and crowded with students. It was not merely numbers that he brought to it, for these his great fame alone would have attracted; he gave it organization, unity, energy, and practical success. In entering upon his presidency, he seemed at once fully to comprehend the wants of the College; and its history during the next five years was but the development of his plans and the reflection of his wise energy. And these plans were not fragmentary, nor was this energy merely an industrial zeal. He had from the beginning a distinct policy, which he had fully conceived, and to which he steadily adhered; so that all his particular measures of progress were but consistent steps in its development. His object was nothing less than to establish and perfect an institution which should meet the highest needs of education in every department. At once, and without waiting for the means to be provided in advance, he proceeded to develop this object. Under his advice new chairs were created, and professors called to fill them; so that, before the end of the first year, the faculty was doubled in number. Still additional chairs were created, and finally a complete system of schools was established and brought into full operation. To these schools, or distinct departments, each one of which was complete in itself and under the individual control of its own professor, he gave a compact and unique organization into a system of complete courses with corresponding diplomas and degrees; which, while securing the perfect distinctness and responsibility of each school, gave a perfect unity to them all. These courses were so adapted and mutually arranged, under their common organization and his general control, as to escape alike the errors of the purely elective system on the one hand and of the close curriculum on the other, and to secure, by a happy compromise, the best advantages of both. So admirable was this plan conceived and administered by General Lee that, heterogeneous as were the students, especially in the earlier years, each one found at once his proper place, and all were kept in the line of complete and systematic study. Under this organization, and especially under the inspiration of his central influence, the utmost harmony and the utmost energy pervaded all the departments of the College. The highest powers of both professors and students were called forth, under the fullest responsibility. The standards of scholarship were rapidly advanced; and soon the graduates of Washington College were the acknowledged equals

of those from the best institutions elsewhere, and were eagerly sought after for the highest positions as teachers in the best schools. These results, which, even in the few years of his administration, had become universally acknowledged throughout the South, were due directly and immediately, more than to all other causes, to the personal ability and influence of General Lee as President of the College.

General Lee's plans for the development of Washington College were not simply progressive; they were distinct and definite. He aimed to make this College represent at once the wants and the genius of the country. He fully realized the needs of the present age, and he desired to adapt the education of the people to their condition and their destiny. He was the ardent advocate of complete classical and literary culture. Under his influence, the classical and literary schools of the College were fully sustained. Yet he recognized the fact that material well-being is, for a people, a condition of all high civilization, and therefore, though utterly out of sympathy with the modern advocates of materialistic education, he sought to provide all the means for the development of science, and for its practical applications. He thought, indeed, that the best antidote to the materialistic tendencies of a purely scientific training was to be found in the liberalizing influences of literary culture, and that scientific and professional schools could best be taught when surrounded by the associations of a literary institution. He sought, therefore, to establish this mutual connection, and to consolidate all the departments of literary, scientific, and professional education under a common organization. Hence, at an early day, he called into existence the schools of Applied Mathematics, and Engineering, and of Law, as part of the collegiate organization; and later he submitted to the trustees a plan for the complete development of the scientific and professional departments of the College, which will ever remain as an example of his enlarged wisdom, and which has anticipated, by many years we fear, the practical attainments of any school in this country. In addition to all the other reasons for mourning the death of Lee, it is to be deeply regretted, not only for Washington College, but for the sake of the education of the country, that he did not live to complete his great designs. Had he done so, he would probably have left behind him an institution of learning which would have been a not less illustrious monument of his character than his most brilliant military achievements. As it

is, Washington College, henceforth forever associated with his name, will also be inseparably associated with the memory of his noble influence and of his wise and far-sighted plans. Had this been the profession of his life, General Lee would have been not less famous, relatively, among college presidents than he is now among soldiers. Now, after having won, in other fields, a world-wide fame, he has, in this last labor of his life, displayed an ability and developed a power for the highest achievements, such as form no small part of the fame even of his distinguished career.

Such, briefly and imperfectly sketched, was General Lee as a College President. And surely this part of his life deserves to be remembered and commemorated by those who hold his memory dear. In it he exhibited all those great qualities of character which had made his name already so illustrious; while, in addition, he sustained trials and sorrows without which the highest perfections of that character could never have been so signally displayed. This life at Washington College, so devoted, so earnest, so laborious, so full of far-reaching plans and of wise and successful effort, was begun under the weight of a disappointment which might have broken any ordinary strength, and was maintained, in the midst of public and private misfortune, with a serene patience, and a mingled firmness and sweetness of temper, that give additional brilliancy even to the glory of his former fame. It was his high privilege to meet alike the temptations and perils of the highest stations before the eyes of the world, and the cares and labors of the most responsible duties of private life under the most trying circumstances, and to exhibit in all alike the qualities of a great and consistent character, founded in the noblest endowments, and sustained by the loftiest principles of virtue and religion. It is a privilege henceforth for the teachers of our country that their profession, in its humble yet arduous labors, its great and its petty cares, has been illustrated by the devotion of such a man. It is an honor for all our colleges that one of them is henceforth identified with the memory of his name and of his work. It is a boon for us all; an honor to the country, which in its whole length and breadth will soon be proud to claim his fame; an honor to human nature itself, that this great character, so often and so severely tried, has thus approved itself consistent, serene and grand, alike in peace and in war, in the humblest as well as in the highest offices. Among the monuments which

shall perpetuate his fame, not the least honorable will be that which shall commemorate his life at Washington College; and among the materials out of which the historian shall construct his future biography, not the least interesting, we are sure, will be the simple record of these last years of silent but sublime labor—of peaceful yet noble and far-reaching aspiration—in behalf of his beloved and suffering people of the South.

EDWARD S. JOYNES.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, December, 1870.

I will only add to this admirable sketch of Dr. Joynes's several things that I well remember, and several of his letters written while he was President, and relating to College matters. In the administration of the affairs of the College General Lee was very particular about *small* matters, and required that everything belonging to it should be properly used, taken care of, and accounted for; his keen eye was sure to detect the slightest departure from this inflexible law. If an old fence was removed he required that the timbers should be carefully preserved; and when spades, shovels, or axes were worn out they had to be collected and disposed of to the best advantage.

Upon one occasion a locust tree had to be cut down to make way for some new walks that were being constructed through the College grounds. The efficient Proctor (Captain G.) directed that a maul which was needed to "set" the stone on the walks should be constructed from the butt end of this tree. But the General, who had a great fondness for locust posts, had determined to have some gate posts made from this same tree, and when he found out what had been done he said to Captain G., with some sharpness of tone, "Well, sir, your maul will be an expensive one. You might have ordered one *from New York*, or even imported it *from Liverpool* at less cost."

During a meeting of the faculty one of the professors having occasion to refer to the catalogue of the College picked up one ready wrapped for mailing, and was about to tear off the wrapper when the General stopped him, handed him another catalogue and quietly remarked, "We must take care of these small matters."

The following is a specimen of the letters—many of which I found in his letter-book—he would write to parents of delinquent students:

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, December 12, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am glad to inform you that your son has made more progress in his studies during the month of November than he did in October, and, as far as I can judge from the reports of his professors, he is fully capable of acquiring a sound education, provided he will faithfully apply himself. I am sorry, however, to state that he has been absent several times from his lectures in the month of November. Thirteen times he tells me he was prevented from attending by sickness, but five times, he says, he intentionally absented himself. He absented himself in the same way several times in October; and I then explained to him the necessity of punctual and regular attendance in his classes, which he promised to observe.

I have again impressed upon him the necessity, and again he promises amendment; but I have thought it proper to write to you on the subject that you might use your authority with him; for I have been obliged to give him to understand that, if this conduct is repeated, I shall be obliged to return him to you.

Hoping that I may be spared the necessity, I remain,

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

To ————, ESQ.

At this period the State of Virginia was "Military District No. 1," and Lexington was occupied by a strong provost guard commanded by an officer who seemed to be very anxious to make difficulties between the negroes and the students of General Lee's College. And, in an evident desire to involve General Lee, he would address him frequent complaints of what the students were reported to have done or were *going to do*. The following is General Lee's reply to one of these complaints:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA,
November 20, 1868.

COLONEL:

I have received your letter of the 19th inst., which gave me the first intimation I had received of the proposed meeting of the colored people of Lexington.

The Faculty and students of the college, to whom the subject has been mentioned, were equally ignorant of the contemplated assembly; and I do not think the students have any intention of disturbing the meeting.

Everything, however, in our power will be done by the Faculty as well as myself to prevent any of the students attending; and I heartily concur with you in the hope that the peace and quiet of the community may at all times be preserved.

I have the honor to be, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

Colonel ————

But while General Lee did not believe that the students had any purpose of disturbing the meeting of the negroes, out of abundant caution, he issued to the students the following address:

Washington College, November 20, 1868.

It has been reported to the Faculty of Washington College that some of the students have threatened to disturb a public meeting of the colored people of Lexington, to be held at the Fair Grounds this evening, the 20th inst.

It is not believed that the students of this College, who have heretofore conducted themselves in such an exemplary manner, would do anything to disturb the public peace, or bring discredit on themselves or the institution to which they belong; but it is feared that some, prompted by curiosity, or a desire to witness the proceedings, may be present. The President, therefore, requests all students to abstain from attending this and all similar meetings; and thinks it only necessary to call their attention to the advantages of attending strictly, as heretofore, to their important duties at the College, and of, in no way, interfering with the business of others. From past experience they may feel certain that, should any disturbance occur, efforts will be made to fix the blame on Washington College. It therefore behooves every student to keep away from all such assemblies.

Respectfully,

R. E. Lee,

President of Washington College.

The following was one of his Christmas bulletins:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA,
December 24, 1869.

Academic exercises will be suspended from the 25th to the 27th inclusive, to enable the students to join in the rites and services appropriate to the occasion; and, while enjoying these privileges with grateful hearts, all are urged to do or countenance nothing which may disturb the peace, harmony, and happiness that should pervade a Christian community.

R. E. LEE,
President.

When his old comrade Gen. R. S. Ewell made a contribution to Washington College "to increase the President's salary," he wrote the following:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA,
March 3, 1868.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I have just seen a letter from General Lilly, stating that you had given five hundred dollars to the endowment of Washington College, with the condition that it be applied to increasing my salary. The generous donation on your part was not necessary to convince me of the lively interest you retain for the institutions of your native State, or of your friendly consideration for myself. I fully appreciate the kind motives which prompted you thus to appropriate it. But, when I tell you that I already receive a larger amount from the College than my services are worth, you will see the propriety of my not consenting that it should be increased.

The great want of the College is more extensive buildings, suitable libraries, cabinets, philosophical and chemical apparatus, etc. A liberal endowment will enable it to enlarge the means of its usefulness, to afford the facilities of education to worthy young men who might not otherwise obtain one, and, as we must look to the rising generation for the restoration of the country, it can do more good in this way than any other.

I hope, now that your care and toils are over, that your health, under the pleasing influences of your present life, has been greatly improved. For my own part, I much enjoy the charms of civil life, and find too late that I have wasted the best years of my existence.

I beg that you will remember me most kindly to Mrs. Ewell, Mr. Turner, and Major Brown; and believe me, truly,

Your friend,

R. E. Lee.

Gen. R. S. Ewell.

The trustees of the College had always been anxious to increase President Lee's salary, and to provide properly for his support, but they always found an insuperable obstacle in his refusal to accept any increase of his salary. On the 19th of April, 1870, during General Lee's absence in quest of health, the Board took action deeding to Mrs. Lee the President's house and providing for her an annuity of $3,500.

On General Lee's return he wrote the following reply to the letter informing him of this action:

Washington College, Virginia,
May 28, 1870.

Hon. John W. Brockenbrough,
Rector, Washington College, Va.

My dear Sir: I received with feelings of deepest gratitude the resolutions of the Board of Trustees of Washington College, at their meeting on the 19th ult. The warm sympathy expressed at my sickness, and the cordial approval of my absence, rendered more grateful to me the generous provisions for the support of my family. Though fully sensible of the kindness of the Board, and justly appreciating the manner in which they sought to administer to my relief, I am unwilling that my family should become a tax to the College, but desire that all its funds should be devoted to the purposes of education. I know that my wishes on this subject are equally shared by my wife, and I, therefore, request that the provisions of the fourth and fifth resolutions, adopted at the session of the 19th of April, may not be carried into effect. I feel full assurance that, in case a competency should not be left to my wife, her children would never suffer her to want.

With my warmest gratitude for the consideration of the Board of Trustees, and my special thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated to me their action,

I am, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

The following letters explain themselves:

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, 26th February, 1870.

GEN. WM. S. HARNEY,
Maj.-Gen., U. S. A., St. Louis, Missouri.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have learned through a letter from General Lilly to a member of the Endowment Committee of Washington College your kind sentiments toward the institution and of your generous donation for the endowment of the Presidential chair. This information recalls so vividly to my mind the kind acts extended to me in former years, that I hope you will allow me in thanking you in the name of the Trustees of the College for your aid in their plans of education to express to you my individual thanks for the manner in which it has been bestowed.

Wishing you health and happiness,

I am, very respectfully, etc.,

R. E. LEE.

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, 19th February, 1870.

MONSIEUR DEVISMES, Fabricant des Armes,
Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

SIR: Colonel McCullough since his return from France has described to me his interesting visit to your Laboratory, and your friendly feelings to the people of the Southern States of North America. I am, therefore, induced in presenting to you my thanks for the skilful workmanship you bestowed upon the beautiful sword sent me by a friend in Paris in 1863, to express you my gratitude for your kind sentiments toward the people of the South.

With much respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

The distinguished gentleman to whom the following was addressed was (together with Professor Long) one of the able corps of English professors whom Jefferson induced to come as members of the first faculty of the University of Virginia:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA,
17th February, 1870.

PROF. I. HEWITT KEYE, A. F. R. L.,
21 Westbourne Square, W. London.

DEAR SIR: I have received by the hands of Colonel McCullough the two volumes you have presented to the library of Washington College,—a copy of your philological Essays, and

your Latin Grammar; they are highly valued for their intrinsic merits and for the kind feelings their donation evinces toward a State for whose benefit the labors of your early life were so well bestowed, and by whose people your memory is still warmly cherished. I beg also to return you my sincere thanks for the kindness extended to Colonel McCullough during his visit to London, and for the interest you take in Washington College. You will lay me under additional obligations if you will present my regards to your former colleague, Prof. George Long, and my grateful thanks for his excellent translation of the thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus; my acknowledgments for which I hope have reached him.

Wishing you much happiness and continued usefulness, I am, with great respect, Your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

The following to his beloved friend and gallant lieutenant, Gen. John B. Gordon, was one of the many similar letters in which he declined other most lucrative positions because he was determined to remain at his post as President of Washington College:

Lexington, Virginia, 14th December, 1869.

Gen. J. B. Gordon,

Pres. So. Life Ins. Co., Atlanta, Ga.

My dear General: I have received your letter of the 3d inst. and am duly sensible of the kind feelings which prompted your proposal. It would be a great pleasure to me to be associated with you, Hampton, Ben. H. Hill, and the other good men whose names I see on your list of directors, but I feel that I ought not to abandon the position I hold at Washington College at this time or as long as I can be of service to it. Thanking you for your kind consideration, to which I know I am alone indebted for your proposition to become the President of the Southern Life Insurance Company, and with my kindest regards to Mrs. Gordon, and my best wishes for yourself,

I am very truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

I cannot better close this chapter than by quoting the conclusion of a Memorial Sermon preached in Citadel Square Baptist Church, Charleston, S. C., by the pastor, Rev. E. T. Winkler, D. D.:

When I seek to penetrate into the mind of our great leader, to understand how he, who failed to save the country by the sword, still hoped to save its laws, its institutions, its customs, its sciences, its letters, its magistracies, its altars,—all that has been overwhelmed by a fierce and tumultuous democracy,—I admire the simple and noble expedient to which he resorted. General Lee established new claims to the reverence of his countrymen when he exchanged the camp for the college, and the sword for the pen.

Men have praised his modest retirement to scholastic retreats when the war was over, his silence amid political clamors, his labors in failing health, his devotion to the interests of peace, and virtue, and religion. How few realize that, in the quiet hall of the lecturer and professor, he renewed the war, transferring it to the sphere of mind! A year before his death Washington liberally endowed the college that bears his name in Lexington, a town situated on the high western bank of North River, a little over a hundred miles from Richmond. The Virginia Military Institute is there, where Stonewall Jackson taught, and there is that lamented warrior's grave. There his commander now reposes.

"They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they are not divided." Lexington is the parable of the great Virginia soldiers. In that quiet scholastic retreat, in that city set upon a hill and crowned with martial trophies, they, being dead, yet speak. Richmond desires his body. It is natural that the metropolis he defended so bravely and so long should yearn for that mighty presence. But the removal of his remains from Lexington would obscure the final lesson of his career. At Lexington the Southern leader intrenched himself upon the battlefield of intelligence and gathered around him the ardent youth of a new generation, and the spirits of the illustrious dead, for the redemption of his conquered country. Lexington is the capital upon the column, otherwise incomplete, of a harmonious and beautiful patriotism.

The earthworks he erected are fast disappearing. The fields he glorified by his valor have swept away the stains of heroic blood, and are now robed as with a golden vesture in the yellow autumnal grain. The cause for which he contended is lost. Yet the great character is immortal, and the great lesson remains. O ye, in whose service that perfect mechanism was worn out, for whom he endured sleepless nights, watchful days; for

whom he planned and marched; for whom he encountered exposures, and perils, and privation, and combats, until defense after defense of Nature was carried, and the citadel of life was assailed, and spotless sword was surrendered to the grim conqueror, revere that last legacy, so simple, as coming from the war-worn soldier. Take care of your institutions of learning. Esteem education, mental, moral, and religious, as the only bulwark of the republic. Regard service and sacrifice, not as the means of success, but as the true glory of life. And think of manliness as attaining its noblest elevation when it bows before the cross of Jesus Christ.

As David composed "The Song of the Bow," to celebrate the glory of that warrior king who had checked the invaders of Palestine, and at last fell upon the memorable mountains of Gilboa, so will the people of this land, for countless generations, celebrate the memory of the consummate soldier who resisted the overwhelming flood of our enemies, and guarded for years the vast bulwarks of our country, until, battle-spent, he died—a nobler chief than Saul—a hero adorned with religion, and vindicating his country less by his prowess than by his pure virtues. Favored land, which has produced so rare a spirit, which encircles by its boundaries the fields of his shining valor, which has so long beheld a monument to the glory of religion in the person of her most honored son! Favored land, where the echoes of his prayers still linger, after the trumpets of his charging squadrons have died away! Favored land, where the laurels, and the standards, and the spoils of war lie low before the Mercy-Seat! Favored land, where the spirit of her greatest son is expressed in the inspired ascription of old, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory!"

CHAPTER XI

ANALYSIS OF HIS CHARACTER

Devotion to duty the keynote of his life—This illustrated by an anecdote given by Gen. John B. Magruder—Incident given by Ex-President Davis—Bishop Wilmer's interview with him—What he wrote on loose sheets found in his army satchel—Modest humility, simplicity, and gentleness of Lee illustrated by incidents and his own letters—His temperate habits and efforts to promote temperance in others—His refusals to accept gifts—Illustrations—His lack of nepotism illustrated—His social character illustrated—Wonderful memory of names and faces—Genial conversation, quiet wit or broad humor illustrated by anecdotes and letters—His domestic life further illustrated—Letter to Mr. Davis on his release from prison—His love for children illustrated—His Christian character illustrated by incidents, letters and extracts from his orders and dispatches—A man of prayer and a devout Bible student—A "son of consolation" to the afflicted.

I have given in previous chapters incidents and letters illustrating the character of the soldier and man whose life I have outlined, but I must now bring out briefly some points in his character which might be illustrated at great length, as the material is very abundant.

Devotion to Duty.—This was the keystone of Lee's life. The letter which has been so extensively published, purporting to be written by him at Arlington to his son Custis at West Point, in which occurs the expression "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language," is unquestionably spurious, the product of some ingenious newspaper correspondent who got at Arlington a number of General Lee's letters, and taking extracts from several manufactured one to his taste! But that expression did occur in one of Lee's letters to his son, and it is certain that all through his life he acted on it.

Whether as the dutiful son devoting himself to the comfort of his mother; the cadet at West Point passing through the Academy without ever receiving a demerit; the officer in the

United States Army; the General in the Confederate Army; or the College President—duty was the pole star which guided him throughout his eventful career.

Gen. John B. Magruder related an incident to the effect that after the capture of the City of Mexico a party of American officers were having a banquet in one of the palaces when a toast was proposed, "To the young engineer officer whose skill and gallantry has found a path for the American army into the halls of the Montezumas."

Looking around they perceived that Captain Lee was absent, and sent Magruder to find and bring him to the banquet hall. After a search Magruder found him in a distant room busy on a map, and accosting him, reproached him for his absence from the banquet, and insisted upon his going at once with him. The earnest worker looked up from his work with a calm, mild gaze which is so well remembered, pointed to his instruments and shook his head.

"But," exclaimed Magruder in his impetuous way, "this is mere drudgery! Make some clerk do it, and you come with me!" "No," was the reply, "No, I am but doing my duty, and with me in small matters, as well as in large ones, duty must come before pleasure!"

At the great Lee Memorial meeting in Richmond, Ex-President Davis, in the eloquent speech which he made, related this incident: While Mr. Davis was Secretary of War the Cuban Junta in New York selected Captain Lee of the Engineers to be the leader of the revolution which they were then projecting in the Island of Cuba, and offered him rank, pay, and emoluments far beyond what he could hope to attain in the United States service. He went to Washington to consult Mr. Davis, and he began a discussion of the military problem, but Lee interrupted him to say that it was not so much that upon which he wished advice, but upon this question—he had been educated in the service of the United States and he doubted whether it would now be right for him to accept place and pay under a

foreign government. Deciding this in the negative he did not hesitate to remain in the United States Army, and rejected the tempting offer made to him.

But when his native State, Virginia, called him into her service in 1861, he felt it his duty, as we have seen, to reject the supreme command of the United States armies, which was tendered him, and obey the call of his old Mother.

In reference to General Lee's views and feelings at the breaking out of the war, Bishop Joseph P. B. Wilmer of Louisiana, in a Memorial address, testifies as follows:

> In what temper of mind he entered this contest, I can speak with some confidence, from personal interviews with him soon after the commencement of hostilities. "Is it your expectation," I asked, "that the issue of this war will be to perpetuate the institution of slavery?"
>
> "The future is in the hands of Providence," he replied. "If the slaves of the South were mine, I would surrender them all without a struggle, to avert this war."
>
> I asked him, next, upon what his calculations were based in so unequal a contest, and how he expected to win success; was he looking to divided counsels in the North, or to foreign interposition? His answer showed how little he was affected by the hopes and fears which agitated ordinary minds: "My reliance is in the help of God."
>
> "Are you sanguine of the result?" I ventured to inquire. "At present I am not concerned with results. God's will ought to be our aim, and I am quite contented that His designs should be accomplished and not mine."

And so, all through that great contest,—in the hour of victory and the hour of defeat alike,—he seemed animated only by a desire *to do his duty,* whatever others might think.

One day in 1866 the writer was conversing with General Lee in reference to certain results of the war, when he said, very emphatically, "Yes, all that is very sad, and might be a cause of self-reproach, *but that we are conscious that we have humbly tried to do our duty.* We may, therefore, with calm satisfaction, trust in God, and leave results to him."

After the surrender he determined that it was *his duty* to remain in his native State, share her fortunes, and abide all the perils of personal danger which then seemed to surround him.

He said to an intimate friend who visited him in Richmond soon after the surrender, "What course I shall pursue I have not decided upon, and each man must be the judge of his own action. We must all, however, resolve on one thing—not to abandon our country. Now, more than at any other time, Virginia and every State in the South needs us. We must try and, with as little delay as possible, go to work to build up their prosperity. The young men especially must stay at home, bearing themselves in such a manner as to gain the esteem of every one at the same time that they maintain their own self-respect."

It was my sad privilege, not long after General Lee's death, to look over some papers found in his army satchel, together with his parole, and other things which had not been disturbed since his return from Appomattox Court House. On loose sheets he had written—evidently to amuse a leisure hour in camp—a great many maxims, proverbs, quotations from the Psalms, selections from standard authors, and reflections of his own. On one sheet was found, in his well-known handwriting, the following:

Private and public life are subject to the same rules; and truth and manliness are two qualities that will carry you through this world much better than *policy,* or *tact,* or *expediency,* or any other word that was ever devised to conceal or mystify a deviation from a straight line.

On another sheet he had written:

The warmest instincts of every man's soul declare the glory of the soldier's death. It is more appropriate to the Christian than to the Greek to sing:

> "Glorious his fate, and envied is his lot,
> Who for his country fights and for it dies."

There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done—the honor of the integrity of principle.

In these days of policy and "short cuts" these words should be written in letters of gold where the youth of the country would see, and read them, and imitate the example of the man who always walked the path of Duty as God gave him to see it.

Modest Humility, Simplicity, and Gentleness—these were preeminent characteristics of Lee.

If ever there lived a man who might of right be *proud,* it was he. Descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors; allied by marriage to the family of George Washington; of manly beauty rarely equaled; with honors constantly clustering around his brow until his fame was co-extensive with two continents—it would surely have been excusable had he exhibited, if not a haughty spirit, at least *a consciousness* of his superiority and his fame.

But modest humility, simplicity, and gentleness were most conspicuous in his daily life. Scrupulously neat in his dress, he was always simply attired and carefully avoided the gold lace and feathers in which others delighted. During the war he usually wore a suit of gray, without ornaments, and with no insignia of rank, save three stars on his collar, which every Confederate colonel was entitled to wear. But he always kept a handsomer (though equally simple) uniform which he wore upon occasions of ceremony. Gen. W. N. Pendleton, chief of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, relates that on the morning of the surrender he found him before daybreak dressed in his neatest style, and that to his inquiries he pleasantly replied, "If I am to be General Grant's prisoner today I intend to make my best appearance." There was a smaller number of attendants about General Lee's headquarters and less display of "the pomp and circumstances of war" than about the quarters of many officers of inferior rank. He was frequently seen riding alone among the troops or attended by a single courier, more than half of the time with his hat lifted in response to loving salutations or enthusiastic cheers from his ragged soldiers.

The following is a specimen of a number of letters I found in his letter-book in reply to parties offering to write his biography, or asking for material to enable them to do so:

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, December 7, 1869.

I have received your letter of the 3d inst. and am sensible of the implied compliment in your proposal to write a history of my life.

I should be happy to see you in Lexington, but not on the errand you propose, for I know of nothing good I could tell you of myself, and I fear I should not like to say any evil.

The few incidents of interest in which I have been engaged are as well known to others as to myself, and I know of nothing I could say in addition.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

General Lee rarely slept in a house—never outside of his lines—during the war, and when on the march some convenient fence corner would be his most frequent place of bivouac. The writer has not infrequently seen some colonel or major or quartermaster entertained in princely style at some hospitable mansion, while near by the commander-in-chief would bivouac in the open air.

He never allowed his mess to draw from the commissary more than they were entitled to, and not infrequently he would sit down to a dinner meagre in quality and scant in quantity.

He was exceedingly abstemious in his own habits. He never used tobacco, and rarely took even a single glass of wine. Whisky or brandy he did not drink, and he did all in his power to discourage their use by others.

In the spring of 1861, while on an inspection tour to Norfolk, a friend there insisted that he should take two bottles of very fine old "London Dock" brandy, remarking that he would be certain to need it and would find it very difficult to obtain so good an article. General Lee declined the offer, saying that he was sure he would not need it. "As proof that I will not," he said, "I may tell you that just as I was starting to the Mexican war a lady in Virginia prevailed on me

to take a bottle of fine old whisky which she thought I could not get on without. I carried that bottle all through the war without having had the slightest occasion to use it, and on my return home I sent it back to my good friend that she might be convinced that I could get on without liquor." But the gentleman still insisted, and the General politely yielded and took the two bottles. At the close of the war he met a brother of this gentleman (from whom I get this incident) in Lexington and said to him, "Tell your brother that I kept the brandy he gave me all through the war, and should have it yet, but that I was obliged to use it last summer in a severe illness of one of my daughters."

I was walking with him one day in Lexington during the sway of the military, when seeing a young man stagger out of one of the bar-rooms, he seemed very much annoyed by the spectacle, and said, "I wish that these military gentlemen, while they are doing so many things which they have no right to do, would close up all of these grog shops which are luring our young men to destruction."

That he felt a lively interest in promoting sobriety among the young men of the College, the following letter will show:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA, December 9, 1869.

MESSRS. S. G. M. MILLER, J. L. LOGAN, T. A. ASHBY, Committee.

GENTLEMEN: The announcement, in your letter of the 8th inst., of an organization of the "Friends of Temperance" in the College, has given me great gratification; I sincerely hope that it may be the cause of lasting good, not only to the members themselves, but to all those with whom they associate to the extent of their influence and example. My experience through life has convinced me that, while moderation and temperance in all things are commendable and beneficial, abstinence from spirituous liquors is the best safeguard to morals and health. The evidence on this subject that has come within my own observation is conclusive to my mind, and, without going into the recital, I cannot too earnestly exhort you to practice habitual temperance, so that you may form the habit in youth, and not feel the inclination, on temptation, to depart from it in manhood. By so doing your health will be maintained, your morals elevated, and your suc-

cess in life promoted. I shall at all times, and in whatever way I can, take great pleasure in advancing the object of your society, and you may rely on my cooperation in the important work which you have engaged.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

During the war he was accustomed to do everything in his power, both by precept and example, to prevent drunkenness among his officers who drank too freely, saying, "I cannot consent to place in the control of others one who cannot control himself."

It may be worth while for me to digress so far as to say that Stonewall Jackson, "Jeb" Stuart, and a large number of the most distinguished of the Confederate officers imitated the example of their chief, and were strict temperance men. Upon one occasion Jackson was suffering so much from fatigue and severe exposure that his surgeon prevailed on him to take a little brandy. He made a very wry face as he swallowed it, and the doctor asked, "Why, General, is not the brandy good? It is some that we have recently captured, and I think it very fine." "Oh, yes," was the reply, "it is very good brandy. I like liquor—its taste and its effects—and that is just the reason why I never drink it." Upon another occasion, after a long ride in a drenching rain, a brother officer insisted upon Jackson's taking a drink with him, but he firmly replied, "No, sir; I cannot do it. I tell you *I am more afraid of King Alcohol than of all the bullets of the enemy.*"

The young men of the country who think that it is *manly* to drink, and cowardly to refuse, would do well to study and imitate the example of these two great men.

One day on his lines, when reconnoitering the position of the enemy, the men gathered around him and General Lee turned and said in a very quiet tone and manner, "Men, you had better go into the back yard; they are firing up here, and you are exposing yourselves to unnecessary danger." This order was promptly obeyed; but looking back, the men saw

the General, apparently unconscious of any danger for himself, walk across the yard in the direction of a low tree that grew a short distance from the spot where he stopped. On reaching it he stooped down, and picking up a small object from the ground placed it gently among the branches of the tree over his head. A few moments afterwards he mounted his horse and rode away to another part of the lines. We then found that the object which had so strangely attracted his attention, even under the enemy's fire, was a *young unfledged sparrow* that had fallen from its mother's nest and lay stunned and helpless on the ground.

The following was found in his own handwriting on one of the loose sheets in the satchel to which I have before referred:

The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a *true gentleman.*

The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, and employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be but the past. *A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.*

His spirit of Self-denial for the good of others.—This was closely allied to his modest humility. A number of illustrations of this have already been given, and only a few more, of the many, can now be added.

A great deal has been written of the famous dinner of sweet-potatoes to which Marion, the American partisan, invited the British officer. General Lee considered himself fortunate when he had a good supply of sweet-potatoes or a jug of buttermilk.

General Ewell told the writer, not long before his death, that being at General Lee's headquarters before the evacuation

of Petersburg, and being unable to remain to dinner, the General insisted upon his taking his lunch, which he found to be two cold sweet-potatoes, of which he said he was very fond.

Luxuries which friends sent for his mess-table went regularly to the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and he was accustomed to say, "I am content to share the rations of my men."

We have seen how he refused the house offered him by the city of Richmond during the war.

After the war offers of pecuniary help poured in upon him. An English nobleman offered him a country seat in England and an annuity of £3,000. He was offered a salary of $50,000 to go to New York and become president of a company to promote Southern commerce.

I found his letter-book filled with replies to offers of this character. He said to the English nobleman, with a graceful expression of his appreciation of his kind offer, "I must abide the fortunes and share the fate of my people." To the rest he replied, "I cannot leave my present position. I have a self-imposed task. I have led the young men of the South in battle. I must teach their sons to discharge their duty in life."

An insurance company offered him a salary of $10,000 to become their president, and sent a distinguished Confederate soldier to urge his acceptance. To his reply that he could not discharge its duties without giving up the presidency of the College, and that he could not do that, the reply was made, "We do not wish you to give up your present position, General, or to discharge any duties in connection with our company. The truth is that we only want *your name* connected with the company. *That* would amply compensate us for the salary we offer you." General Lee's face flushed, and his whole manner indicated his displeasure as he replied, "I am sorry, sir, that you are so little acquainted with my character as to suppose that *my name is for sale at any price.*"

We have already seen how he refused to allow the trustees of the College to increase his salary, or to settle the President's house and a handsome annuity on Mrs. Lee.

It may be added that the trustees delicately persisted in their purpose, and after General Lee's death sent Mrs. Lee a check for the first quarter of the annuity; but this noble Virginia matron, catching the spirit of her husband, promptly returned the check, and in a beautiful letter said that she could not accept the annuity, or the house, but was prepared to give place to the new President whom they should elect.

Fortunately the trustees elected as their new President Gen. G. W. C. Lee, the accomplished son of his noble sire, and thus Mrs. Lee lived, and died, in the house to which she had become so much attached.

We have in the chapter on the College President given his letter to General Ewell, declining to use his contribution of $500 "to increase the salary of the President," and saying, "I already receive more salary than my poor services are worth."

Illustrations of his refusal to take gifts might be almost indefinitely multiplied.

In this respect he was like George Washington, and Jefferson Davis, who refused the gift of a house from the city of Richmond, and after the war declined a large sum which his friends raised for his support; and Wade Hampton, and John B. Gordon, both of whom refused to allow their friends to rebuild their homes when burned. If he differed from certain others of our public men who have been all too eager to accept whatever gifts were offered them, so much the better for his simple taste and self-denying spirit.

Absence of nepotism preeminently characterized General Lee in all of his recommendations of men for promotion. His son Robert served as a private in the ranks of the Rockbridge Artillery, sharing with his comrades of that corps all of their dangers, hardships, drudgery, and privations, when a hint from his father would have secured him promotion to some place of honor. The General told, with evident relish, that during the battle of Sharpsburg he became very uneasy about Robert, knowing that his battery had suffered severely and not hearing

anything from him. At last he made it convenient to ride up to the battery, which had just been relieved from a very perilous position where it had suffered fearful loss, and had his fears increased by not recognizing his son among the men. To the hearty greeting of the brave fellows, he replied, "Well, you have done nobly today, but I shall be compelled to send you in again."

"Will you, General?" said a powder-begrimed youth whom he did not recognize, until he spoke, as his son Robert. "Well, boys! come on; the General says we must go in again, and you know he is in the habit of having his own way about such matters." Thus the anxiety of the commander-in-chief was relieved, and his son went gaily to work at his gun, and contributed his full share toward "keeping those people back."

I had the following from the lips of the distinguished officer, Gen. John Echols, who related it:

When General Echols was compelled by failing health to ask to be relieved from the command of southwest Virginia, he went to Richmond to confer with President Davis as to his successor, and to endeavor to impress upon him the very great importance of the district, and of the commander being a man of fine ability. Mr. Davis fully sympathized with his views, and, after reflection, said, "I know of no better man for that position than Gen. Custis Lee. To show you my estimate of his ability, I will say that, when some time ago I thought of sending General Lee to command the Western Army, I had determined that his son Custis should succeed him in command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Now, I wish you to go up and see General Lee, tell him what I say, and ask him to order General Custis Lee to the command of that department. Tell him I will make his son major-general, lieutenant-general, or, if need be, full general, so that he may rank any officer likely to be sent to that department."

General Echols promptly sought Lee's headquarters, delivered Mr. Davis's message, and urged compliance. But to all of his arguments and entreaties the old chieftain had but one reply, "I am very much obliged to Mr. Davis for his high

opinion of Custis Lee. I hope that, if he had the opportunity, he will prove himself in some measure worthy of that confidence. But he is an untried man in the field, and I cannot appoint him to that command. Very much against his wishes and my own, Mr. Davis has kept him on his personal staff, and he has had no opportunity to prove his ability to handle an army in the field. Whatever may be the opinion of others, I cannot pass by my tried officers and take for that important position a comparatively new man—especially when that man is my own son. Mr. Davis can make the assignment if he thinks proper—I shall certainly not do so."

The records of the Confederate War Department would be searched in vain for any word of General Lee seeking place either for himself or son.

Rev. Dr. T. V. Moore, so long pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Richmond, and who died in Nashville, Tennessee, related the following in his memorial sermon:

> After the cartel for the exchange of prisoners during the war was suspended, one of his own sons was taken prisoner. A Federal officer of the same rank in Libby Prison sent for me, and wished me to write to General Lee, begging him to obtain the consent of the Confederate authorities to his release, provided he could, as he felt sure would be the case, induce the United States authorities to send General Lee's son to the lines to effect this special exchange.
>
> In a few days a reply was received in which, with the lofty spirit of a Roman Brutus, he respectfully but firmly declined *to ask any favor for his own son that could not be asked for the humblest soldier in the army.* The officer, while disappointed, was yet so struck with the unselfish nobleness of the reply that he begged the letter from me as a memento of General Lee, adding, with deep emphasis, "Sir, I regard him as the greatest man now living."

It will add greatly to the force of the above incident to recall the fact that the son (Gen. W. H. F. Lee) was at home, severely wounded, at the time he was captured; that his accomplished wife was lying at the point of death, and actually died before his release (the Federal authorities refusing to allow

Gen. Custis Lee to take the place of his brother, as he nobly offered to do), and that he was closely confined in a casemate at Fortress Monroe and threatened with death by hanging in retaliation for alleged cruelty on the part of the Confederate authorities toward certain Federal prisoners.

Only those who knew how devoted to his children General Lee was can appreciate the noble self-denial which he exercised when, under these circumstances, the tenderest feelings of a loving father were sacrificed to his sense of duty to his country.

Not long after his West Virginia campaign General Lee was recommending a certain officer for promotion, when a friend urged him not to do so, alleging that this officer was accustomed to speak very disparagingly and disrespectfully of him. The quick reply was, "The question is not what he thinks or is pleased to say about me, but what I think of him. I have a high opinion of this officer as a soldier, and shall most unquestionably recommend his promotion, and do all in my power to secure it."

Surely the pages of this world's history afford no nobler example of self-denial for the good of others than that of the modest, unobtrusive life of the Christian soldier and model man—*Robert Edward Lee.*

The Social Character of this great man was in every respect very beautiful and admirable. He had about him a quiet dignity which forbade all undue familiarity, and those who only saw him amid the pressing cares of the war might call him "reserved;" but in the social circle he showed a charming affability and courtesy which won the hearts of all who had the privilege of meeting him thus.

It is related that during one of his great marches a plain old farmer started out from his home with the full purpose of seeing General Lee. Riding up to a bivouac fire around which some officers were gathered, he was so courteously received by a plainly dressed "colonel" that he forgot his special

mission and accepted an invitation to join the group. Presently he turned to his polite "colonel," and expressing his great desire to see General Lee was very much astonished at the quiet reply, "I am General Lee, and I am most happy to have met you." Even amid his pressing duties at the College he found time to be the most thoroughly polite gentleman in the community. He seemed to think himself called on to visit all strangers who came to Lexington, and frequently surprised and delighted them by his unexpected courtesy. How often have I seen him in the stores and shops of the town chatting pleasantly with every comer, or walking a mile through mud or snow to call on some humble family who will hand it down as an event in their history that they had a visit from General Lee.

His house was the abode of real "old Virginia hospitality," and many visitors to Lexington recall with sad pleasure the grace and dignity with which they were welcomed to that model home. Quiet and unobtrusive, a good listener and always ready to allow others to lead the conversation, General Lee was yet possessed of very fine conversational powers and showed the greatest tact in adapting himself to the tastes of his guests and making them feel at home. A plain farmer upon whose lands our troops were once camped told me that he had less difficulty in gaining access to General Lee, was treated by him with far more courtesy, and felt more at home in his tent than with certain quartermasters with whom he came in contact.

In the spring of 1869 an old gentleman who was so deaf that it was exceedingly difficult to converse with him called one evening at General Lee's house. The room was full of company, but the General took his seat beside his deaf visitor, talked to him with apparent ease, chose such topics as he was familiar with, and conducted the conversation with such tact that the old gentleman went away charmed with his visit.

General Lee rarely forgot a face or a name. I have seen him frequently recognize at once some old soldier whom he had

barely met during the war, and who would be as surprised as delighted that his loved commander had not forgotten him. He knew by name nearly all of the ladies and children of Lexington and vicinity, and seemed worried if he ever met one whom he failed to recognize. I remember seeing him once at a public gathering very much annoyed at not knowing a young lady present, until he learned, by diligent inquiry, that she was a stranger who had just reached town that evening. The only occasion upon which I ever knew him to fail to recognize an old acquaintance was under the following circumstances: Seeing the General one morning coming down to the chapel with a gentleman who was evidently an Episcopal clergyman, I purposely threw myself in the way in order that I might be introduced, and thus have opportunity to ask him to officiate in my place at the chapel service. Noticing that in the introduction the General called my own name, but did not call that of the visitor, I said, "Excuse me, General, but I did not hear the name." With the inimitable grace peculiar to him he replied, "It is time for us to go in to the service." As I came down from the platform the General (whose seat, by the way, was always near the front) met me and said, "I am ashamed to say, sir, that I do not know the name of that gentleman. And I am so sure that I ought to know him that I would be sorry for him to find out that I do not recognize him. I wish that you would ascertain his name."

I immediately approached the gentleman, told him that I did not hear his name when introduced, and thus got him to give it. The General, who had followed within ear-shot, at once stepped up and began to introduce the gentleman to all around. The next day he said to me, "I was really very much ashamed at not knowing that gentleman yesterday. I ought to have recognized him at once. He spent at least an hour in my quarters in the City of Mexico just after its occupation by the American army, and although I have never seen him since (and had never seen him before) he made a very agreeable impression upon me, and I ought not to have forgotten him."

I never saw General Lee's courtesy desert him for a moment even amid the most trying circumstances. His uniform courtesy and kindness was sometimes abused by thoughtless visitors who obtruded upon him at unreasonable hours, and still more by letters which flooded his mails, and to which he was very careful to reply. While at Washington College he received bushels of letters from all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, and would worry himself to reply to them, when most men would have passed them by in silence. He one day showed me a letter from a distressed damsel in St. Louis, who said that her lover had been a soldier "either in Mr. Lee's or Mr. Johnston's army;" that she had not heard from him since the close of the war, and that his family reported him dead, but she believed that this was only a trick on their part to prevent him from marrying her. She wrote to beg that "Mr. Lee" would write her if he knew anything of him, and if he did not, that he would write for her to "Mr. Johnston" to see if he could give her any information. General Lee made the most diligent inquiries after the man in question, saying that he "would be very glad to relieve the poor woman if he could," and after all of his inquiries proved futile, he wrote her a kind letter of sympathy.

He received many letters from Federal officers, newspaper men, etc., and the mingled courtesy, tact, and quiet humor with which he would reply would form a most interesting chapter if it were proper to publish the letters in full.

I cannot, however, refrain from giving the following verbatim copy of a reply to a distinguished Federal general, who wrote to propound to him certain questions which are plainly indicated in General Lee's answer:

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, January 18, 1869.

DEAR SIR:

A reply to your letter of the 4th inst. would require more time than I can devote to it, and lead to a discussion of military affairs from which, for reasons that will occur to you, I hope that you will excuse me.

I will, therefore, only say that the failure of the Confederate army at Gettysburg was owing to a combination of circumstances, but for which success might have been reasonably expected.

It is presumed that General Burnside had good reasons for his move from Warrenton to Fredericksburg; and as far as I am able to judge, the earlier arrival of his pontoons at Aquia Creek would not have materially changed the result. Their appearance would only have produced an earlier concentration of the Confederate army at Fredericksburg.

As regards General McClellan, I have always entertained a high opinion of his capacity, and have no reason to think that he omitted to do anything that was in his power.

It is difficult for me to say what success would have attended the execution of your plan of moving the Federal army to Aquia Creek after its attack on Fredericksburg, and of threatening Richmond from Fortress Monroe with the available troops in that quarter and then entering the Rappahannock with the main army.

I do not think that the Confederate army would have retreated to Richmond until the movement developed the necessity.

After the accomplishment of an event it is so easy, with the aid of our after knowledge, to correct errors that arose from previous want of information that it is difficult to determine the weight that should be given to conclusions thus reached.

Thanking you for your expressions of kindness and regretting my inability to comply more fully with your wishes, I am very truly,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

The above letter was *never published;* but it is hoped that the distinguished gentleman to whom it was addressed will pardon its introduction here, as I have carefully suppressed his name. Upon another occasion he received a letter from some Spirit Rappers asking his opinion on certain great military movements. He wrote in reply a most courteous letter in which he said that the question was one about which military critics would differ; that his own judgment about such matters was but poor at best, and that inasmuch as they had power to consult (through their mediums) Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, Wellington, and all of the other great captains who have ever lived he could not think of obtruding his opinion into such company.

Not long after the close of the war General Lee received a letter from Gen. David Hunter of the Federal army, in which he begged information upon two points—1. His (Hunter's) campaign in the summer of 1864 was undertaken on information received at the War Department in Washington that General Lee was about to detach forty thousand picked troops to send to General Johnston. Did not his (Hunter's) movements prevent this and relieve Sherman to that extent? 2. When he found it necessary to retreat from before Lynchburg, did he not adopt the most feasible line of retreat?

General Lee wrote a very courteous reply in which he said, "The information upon which your campaign was undertaken was erroneous. I had *no troops* to spare General Johnston, and no intention of sending him any—*certainly not forty thousand, as that would have taken about all I had.* As to the second point, I would say that I am not advised as to the motives which induced you to adopt the line of retreat which you took, and am not, perhaps, competent to judge of the question; *but I certainly expected you to retreat by way of the Shenandoah Valley,* and was gratified at the time that you preferred the route through the mountains to the Ohio—leaving the Valley open for General Early's advance into Maryland."

There was a quiet humor, and upon occasion a keen wit in General Lee, which was only appreciated by those who came into intimate contact with him.

While in winter quarters at Petersburg a party of officers were one night busily engaged in discussing, at the same time, a mathematical problem and the contents of a stone jug which was garnished by two tin cups. In the midst of this General Lee came in to make some inquiry. He got the information he wanted, gave a solution of the problem, and went out, the officers expressing to each other the hope that the General had not noticed the jug and cups. The next day one of the officers, in the presence of the others, was relating to General Lee a very strange dream he had the night before. The General listened with apparent interest to the narrative, and quietly rejoined,

"That is not at all remarkable. When young gentlemen discuss at midnight mathematical problems, the 'unknown quantities' of which are *a stone jug and two tin cups,* they may expect to have strange dreams."

One day at Petersburg General Lee, who never suffered a day to pass without visiting some part of his lines, rode by the quarters of one of his major-generals and requested him to ride with him. As they were going he asked General —— if a certain work which he had ordered to be pushed was completed. He replied with some hesitation that it was, and General Lee then proposed that they should go and see it. Arriving at the spot it was found that little or no progress had been made since they were there a week before, and General —— was profuse in his apologies, saying that he had not seen the work since they were there together, but that he had ordered it to be completed at once, and that Major —— had informed him that it had been already finished. General Lee said nothing then, except to remark quietly, "We must give our personal attention to the lines." But riding on a little farther he began to compliment General —— on the splendid charger he rode. "Yes, sir," said General ——, "he is a splendid animal, and I prize him the more highly because he belongs to my wife, and is her favorite riding-horse." "A magnificent horse," rejoined General Lee, "but I should not think him safe for Mrs. —— to ride. He is entirely too spirited for a lady, and I would urge you by all means to take some of the mettle out of him before you suffer Mrs. —— to ride him again. And, by the way, General, I would suggest to you that *these rough paths along these trenches would be very admirable ground over which to tame him."* The face of the gallant soldier turned crimson; he felt most keenly the rebuke, and never afterwards reported the condition of his lines upon information received from Major ——, or any one else. The spirited charger felt the effect of this hint from headquarters.

Had I space I should be glad to give as illustrating this point a large number of his private letters. But I can here add

only two. Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford—a scholar and poet whose untimely death, noticed with deepest regret throughout the literary world in England, cut short a career of the brightest promise—sent General Lee a copy of his "Translation of the Iliad of Homer," and on the fly-leaf he had written the following dedication:

To General R. E. Lee—the most stainless of living commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest—this volume is presented with the writer's earnest sympathy, and respectful admiration:

"The grand old bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue!
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

"Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel.
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

"Ah, realm of tombs!—but let her bear
This blazon to the last of times:
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crimes.

"The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Come round thee; yet in truth be strong!
Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

"An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me,
Hymn well the great Confederate South,
Virginia first, and Lee.

"P. S. W."

I found in General Lee's letter-book the following letters to Mr. Worsley:

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, February 10, 1866.

MR. P. S. WORSLEY.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received the copy of your translation of the "Iliad," which you so kindly presented to me. Its perusal has been my evening's recreation, and I have never enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of the poem more than as recited by you. The translation is as truthful as powerful, and faithfully reproduces the imagery and rhythm of the bold original.

The undeserved compliment to myself in prose and verse, on the first leaves of the volume, I receive as your tribute to the merit of my countrymen who struggled for constitutional government.

With great respect, your obedient servant,
(Signed) R. E. Lee.

Lexington, Virginia, March 14, 1866.

Mr. P. S. Worsley.

My dear Mr. Worsley: In a letter just received from my nephew, Mr. Childe, I regret to learn that, at his last accounts from you, you were greatly indisposed. So great is my interest in your welfare that I cannot refrain, even at the risk of intruding upon your sick-room, from expressing my sincere sympathy in your affliction. I trust, however, that ere this you have recovered, and are again in perfect health. Like many of your tastes and pursuits, I fear you may confine yourself too closely to your reading: less mental labor, and more of the fresh air of heaven, might bring to you more comfort, and to your friends more enjoyment, even in the way in which you now delight them. Should a visit to this distracted country promise you any recreation, I hope I need not assure you how happy I should be to see you at Lexington. I can give you a quiet room and careful nursing, and a horse that would delight to carry you over our beautiful mountains. I hope my letter informing you of the pleasure I derived from the perusal of your translation of the "Iliad," in which I endeavored to express my thanks for the great compliment you paid me in its dedication, has informed you of my high appreciation of the work. Wishing you every happiness in this world, and praying that eternal peace may be your portion in that to come,

I am, most truly, your friend and servant,
(Signed) R. E. Lee.

His domestic life has already been fully treated and illustrated in the preceding narrative by his letters to his family, and I can only give here several other letters which throw additional light on this phase of his life. These letters are to his son, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, who had now located at the White House.

Lexington, Virginia, 26th February, 1867.

My dear Son:

You must not think because I write so seldom that you are absent from my thoughts. I think of you constantly, and am

ever revolving in my mind all that concerns you. I have an ardent desire to see you re-established at your home and enjoying the pleasure of prosperity around you. I know this cannot be accomplished at once, but must come from continuous labor, economy, and industry, and be the result of years of good management. We have now nothing to do but to attend to our material interests, which collectively will advance the interests of the State, and to await events. The dominant party cannot reign forever, and truth and justice will at last prevail. I hope I can get down to see you and R. during the next vacation. I shall then have a more correct apprehension of existing circumstances, and can follow your progress more satisfactorily. I was very much obliged to you for the nice eye-glasses you sent me Xmas, and asked your mother and the girls to thank you for them, which I hope they did. I fear they are too nice for my present circumstances. . . . . We have all now to confine ourselves strictly to our necessities. . . . .

I wish I was nearer to you all. M. is still in Baltimore, though she contemplates leaving there soon and going to Norfolk. She speaks also of halting at B. on her way to Richmond. All here unite in much love. Your mother is about the same—busy with her needle and her pen—and as cheerful as ever. C. has not been well of late, but I hope he is now better, and the girls are quite well. Your friends in town frequently inquire after you, and will be glad to see you again.

Affectionately, your father,

R. E. Lee.

A number of his letters expressing his delight at his son's contemplated marriage—giving vivid pictures of home life at Lexington, and kindly and most sensible advice about the details of farming, etc.—would be of deep interest to the reader, but may not be inserted because of their reference to persons who are still, fortunately, living.

I will, however, give a few extracts from other letters. In a letter dated December 21, 1867, he thus alludes to his visit to Petersburg to attend his son's marriage.

My visit to Petersburg was extremely pleasant. Besides the pleasure of seeing my daughter and being with you, which was very great, I was gratified in seeing so many old friends.

When our army was in front of Petersburg I suffered so much in body and mind on account of the good townspeople, especially on that gloomy night when I was forced to abandon them, that I have always reverted to them in sadness and sorrow. My old feelings returned to me as I passed well-remembered spots, and recalled the ravages of hostile shot and shell. But when I saw the cheerfulness with which the people were working to restore their fortunes, and witnessed the comforts with which they were surrounded, a cloud of sorrow which had been pressing upon me for years was lifted from my heart.

This is bad weather for completing your house, but it will soon pass away and your sweet helpmate will make everything go smoothly. When the spring opens and the mocking-birds resume their song, you will have much to do, so you must prepare in time. . . . .

In a letter to the same under date of March 30, 1868, he pleasantly says:

I am very glad that you are so pleased with your house. I think it must be my daughter that gives it such a charm. I am sure that she will make everything look bright to me. It is a good thing that the wheat is doing so well, for I am not sure that

> "The flame you are so rich in
> Will light a fire in the kitchen,
> Nor the little god turn the spit, spit, spit."

Some material ailment is necessary to make it burn brightly, and furnish some good dishes for the table. Shad are good in their way, but they do not swim up the Pamunkey all the year.

The quotations from these family letters will be concluded with the following written just before his trip south, the spring before his death:

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, 22d March, 1870.

MY DEAR FITZHUGH:

Your letter of the 17th inst. has been received. Lest I should appear obstinate, if not perverse, I have yielded to the kind importunity of my physicians and of the faculty, to take a trip toward the South. In pursuance of my resolution I expect to leave here Thursday next in the packet boat and hope to arrive in Richmond on Friday afternoon. I shall take Agnes with me as my companion (she has been my kind and uncomplaining nurse), and if we could only get down to see you, my sweet daughter,

and dear grandson. But as the doctors think it important that I should reach a Southern climate as soon as practicable, I fear I shall have to leave my visit to you till my return. I shall go first to Warrenton Springs, N. C., to visit the grave of my dear Annie, where I have always promised myself to go, and I think if I am to accomplish it, I have no time to lose. I wish to witness her quiet sleep, with her dear hands crossed over her breast as it were in mute prayer, undisturbed by her distance from us, and to feel that her pure spirit is roaming in bliss in the land of the blessed.

From there, according to my feelings, I shall either go to Norfolk or to Savannah, and take you in if practicable on my return. . . . . We are all as usual. Your mother still talks of visiting you, and when I urge her to make preparations for her journey she replies, rather disdainfully, that she has none to make, they have been made years ago. Custis and Mildred are well, and Mary writes that she will be back by the 1st of April. We are having beautiful weather now, which I hope may continue. I am so tired sitting at my table that I must conclude. Love to all from your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

I quote the following from Captain Lee's "Recollections":

Amidst the press of duties, great and small, at Lexington, my father found time to correspond with his sons, who were farming down on the Pamunkey River, and to offer them constant sympathy, advice, and substantial aid. The following letter was in reply to one of mine, in which evidently I had been confiding to him my agricultural woes:

"Lexington, Virginia, 12th March, 1868.

"My dear Rob:

I am sorry to learn from your letter of the 1st that the winter has been so hard on your wheat. I hope, however, the present good weather is shedding its influence upon it, and that it will turn out better than it promises. You must take a lesson from the past season. What you do cultivate, do well. Improve and prepare the land in the best manner; your labor will be less and your profits more. Your flat lands were always uncertain in wet winters. The uplands were more sure. Is it not possible that some unbidden guest may have been feasting on your corn? Six hundred bushels is a large deficit in casting up your account for the year. But you must make up by economy and good man-

agement. A farmer's motto should be 'Toil and Trust.' I am glad that you have got your lime and sown your oats and clover. Do you use the drill, or sow broadcast? I shall try and get down to see you if I go to Richmond, for I am anxious to know how you are progressing and to see if I can in any way aid you. Whenever I can, you must let me know. You must still think about your house, and make up your mind as to the site and kind, and collect the material. I can help you to any kind of a plan, and with some ready money to pay the mechanics. I have recently had a visit from Dr. Oliver, of Scotland, who is examining lands for immigrants from his country. He seems to be a sensible and judicious man. From his account, I do not think the Scotch and English would suit your part of the country. It would require time for them to become acclimated, and they would probably get dissatisfied, especially as there is so much mountain region where they could be accommodated. I think you will have to look to the Germans; perhaps the Hollanders, as a class, would be the most useful. When the railroad shall have been completed to West Point I think there will be no difficulty in getting whites among you. I would try and get some of our own young men in your employ. . . . . I rode out the other day to Mr. Andrew Cameron's and went into the field where he was ploughing. I took great pleasure in following the ploughs around the circuit. He had four in operation. Three of them were held by his former comrades in the army, who are regularly employed by him, and much, he says, to his satisfaction and profit. People have got to work now. It is creditable to them to do so; their bodies and their minds are benefited by it, and those who can and will, will be advanced by it."

When my mother left her home in Arlington, in the spring of 1861, she found it impossible to carry away all the valuable relics of General Washington, which her father had inherited from Mount Vernon, and which had been objects of great interest at Arlington for more than fifty years. After the Federal authorities took possession of the place the most valuable of these Mount Vernon relics were taken over to Washington and placed in the Patent Office, where they remained on exhibition for many years, labeled, "Captured from Arlington." They were subsequently removed to the National Museum, where they are now, but the label has disappeared. In 1869 a member of Congress suggested to my mother that she should apply to President Johnson to have them restored to her. In a letter written by my father to this same gentleman, a bit of quiet irony occurs:

"LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, February 12, 1869.

" . . . . . Mrs. Lee has determined to act upon your suggestion, and apply to President Johnson for such of the relics from Arlington as are in the Patent Office. From what I have learned, a great many things formerly belonging to General Washington, bequeathed to her by her father, in the shape of books, furniture, camp equipage, etc., were carried away by individuals, and are now scattered over the land. I hope the possessors appreciate them, and may imitate the example of their original owner, whose conduct must at times be brought to their recollection by these silent monitors. In this way they will accomplish good to the country."

During the winter of 1869-'70 General Lee's health began visibly to fail, and it became evident to his doctors and himself that there was a serious trouble about the heart. Yet, although constantly in pain, and at times feeling excessive weariness and depression, he complained but little, was uniformly bright and cheerful, and still kept up his old-time playful humor, both in conversation and in his letters. To my sister Mildred, who was in Richmond on a visit, he writes jokingly about the difficulty experienced by the family in finding out what she meant in a recent letter to him:

"LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, 8th January, 1870.

"MY PRECIOUS LIFE:

"I received yesterday your letter of the 4th. We held a family council over it. It was passed from eager hand to hand, and attracted wondering eyes and mysterious looks. It produced few words, but a deal of thinking, and the conclusion arrived at, I believe unanimously, was that there was a great fund of amusement and information in it, if it could be extracted. I have, therefore, determined to put it carefully away till your return, then seize a leisure day and get you to interpret it. Your mother's commentary, in a suppressed soliloquy, was that you had succeeded in writing a wretched hand. Agnes thought it would keep this cold weather—her thoughts running on jellies and oysters in the store-room. But I, indignant at such aspersions upon your accomplishments, retained your epistle and read in an elevated tone an interesting narrative of travels in sundry countries, describing gorgeous scenery, hair-breadth events by flood and field, not a word of which, they declared, was in your letter. Your return I hope will prove the correctness of my version of your annals. . . . I have little to tell. Gayety continues. . . .

Last night there was a cadet hop; night before a party at Colonel Johnston's; the preceding, a college conversazione at your mother's. It was given in honor of Miss Maggie Johnson's visit to us, of a few days. You know how agreeable I am on such occasions; but on this, I am told, I surpassed myself.

"On New Year's Day, the usual receptions. I refer you to Agnes for details. We are pretty well. I think I am better. Custis is busy with the examination of the Cadets, the students preparing for theirs. Cadet Cook, who was so dangerously injured by a fall from his window, on the 1st, it is hoped now will recover. The Misses Pendleton were to have arrived this morning. Miss Ella Henniberger is on a visit to Miss Campbell. Miss Lizzie Letcher still absent. Messrs. Anderson, Baker, W. Graves, Mooreman, Stricker, and Webb have all been on visits to their sweethearts and have left without them. . . . . Mrs. Smith is as usual. Gus* is as wild as ever. We catch our own rats and mice now, and are independent of cats. All unite in love to you. Your affectionate father,

"R. E. Lee."

He wrote the following on the release of Mr. Davis from prison:

Lexington, Virginia, 1st June, 1864.

Hon. Jefferson Davis.

My dear Mr. Davis: You can conceive better than I can express the misery which your friends have suffered from your long imprisonment and the other afflictions incident thereto. To none has this been more painful than to me; and the impossibility of affording relief has added to my distress. Your release has lifted a load from my heart which I have not words to tell, and my daily prayer to the great Ruler of the world, is that He may shield you from all evil, and give you that peace which the world cannot take away.

That the rest of your days may be triumphantly happy, is the sincere and earnest wish of your most obedient faithful friend, and servant,

R. E. Lee.

His love for children was very conspicuous, but I can now give only a few of the thousands of illustrations that might be given.

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*Pet cat.

One day on the street in Lexington a little girl of six summers was trying in vain to induce her younger sister to go home, when seeing General Lee approaching she appealed to him with child-like simplicity. "Oh, General, Fanny won't go home—please make her!" The kind-hearted old hero could not resist this call of childhood, but with gentle persuasion induced the little girl to comply with her sister's request, and trudged back a quarter of a mile to lead the little ones by the hand and enjoy their innocent prattle.

The superintendent of one of the Sunday-schools of Lexington once offered a prize to the scholar who should bring into the school by a given time the largest number of new scholars, and the pastor of the church urged that they should not confine their efforts to the children but should seek to bring in *the old* as well, since none were too wise to study God's word. A boy of five caught the spirit of the pastor's speech and went after his friend, General Lee, to beg him to "go with me to our Sunday-school and be my new scholar." The little fellow was greatly disappointed when told that the General attended another church, and said with a deep sigh, "I am very sorry. I wish he belonged to our church so that he could go to our Sunday-school, and be my new scholar."

The General was very much amused and kindly answered his little friend, "Ah, C——, we must all try to be *good Christians*—that is the most important thing. I can't go to your Sunday-school to be your new scholar today. But I am very glad that you asked me. It shows that you are zealous in a good cause, and I hope that you will continue to be so as you grow up. And I do not want you to think that I consider myself too old to be a Sunday-school scholar. No one ever becomes too old to study the precious truths of the Bible."

This last remark was evidently intended for several of the College students who were near by, and listening with deep interest to the colloquy between the General and the young recruiting officer of the Sunday-school army. He knew all of the children in Lexington, and along the roads and by-paths

of his daily rides, and it was pleasing to witness their delight when they met him. He could be seen at any time stopping on the street to kiss some bright-eyed little girl, or pass a joke with some sprightly boy. One of these was accustomed to go to the chapel service frequently and sit by the General, who treated him so cordially and kindly as to make him feel entirely at his ease, and give him the idea that wherever he saw General Lee his place was by his side.

Accordingly, at the next College Commencement the little fellow stole away from his mother, and before she was aware of it was on the platform sitting at the General's feet, gazing up into his face utterly oblivious of the crowd, and entirely unconscious that he was out of place. After remaining in this position for some time, receiving an occasional kind word from General Lee, he went fast asleep resting his head on the General's knees. The great man remained in one position for a long time, and put himself to considerable inconvenience and discomfort that he might not disturb the sleeping child. A distinguished lady present remarked that "this picture of helpless innocence confidingly resting on greatness formed a subject worthy of the greatest artist."

At the Healing Springs in 1868 General Lee was one day sitting in the parlor conversing with a number of ladies and children who had assembled to see him, when Frank S., a bright little fellow from Richmond, ran in from a romp on the lawn. Seeing a foot conveniently crossed and belonging to a kind-looking old gentleman, he without further ceremony mounted it for his horse and began to ride in approved boy fashion, to the no small amusement of the company and annoyance of the mother, who feared that General Lee would be displeased with so unwarrantable liberty. But the General was delighted, and after suffering the little fellow to ride to his heart's content, took him in his lap and sought an introduction to the mother of his "merry little friend."

In the summer of 1867 General Lee, accompanied by one of his daughters, rode on horseback from Lexington to the Peaks

of Otter. In a mountain defile not far from an humble home they came suddenly upon some children who were playing near the road and who began to scamper off on his approach. General Lee called them back and asked, "Why are you running away? Are you afraid of me?" "Oh, no, sir," replied a little girl, "we are not afraid of *you;* but we are not dressed nice enough to see *you.*" "Why, who do you think I am." "You are General Lee—we knew you by your picture. Father was one of your soldiers." The admiration and love of the children for General Lee was not confined to those who met him. But his pictures are in every home in the South, and the children of city and mountain alike were taught to love him when living, and are now taught to cherish and revere his memory. I have never seen children manifest more sincere grief at the death of a near relative than that exhibited by the children of Lexington at the death of General Lee. The schools were all closed, their usual sports were abandoned, and the children mingled their tears with those of strong men and women as they realized that their kind, dearly loved friend had gone from among them. And all over the South the weeping little ones attested how they loved the great chieftain who always had a pleasant smile and a kind word for them.

The Christian character of Lee has been exhibited through all of this narrative, in his own letters and in incidents told concerning him, but I could write a volume on this trait of his character alone.

I can never forget my first interview and conversation with General Lee on religious matters. It was in 1863, while our army was resting along the Rapidan, soon after the Gettysburg campaign. Rev. B. T. Lacy and myself went, as a committee of our chaplains' association, to consult him in reference to the better observance of the Sabbath in the army, and especially to urge that something be done to prevent irreligious officers from converting Sunday into a grand gala-day for inspections, reviews, etc. It was a delicate mission. We did

not wish to appear as either informers or officious intermeddlers, and yet we were very anxious to do something to further the wishes of those who sent us, and to put a stop to what was then a growing evil, and, in some commands, a serious obstacle to the efficient work of the chaplain. The cordial greeting which he gave us, the marked courtesy and respect with which he listened to what we had to say, and the way he expressed his warm sympathy with the object of our mission, soon put us at our ease. But, as we presently began to answer his questions concerning the spiritual interests of the army, and to tell of that great revival which was then extending through the camps, and bringing thousands of our noble men to Christ, we saw his eye brighten and his whole countenance glow with pleasure; and as, in his simple, feeling words, he expressed his delight, we forgot the great warrior, and only remembered that we were communing with a humble, earnest Christian. When Mr. Lacy told him of the deep interest which the chaplains felt in his welfare, and that their most fervent prayers were offered in his behalf, tears started in his eyes, as he replied, "I sincerely thank you for that, and I can only say that I am a poor sinner, trusting in Christ alone for salvation, and that I need all the prayers you can offer for me."

The next day he issued a beautiful order in which he enjoined the observance of the Sabbath, and that all military duties should be suspended on that day except such as were absolutely necessary to the safety or subsistence of the army.

General Lee always took the deepest interest in the work of his chaplains and the spiritual welfare of his men. He was a frequent visitor at the chaplains' meetings, and a deeply interested observer of their proceedings; and the faithful chaplain who stuck to his post and did his duty could be always assured of a warm friend at headquarters.

While the Army of Northern Virginia confronted General Meade at Mine Run, near the end of November, 1863, and a battle was momentarily expected, General Lee, with a number of general and staff officers, was riding down his line of battle,

when, just in rear of Gen. A. P. Hill's position, the cavalcade suddenly came upon a party of soldiers engaged in one of those prayer-meetings which they so often held on the eve of battle. An attack from the enemy seemed imminent, already the sharp-shooting along the skirmish-line had begun, the artillery was belching forth its hoarse thunder, and the mind and heart of the great chieftain were full of the expected combat. Yet, as he saw those ragged veterans bowed in prayer, he instantly dismounted, uncovered his head, and devoutly joined in the simple worship. The rest of the party at once followed his example, and those humble privates found themselves leading the devotions of their loved and honored chieftains.

It is related that as his army was crossing the James, in 1864, and hurrying on to the defense of Petersburg, General Lee turned aside from the road, and, kneeling in the dust, devoutly joined a minister in earnest prayer that God would give him wisdom and grace in the new stage of the campaign upon which he was then entering.

I was one day distributing tracts and religious newspapers in our trenches below Petersburg when I noticed a brilliant cavalcade approaching. Generals Lee, A. P. Hill, and John B. Gordon, with their staffs, were inspecting our lines, and reconnoitering those of the enemy. I stepped one side, expecting simply to give them the military salute as they passed. But the quick eye of Gordon recognized me, and his cordial grasp detained me as he eagerly inquired after my work. General Lee reined in his horse, the others also stopped, and the humble chaplain found himself surrounded by a group of whose notice he might well be proud. A. P. Hill, my old colonel and lifelong friend, said, "John (as he always familiarly addressed me), don't you think the boys would prefer 'hard-tack' to tracts just now?"

"I have no doubt that many of them would," I replied; "but they crowd around and take the tracts as eagerly as they surround the commissary when he has anything to 'issue;' and besides other advantages, the tracts certainly help them to bear the lack of 'hard-tack.' "

"I have no doubt of it," he said, "and I am glad that you are able to supply the tracts more abundantly than we can the rations."

General Lee joined in the conversation, and presently asked if I ever had calls for prayer-books. I told him that I frequently had, and often distributed them. He replied, "Well, you would greatly oblige me if you would call at my quarters, and get and distribute a few which I have. I bought a new one when in Richmond the other day, and upon my saying that I would give my old one, which I had carried through the Mexican war and had kept ever since, to some soldier, the bookseller offered to give me a dozen new prayer-books for the old one. I accepted, of course, so good an offer, and now I have a dozen to give away instead of one."

The cavalcade rode away, and the chaplain felt a new inspiration in his work.

I called at headquarters at the appointed hour. The General was absent on some important duty, but he had (even amid his pressing cares and responsibilities) left the prayer-books with a member of his staff, with directions concerning them. In each one he had written, in his own well-known handwriting, "Presented to ——— by R. E. Lee." Had I been disposed to speculate I could easily have sold these books, containing the autograph of our great chieftain, for a large sum, or have traded each one for a dozen others. I know that the soldiers to whom I gave them have treasured them as precious mementoes, or handed them down as priceless heirlooms. I saw one of these books several years ago in the hands of a son whose father was killed on the retreat from Petersburg. *It was not for sale.* Indeed, money could not buy it.

I could fill pages with quotations from General Lee's orders and dispatches, expressing his "profound gratitude to Almighty God"—his "thanks to God"—his "gratitude to Him who hath given us the victory"—his sense of "the blessing of Almighty God"—his "grateful thanks to the only Giver of victory"—and his "ascribing unto the Lord of hosts the glory due unto his

name." And I regret that my space will not allow me to quote in full his beautiful Thanksgiving day, and fast-day orders, which breathed the spirit of the humble, devout Christian, and were not mere official proclamations. But as a specimen of them I quote the conclusion of his order for the observance of the 21st of August, 1863,—after the Gettysburg campaign,—as a day of "Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer." He says:

Soldiers! we have sinned against Almighty God. We have forgotten His signal mercies, and have cultivated a revengeful, haughty, and boastful spirit. We have not remembered that the defenders of a just cause should be pure in His eyes; that "our times are in His hands"; and we have relied too much on our own arms for the achievement of our independence. God is our only refuge and our strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him. Let us confess our many sins and beseech Him to give us a higher courage, a purer patriotism, and more determined will; that He will convert the hearts of our enemies; that He will hasten the time when war, with its sorrows and sufferings, shall cease, and that He will give us a name and place among the nations of the earth.

R. E. Lee,
General.

He was emphatically *a man of prayer,* was accustomed to have family prayers, and had his season of secret prayer which he allowed nothing to interrupt. He was a devout and constant Bible reader, and found time to read the old book even amid his most pressing duties. He became president of the Rockbridge County Bible Society, and in his letter of acceptance spoke of "the inestimable knowledge of the priceless truths of the Bible."

In a letter to Hon. A. W. Beresford Hope, acknowledging the receipt of a Bible from friends in England, he speaks of it as "a book, in comparison with which all others in my eyes are of minor importance; and which in all my perplexities and distresses has never failed to give me light and strength." In a letter to Col. F. R. Farrar, who presented a Bible to the College chapel, he speaks of it as a "book which supplies the place of all others, and one that cannot be replaced by any other."

As I was watching all alone by his body the day after his death I picked up from the table a well-used pocket Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written in his well-known and characteristic chirography, "R. E. Lee, Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. A."

As I turned its leaves and saw how he had marked many passages, especially those teaching the great doctrines of Salvation by Grace, Justification by Faith, or those giving the more precious promises to the believer, I thought of how, with simple faith, he took this blessed book as the man of his counsel and the light of his pathway; how its precious promises cheered him amid the afflictions and trials of his eventful life; and how its glorious hopes illumined for him the "valley and shadow of death."

He was a very "son of consolation" to the afflicted, and his letters of this character were very numerous and very beautiful. I can give only several specimens. On the death of Bishop Elliott of Georgia he wrote his wife a touching eulogy on one "whom for more than a quarter of a century I have admired, loved, and venerated," and concluded by saying, "You have my deepest sympathy, and my earnest prayers are offered to Almighty God that He may be graciously pleased to comfort you in your great sorrow, and bring you in His own good time to rejoice with him whom in His all-wise Providence He has called before you to heaven." To the widow of Gen. Geo. W. Randolph he wrote on the death of her husband:

. . . . . It is the survivors of the sad event whom I commiserate, and not him whom a gracious God has called to himself; and whose tender heart and domestic virtues make the pang of parting the more bitter to those who are left behind. . . . . For what other purpose can a righteous man be summoned into the presence of a merciful God than to receive his reward? However, then, we lament we ought not to deplore him, or wish him back from his peaceful happy home. . . . . Mrs. Lee and my daughters, while they join in unfeigned sorrow for your bereavement, unite with me in sincere regards, and fervent prayers to Him who can alone afford relief, for His gracious support, and continued protection to you. May His abundant mercies be showered upon you, and may His almighty arm guide and uphold you.

He wrote Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge of Richmond, Virginia, the great Presbyterian preacher, after speaking of matters connected with the Virginia Bible Society, the following concerning the death of his wife:

And now, my dear sir, though perhaps inappropriate to the occasion, you must allow me to refer to a subject which has caused me great distress and concerning which I have desired to write ever since its occurrence; but to tell the truth I have not had the heart to do so. I knew how powerless I was to give any relief and how utterly inadequate was any language that I could use even to mitigate your suffering. I could, therefore, only offer up my silent prayers, to Him who alone can heal your bleeding heart that in His infinite mercy He will be ever present with you; to dry your tears and staunch your wounds; to sustain you by His grace and support you by His strength. I hope you felt assured that in this heavy calamity, you and your children had the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Lee and myself, and that you were daily remembered in our prayers.

With our best wishes and sincere affection, I am very truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

On the death of Maj. R. Kidder Meade, Jr., engineer officer on his staff, he wrote the following letter to his mother:

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia,
August 9, 1862.

My dear Madam:

It is fitting that I should sorrow with you in the untimely death of your gallant son. In him our country has lost a most accomplished, brave, and skilful officer, who bade fair to serve her in the highest ranks of the profession. In the campaign of the Peninsula he devoted himself to his work with distinguished zeal and intelligence. Under my own eye he had labored with untiring energy, and performed invaluable service in the field. During the eventful week of the battles on the Chickahominy he distinguished himself by his bravery, making bold and skilful reconnaissances which contributed much to the success of our arms. It was his incessant labor and great exposure during that week, alas! which proved fatal to this noble young patriot. May the God of the widow and the fatherless give consolation to his mother and orphan sisters in this great sorrow.

I am most respectfully yours,

Mrs. R. K. Meade. R. E. Lee.

On the death of Randolph Fairfax, who fell at Fredericksburg, he wrote to his father:

CAMP, FREDERICKSBURG, December 28, 1862.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I have grieved most deeply at the death of your noble son. I have watched his conduct from the commencement of the war, and have pointed with pride to the patriotism, self-denial, and manliness of character he has exhibited. I had hoped an opportunity would occur for the promotion he deserved; not that it would have elevated him, but have shown that his devotion to duty was appreciated by his country. Such an opportunity would undoubtedly have occurred; but he has been translated to a better world, for which his purity and piety eminently fitted him. You do not need to be told how great is his gain. It is the living for whom I sorrow. I beg that you will offer to Mrs. Fairfax and your daughters my heartfelt sympathy, for I know the depth of their grief. That God may give you and them strength to bear this great affliction, is the earnest prayer of,

Your early friend,

DR. ORLANDO FAIRFAX, Richmond. R. E. LEE.

General Lee was an Episcopalian, and sincerely attached to the church of his choice; but his large heart took in Christians of every name, and not a few will cordially echo the remark made by the venerable Dr. White, who said with deep feeling during the Memorial services, "He belonged to one branch of the church, and I to another. Yet in my intercourse with him—an intercourse rendered far more frequent and intimate by the tender sympathy he felt in my ill-health—the thought never occurred to me that we belonged to different churches. His love for the truth, and for all that is good and useful, was such as to render his brotherly kindness and charity as boundless as were the wants and sorrows of the race."

If I have ever come in contact with a sincere, devout Christian,—one who, seeing himself to be a sinner, trusted alone in the merits of Christ,—who humbly tried to walk the path of duty, "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith," and whose piety was constantly exemplified in his daily life, that man was the world's great soldier, and model man, Robert Edward Lee.

CHAPTER XII

HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL SERVICE AND THE WORLD'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY

Causes of his sickness—From a vestry meeting to his death-bed—His last moments—His funeral—The world's tribute to his fame.

And now I have left myself but little room in which to give what a large volume would not contain if fully treated. In the campaign of 1863 General Lee contracted a severe sore throat which resulted in rheumatic inflammation of the sac enclosing the heart. He was never entirely well after this, though he remained at his post of duty, and never complained.

In October, 1869, he was again attacked by inflammation of the heart, accompanied by muscular rheumatism of the back, right side, and arms. He suffered a good deal during the winter, but attended so faithfully to his duties, and made so little complaint, that it was hoped that he was himself again, but in March, 1870, his physicians, who were all the time uneasy about him, persuaded him to go south. He returned seemingly better, spent the summer at the Hot Springs in Bath County, Virginia, and when in September, 1870, he resumed his duties at the College he seemed to be in better health and spirits than for a long time before. On the 28th of September he was very busy in his office, and at 4 o'clock P. M. attended a meeting of the vestry of Grace Episcopal Church, over which he presided. Important matters pertaining to the building of a new church, and an increased salary for the Rector, occupied the meeting, and General Lee's last public act was to make an exceedingly liberal contribution, in addition to the large one he had already made. He went from this meeting to his home, started to ask a blessing at the tea-table, and finding himself

unable to utter the prayer which his heart dictated, took his seat quietly and without agitation. "His face seemed to some of the anxious group about him to wear a look of sublime resignation, and to evince a full knowledge that the hour had come when all the cares and anxieties of his crowded life were at an end." His physicians, Drs. R. S. Barton and R. L. Madison, were summoned, and every attention that love and skill could bestow was given him, but all was in vain, and soon after 9 o'clock on the morning of October 12 he calmly breathed his last.

Col. Wm. Preston Johnston (son of Albert Sydney Johnston), who at the time was a professor in Washington College and almost constantly at General Lee's bed-side, in a most touchingly interesting account of his death says this of his last moments:

As the old hero lay in the darkened room, or with the lamp and hearth fire casting shadows upon his calm, noble front, all the massive grandeur of his form and face and brow remained; and death seemed to lose its terrors, and to borrow a grace and dignity in sublime keeping with the life that was ebbing away. The great mind sank to its last repose almost with the equal poise of health. The few broken utterances that evinced at times a wandering intellect were spoken under the influence of the remedies administered; but as long as consciousness lasted there was evidence that all the high, controlling influences of his whole life still ruled; and even when stupor was laying its cold hand on the intellectual perceptions, the moral nature, with its complete orb of duties and affections, still asserted itself. A Southern poet has celebrated in song those last significant words, "Strike the tent"; and a thousand voices were raised to give meaning to the uncertain sound, when the dying man said, with emphasis, "Tell Hill he *must* come up!" These sentences serve to show most touchingly through what fields the imagination was passing; but generally his words, though few, were coherent; but for the most part indeed his silence was unbroken.

This self-contained reticence had an awful grandeur, in solemn accord with a life that needed no defense. Deeds which required no justification must speak for him. His voiceless lips, like the shut gates of some majestic temple, were closed, not for con-

cealment, but because that within was holy. Could the eye of the mourning watcher have pierced the gloom that gathered about the recesses of that great soul, it would have perceived a presence there full of an ineffable glory. Leaning trustfully upon the all-sustaining Arm, the man whose stature, measured by mortal standards, seemed so great, passed from this world of shadows to the realities of the hereafter.

He left no "last words," and none were needed, since his whole life had been "a living epistle, known and read of men," and there came from his silent form a voice more eloquent than the tongue of man can utter, saying, "Be ye followers [imitators] of me even as I, also, was of Christ."

On the morning of the 12th of October I was hurrying to General Lee's house,—I had learned that he was worse,—when the tolling of the bells announced his death. Without any concert, but from mutual impulse, every place of business in the town was closed, the exercises of the College, the Virginia Military Institute, and all of the schools were suspended, and the whole community was in tears.

At 1.30 P. M. on the 14th of October the remains were removed from the residence to the chapel, where they lay in state until Saturday the 15th, the day of the funeral, a guard of honor composed of students of the College being in constant attendance. At 9 o'clock that day the chapel was crowded and a deeply interesting Memorial service was held, at which brief addresses were made by Rev. Dr. W. N. Pendleton (General Lee's pastor), Rev. Dr. W. S. White (Stonewall Jackson's old pastor), and Rev. J. Wm. Jones.

At this time one of the most destructive freshets ever known in that region prevailed, bridges were washed away, and roads torn up, and as there was no railway then running to Lexington it was very difficult for people from a distance or even from the county to get to the funeral. And yet there was an immense crowd present.

I wrote at the time for the Richmond, Virginia, *Dispatch* an account of the funeral, which was more accurate than I can write now, and so I give it as follows:

The order of the procession was as follows:

Music.

Escort of honor, consisting of officers and soldiers of the Confederate Army. Chaplain and other clergy. Hearse and pall-bearers. General Lee's horse. The attending physicians. Trustees and faculty of Washington College. Dignitaries of the State of Virginia.

Visitors and faculty of Virginia Military Institute.

Other representative bodies and distinguished visitors.

Alumni of Washington College.

Citizens.

Cadets Virginia Military Institute.

Students Washington College as guard of honor.

At 10 o'clock precisely the procession was formed on the College grounds in front of the President's house, and moved down Washington street, up Jefferson street to the Franklin Hall, thence to Main street, where it was joined, in front of the hotel, by the Representatives of the State of Virginia, and other representative bodies in their order, and by the organized body of the citizens in front of the court-house.

The procession then moved by the street to the Virginia Military Institute, where it was joined by the visitors, faculty, and cadets of the Institute, and was closed by the students of Washington College as a guard of honor, and then moved up through the Institute and College grounds to the chapel.

The procession was halted in front of the chapel, when the cadets of the Institute and the students of Washington College were marched through the College chapel past the remains, and were afterwards drawn up in two bodies on the south side of the chapel. The remainder of the procession then proceeded into the chapel and were seated under the direction of the marshals. The gallery and side blocks were reserved for ladies.

As the procession moved off, to a solemn dirge by the Institute band, the bells of the town began to toll, and the Institute battery fired minute-guns, which were kept up during the whole exercises.

In front of the National Hotel the procession was joined by the committee of the legislature, consisting of Col. W. H. Taylor, Col. E. Pendleton, W. L. Riddick, Major Kelley, Geo. Walker, Z. Turner, H. Bowen, T. O. Jackson, and Marshall Hanger; the delegation from the city of Staunton, headed by Colonel Bolivar

Christian and other prominent citizens; and such other delegations as had been able to stem the torrents which the great freshet had made of even the smaller streams.

It was remarked that the different classes who joined in the procession mingled into each other, and that among the boards of the College and Institute, the faculties, the students and cadets, the legislative committee, the delegations, and even the clergy, were many who might with equal propriety have joined the soldier guard of honor; for they, too, had followed the standard of Lee in the days that tried men's souls.

Along the streets the buildings were all appropriately draped, and crowds gathered on the corners and in the balconies to see the procession pass. Not a flag floated above the procession, and nothing was seen that looked like attempt at display. The old soldiers wore their ordinary citizen's dress, with a simple black ribbon in the lapel of their coats; and Traveler, led by two old soldiers, had the simple trappings of mourning on his saddle.

The Virginia Military Institute was very beautifully draped, and from its turrets hung at half-mast, and draped in mourning, the flags of all the States of the late Southern Confederacy.

When the procession reached the Institute, it passed the corps of cadets drawn up in line, and a guard of honor presented arms as the hearse passed. When it reached the chapel, where an immense throng had assembled, the students and cadets, about six hundred and fifty strong, marched into the left door and aisle past the remains and out by the right aisle and door to their appropriate place. The rest of the procession then filed in. The family, joined by Drs. Barton and Madison, the attending physicians, and Colonels W. H. Taylor and C. S. Venable, members of General Lee's staff during the war, occupied seats immediately in front of the pulpit; and the clergy, of whom a number were present, faculty of the College, and faculty of the Institute, had places on the platform.

The coffin was covered with flowers and evergreens, while the front of the drapery thrown over it was decorated with crosses of evergreens and immortelles.

Rev. Dr. Pendleton, the long intimate personal friend of General Lee, his chief of artillery during the war, and his pastor the past five years, read the beautiful burial services of the Episcopal Church. No sermon was preached, and nothing said besides the simple service, in accordance with the known wishes of General Lee.

After the funeral services were concluded in the chapel, the body was removed to the vault prepared for its reception, and the concluding services read by the chaplain from the bank on the southern side of the chapel, in front of the vault.

There was sung in the chapel the 124th hymn of the Episcopal collection; and, after the coffin was lowered into the vault, the congregation sang the grand old hymn,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

This was always a favorite hymn of General Lee's, as well as of Stonewall Jackson, and was, therefore, especially appropriate upon this sad occasion.

The vault is constructed of brick, lined with cement. The top just reaches the floor of the library, and is double capped with white marble, on which is the simple inscription—

"Robert Edward Lee,
Born January 19, 1807;
Died October 12, 1870."

This temporary structure is to be replaced by a beautiful sarcophagus, the design of which has been already committed to Valentine, the gifted Virginia sculptor.

The simple services concluded, the great assemblage, with hearts awed and saddened, defiled through the vaulted room in which was the tomb, to pay the last token of respect to the mighty dead. Thus ended the funeral of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The world's tribute to his memory began the day of his death, and has continued to the present.

I sent the first telegram announcing his death to the *Richmond Dispatch,* that paper gave it to the Associated Press, and it was sent over the country and cabled to Europe as follows:

Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870.
10 A. M.

General Lee died this morning at half past nine o'clock. He began to grow worse on Monday and continued to sink until he breathed his last this morning. He died as he lived, calmly and quietly, and in the full assurance of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The places of business are all closed, the bells are tolling, and the whole community thrown into the deepest grief.

Lexington.

Immediately newspapers were put in mourning all through the South, glowing editorials were published, meetings were

held in every city, town and village, resolutions were passed, eulogies were pronounced on platform and in pulpit, and the people were in tears for Lee the soldier and man.

The Northern press was far more eulogistic than could have been expected so soon after the war, and the European press was very strong in its eulogies.

I do not exaggerate when I say that many volumes would not contain the eulogies that were pronounced, for I undertook to make a partial collection of them and have a trunk full now.

His old soldiers were especially prominent in doing him honor, and all over the South they held meetings and passed glowing eulogies on their great commander, and loved friend. I can only quote just two extracts from the hundreds of eulogies of his soldiers.

The first was the action of the soldiers of Rockbridge County, assembled the day after his death, Capt. A. Graham acting as chairman, and Chaplain J. Wm. Jones as secretary, the resolutions being reported by a committee consisting of Maj. J. B. Dorman and Chaplain J. Wm. Jones. The paper was written by Major Dorman and is as follows:

1. *Resolved,* That as humble members of the great army of which Gen. Robert E. Lee was the illustrious head and chief, we mourn his death. With feelings untinged by bitter memories of a stormy past, and with no vain thought of exalting his name in the opinion of mankind, we meet to do him honor. At his open grave passion must stand abashed and eulogy is dumb. Striving to mount up to that clear air, wherein his own spirit dwelt, of calm wisdom, and heroic patience, we seek only to render a last, simple, but just tribute to his memory. At different times he was known to some or all of us from the day that he received the sword of Virginia at the hands of her sovereign convention, and from the seven days around Richmond, through the varying fortunes of an unequal fight, to the closing scenes at Appomattox. He has been known to us again as the beloved and venerated citizen of our own community, and the President of the noble institution of learning to which George Washington gave an endowment and a name. We have been daily witness to

his quiet, unostentatious, Christian life; we have seen him prove that "him no adversity could ever move, nor policy at any time entice to shrink from God and from his word." Knowing him, as we thus did, in war and in peace, we pronounce him to have been, in all the elements of real greatness which may challenge cavil and defy the touch of time, the peer of the most renowned of any age or country, and the foremost American of the wondrous century in which he lived.

He is gone from among us—"gone before the Father; far beyond the twilight judgments of this world; high above its mists and obscurities." No more shall we look upon his noble form, meet his benignant smile, or receive his kindly greeting. But here where he set his last great example of steadfast, unselfish devotion to duty, the memory of his greatness and his worth must ever linger; and while we reverently bow in submission to the summons of Infinite Wisdom calling him away, we send up a solemn aspiration of thankfulness that to us was the honor and the blessing of communion with him in his last days on earth, and to our people is committed the pious office of consigning his mortal remains to the tomb. Hallowed through all times shall be the spot whence his spirit passed from earth to heaven!

2. *Resolved,* That we tender to Mrs. Lee and her family the expression of our profound sympathy in an affliction which we feel full well can be but little mitigated by poor words of human consolation.

3. *Resolved,* That the usual badges of mourning be worn for six months.

4. *Resolved,* That the officers and soldiers of the late Confederate States resident in Rockbridge unite in an association for the erection of a suitable monument at this place; and that the chairman appoint a committee to report a plan of organization to an adjourned meeting on Saturday next.

The only other extract I will give is the conclusion of Ex-President Jefferson Davis's speech at the great Lee Memorial Meeting held in Richmond on the 3d of November, 1870, at which there was probably the largest gathering of Confederate generals and other distinguished soldiers that has been had since the war. Mr. Davis was made president of the meeting, was given a most enthusiastic ovation as he stepped upon the platform, and made an address of rare eloquence, which he concluded as follows:

Here he now sleeps in the land he loved so well, and that land is not Virginia only, for they do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia. He was ready to go anywhere, on any service for the good of his country, and his heart was as broad as the thirteen States struggling for the principles that our forefathers fought for in the Revolution of 1776. He sleeps with the thousands who fought under the same flag—and happiest they who first offered up their lives. He sleeps in the soil to him and to them most dear. That flag was furled when there was none to bear it. Around it we are assembled a remnant of the living, to do honor to his memory, and there is an army of skeleton sentinels to keep watch above his grave. This good citizen, this gallant soldier, this great general, this true patriot, had yet a higher praise than this or these, he was a true Christian. The Christianity which ennobled his life gives to us the consolatory belief that he is happy beyond the grave.

But, while we mourn the loss of the great and the true, drop we also tears of sympathy with her who was a helpmeet to him—the noble woman who, while her husband was in the field leading the Army of the Confederacy, though an invalid herself, passed the time in knitting socks for the marching soldiers! A woman fit to be the mother of heroes—and heroes are descended from her. Mourning with her, we can only offer the consolations of the Christian. Our loss is not his, for he now enjoys the rewards of a life well spent, and a never-wavering trust in a risen Saviour. This day we unite our words of sorrow with those of the good and great throughout Christendom, for his fame is gone over the water—his deeds will be remembered; and when the monument we build shall have crumbled into dust, his virtues will still live, a high model for the imitation of generations yet unborn.

Charles A. Dana said in the *New York Sun* that "in the death of General Lee an able soldier, a sincere Christian, and an honest man has been taken from earth."

The *New York Herald,* in the course of a glowing eulogy, said:

In him the military genius of America was developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure and lofty in mind and purpose found lodgment. He came nearer the ideal of a soldier and Christian general than any man we can think of, for he was a greater soldier than Havelock, and equally as devout a Christian.

The *Philadelphia Age,* in a long discussion of his campaigns, says:

. . . . . As a great master of defensive warfare Lee will probably not be ranked inferior to any general known in history. . . . .

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* said:

. . . . . He was the great general of the "Rebellion." It was his strategy and superior military knowledge which kept the banner of the South afloat so long. . . . .

Horace Greeley said in his "American Conflict":

The Rebellion had failed, and gone down, but the Rebel army of Virginia and its commander had not failed. . . . .

The *Halifax Nova Scotia Chronicle* pronounced him the greatest General of the Age.

The *Montreal (Canada) Telegraph* said:

Posterity will rank Lee above Wellington or Napoleon, before Saxe or Turenne, above Marlborough or Frederick, before Alexander, or Cæsar. . . . . In fact, the greatest general of this or any other age. He has made his own name, and the Confederacy he served, immortal.

Colonel Chesney, Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Colonel Henderson, and others of the ablest soldiers in the British army; Von Moltke, Bismarck, Colonel Von Borcke, Colonel Scheibert, Major Mangold and others of the most accomplished soldiers of Prussia have all expressed themselves in terms of highest admiration of Lee the soldier.

General Garnett Joseph Wolseley said:

The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as a rush light in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to a spot upon it? His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, absolute devotion to his State, mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be forever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor, and general courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clear, honest eyes,

that seemed to look into your heart while they searched your brain. I have met with many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed. When all the angry feelings aroused by secession are buried with those that existed when the Declaration of Independence was written; when Americans can review the history of their last great war with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the greatest American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen.

(Signed) WOLSELEY.

Professor George Long, the great scholar of England, in reference to a dedication of his book on "Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus," said:

"Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni," and if I dedicated this little book to any man, I would dedicate it to him who led the Confederate Armies against the powerful invader, and retired from an unequal contest defeated but not dishonored; to the noble Virginian soldier, whose talents and virtues place him by the side of the best and wisest man who sat on the throne of the imperial Cæsars.

And the *London Standard* said:

A country that has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame; for *the fatherlands of Sidney and of Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman, and Christian than Gen. Robert E. Lee.*

I have thus given a few specimen quotations from the *world's tribute to Lee,* and might multiply them almost indefinitely. Edward V. Valentine, Virginia's gifted sculptor, has put into life-speaking marble the beautiful recumbent figure which decks the tomb of Lee, and is one of the finest works of art in this

country, and which was unveiled on the 28th of June, 1883, in the presence of an immense crowd, and after an address by Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia which ranks among the great orations of history.

There has been erected, also, a fine monument at New Orleans, and Mercie's Equestrian Statue at Richmond, which was unveiled in the presence of perhaps the largest crowd of Confederate soldiers ever assembled on such an occasion, and after an oration of great ability and eloquence by Col. Archer Anderson. Other monuments to him are projected; but Lee's fittest monument is in the hearts of his people.

He sleeps well in the beautiful Valley of Virginia beneath the chapel he built hard by the office which was the scene of his last and noblest labors, and which is preserved just as he left it the day of his fatal illness.

In the cemetery near by bivouacs his great lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson. They were born, the one on the 19th of January and the other on the 31st of the same month. It seems fitting that their graves should be near together—Cavalier and Puritan, but brothers in arms, brothers in faith, and brothers in glory, they will shine forever in the world's galaxy of true patriots, stainless gentlemen, great soldiers, and model Christians. "They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions, they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

From all parts of the world pilgrims come to visit these tombs, and loving hands bring fresh flowers, immortelles, and evergreens—fit emblems of the fadeless wreaths which now deck their brows.

I know not how more appropriately the tomb of Lee could be placed. The blue mountains of his loved Virginia sentinel his grave. Young men from every section throng the classic shades of "Washington and Lee University," and delight to keep ward and watch at his tomb. The clear streams as they flow along their emerald beds seem to murmur his praises and roll on to the ocean his fame.

But the day will come—nay now is—when at the North as well as at the South Robert Edward Lee of Virginia, of America, of the world, will be recognized as one of the finest specimens of the soldier and the man whom God ever gave to bless the world.

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